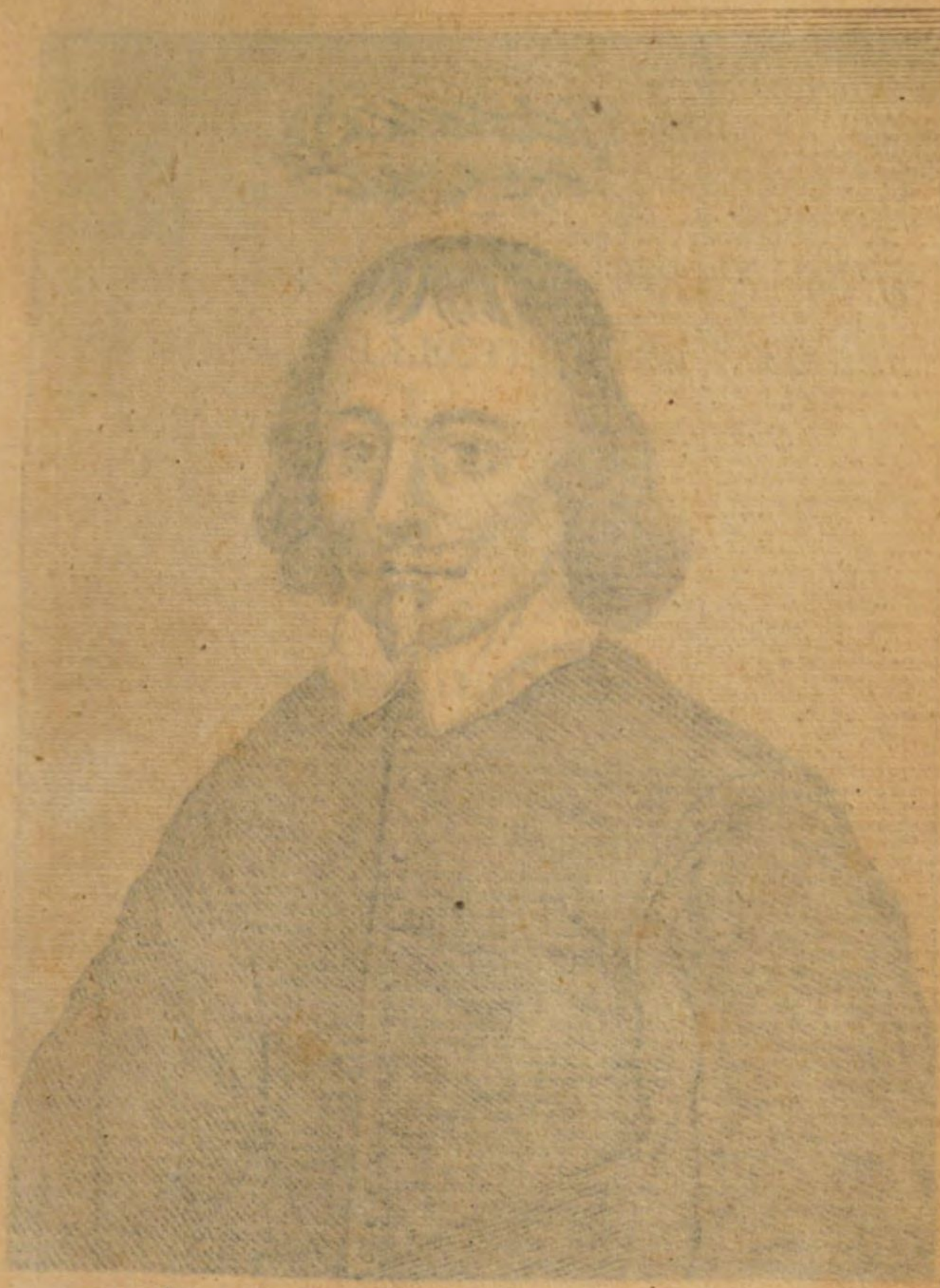
P. o angl. 38 c.s (1

Brome



Reader lo heere thou vilt two faces finde,
One of the body, t'other of the Minde;
This by the Graver so, that with much strife
Nee thinke Brome dead, bee's drawne so to the life
That by's owne pen's done so ingeinously
That who read's it must thinke hee ne'er shall dy
A·B·

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF RICHARD BROME CONTAINING FIFTEEN COMEDIES NOW, FIRST COLLECTED IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST

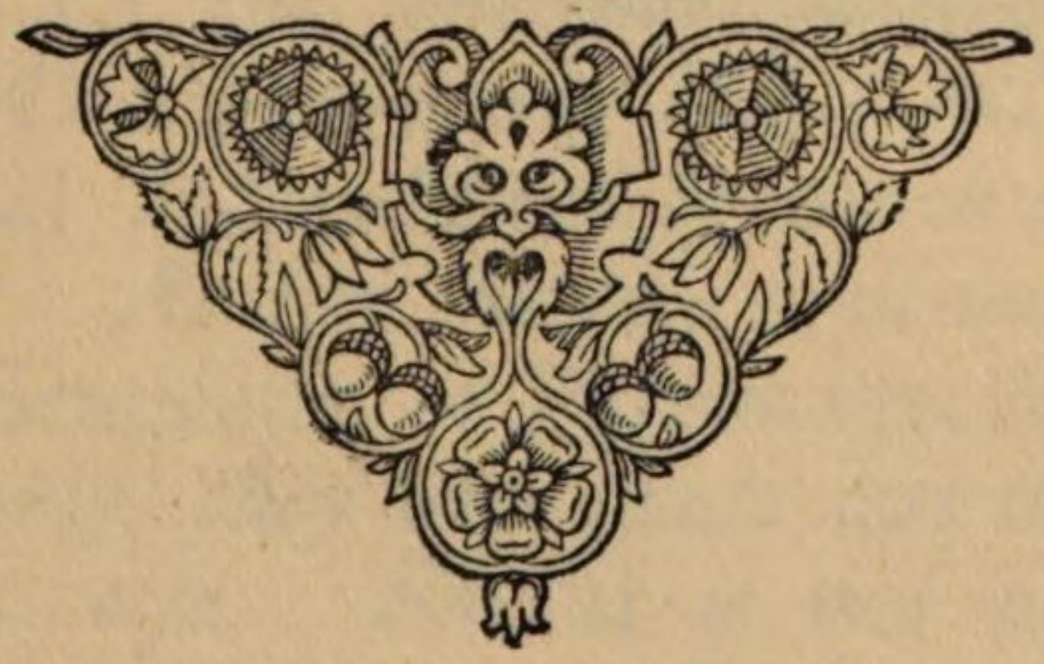
LONDON
JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN
1873

FIVE NEW PLAYES,

(*Viz.*)

THE
- Madd Couple well matcht.
- Novella.
- Court Begger.
- City Witt.
- Damoiſelle.

By *Richard Brome.*



LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley*, *Richard Marriot*, and *Thomas Dring*, and are to be ſold at their Shops, 1653.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS

TO THE READERS.

BELOVED,

BEING to write to a multitude of you, (for I know you will be many) I forbear Epithets, *becauſe the ſame will not fit all; and I hate to make difference among Freinds. I have often conſidered with myſelfe, whether I were best to Dedicate this Booke or no; and I have thought on the maine ends of Dedications, which I finde generally to be* Flattery *or* Want. *To the one my nature was ever averſe: And (were my Debts all payd to me and by me) I ſhould not be much concerned in the other. As for the two ordinary pretences, namely,* Gratitude, *or* Patronage, *like Religion and Liberty, they are made but the Vizors to ſomewhat elſe. For is it not a high peice of* Gratitude, *when an* Author *has received favours from his* Mecænas, *to requite him with a Booke; and to take, or expect, two or three* Peices *from him for it, when another man ſhall buy the ſame Book of the thriving* Stationers, *for halfe a Crowne? And for* Patronage *or* Protection, *I would faine know, if*

if an Author *writes like a* Cockſcombe, *whether any* Patron *can protect him from being laught at. And he that writes well, makes every one his* Patron *without a Dedication.*

But in Epiſtles of this nature, ſomething is uſually begg'd; and I would do ſo too, but, I vow, am puzzled, what. *Tis not* acceptance, *for then youle expect I ſhould* give *it; tis not* Money, *for then I ſhou'd looſe my* labour; *tis not* praiſe, *for the* Author *bid me tell you, that, now he is dead, he is of* Falſtaffs *minde, and cares not for* Honour; *tis not* pardon, *for that ſuppoſes a fault, which (I beleeve) you cannot finde. But, if you'le know what it is, it is that you would expect nothing elſe of Preface, or Apologie, from*

Yours,

as his owne,

A. BROME.

A Præludium to Mr. RICHARD BROMES *Playes.*

THen we ſhall ſtill have *Playes*! and though we may
Not them in their full Glories yet diſplay;
Yet we may pleaſe our ſelves by reading them,
Till a more Noble Act this Act condemne.
Happy will that day be, which will advance
This *Land* from durt of preciſe Ignorance;
Diſtinguiſh *Morall Virtue*, and *Rich Wit*,
And *gracefull Action*, from an unfit
Parentheſis of *Coughs*, and *Hums*, and *Haes*,
Threſhing of Cuſhions, and *Tautologies*.
Then the dull *Zelots* ſhall give way, and flye,
Or be converted by bright Poeſie.
Apollo may enlighten them, or elſe
In *Scottiſh Grots* they may conceale themſelves,
Then ſhall Learn'd *Johnſon* reaſſume his Seat,
Revive the *Phœnix* by a ſecond heat.
Create the Globe anew, and people it,
By thoſe that flock to ſurfet on his *Wit*.
Judicious *Beaumont*, and th' Ingenious Soule
Of *Fletcher* too may move without controule.
Shakeſpeare (moſt rich in *Humours*) entertaine
The crowded *Theaters* with his happy veine.
Davenant and *Maſſinger*, and *Sherley*, then
Shall be cry'd up againe for Famous men.
And the Dramatick Muſe no longer prove
The peoples Malice, but the peoples Love.
Black, and white *Fryers* too, ſhall flouriſh againe,
Though here have bin none ſince Queen *Mary's* reign.
Our *Theaters* of lower note in thoſe
More happy daies, ſhall ſcorne the ruſtick Proſe
Of a *Jack-pudding*, and will pleaſe the Rout,
With wit enough to beare their Credit out.

The Fortune will be lucky, ſee no more
Her Benches bare, as they have ſtood before.
The Bull take Courage from Applauſes given,
To Eccho to the *Taurus* in the Heaven.
Laſtly, St. *James* may no averſion ſhow,
That *Socks*, and *Buskins* tread his Stage below.
May this Time quickly come, thoſe daies of Bliſſe
Drive Ignorance down to the dark Abiſſe.
Then (with a juſtly attributed praiſe)
Wee'l change our faded *Broom*, to deathleſſe Baies.

Aſton Cokaine.

To the Stationer, *on the publiſhing* M^r. Bromes *Comedies.*

SInce Poems of this nature, honeſt Freind
Do, of themſelves, nor praiſe, nor diſcomend
An Author or his Work; but He, and It,
Muſt by the Readers Palate riſe or ſet;
What need we write Encomiums, or expoſe
Our judging Rhymes, to be laught at in Proſe?
We're like Godfathers (as they're us'd of late)
Not to Engage for Children, but give Plate.
And truely ſcarce there is a Poet known,
That Praiſes others wit, but clawes his own.
But tis the Cuſtome, and who won't ſubmit,
Muſt be eſteem'd a Schiſmatick in wit:
And therefore in obedience to the power,
Ile tell the World, I've read theſe Poems o're,
And in them finde ſo naturall a vaine

Of

Of clean, rich Fancie, in ſo pure a ſtraine :
That I may ſafely ſay, who does not love it,
Can't for his life write any thing above it.
This witty Pen, this mirthfull Comick ſtyle,
Makes us at once both ſerious, and ſmile.
Wraps ſerious truths in fab'lous myſteries,
And thereby makes us merry, and yet wiſe.
No Gods, or Goddeſſes his rimes ſupply'd,
One he ador'd, and all the reſt defy'd.
No ſtradling Tetraſyllables are brought
To fill up room, and little ſpell, or nought.
No Bumbaſt Raptures, and no lines immenſe,
That's call'd (by th' curteſie of *England)* ſence.
But all's ſo plaine, that one may ſee, he made
T'inform the underſtanding, not invade it. (it
And the deſignes ſo probable, that though
They be not true, tis like they may be ſo.
Thus Travellour-like, I do inform our Nation,
Being return'd, what is my Obſervation.
But if, as *Coriat* did, I do relate
Buildings, and Gallowſes, not Acts of State ;
Pardon my want of Skill, and Ile be Debtor
To him, that on peruſall notes things better.

Alex. Brome.

Upon

Upon the Ingenious Comedies *of* *M^r.* Richard Brome.

SEE the ſtrange twirle *of* Times *! when*
(ſuch poore things
Out-live the Dates of Parliaments, *or* Kings *!*
This Revolution *makes exploded Wit*
Now ſee the fall *of thoſe that ruin'd it.*
And the Condemned Stage *hath now obtain'd*
To ſee her Executioners *Arraign'd.*
There's nothing permanent; thoſe high great men
That roſe from Duſt, *to* Duſt *may fall agen.*
And Fate *ſo orders things, that the ſame houre*
Sees the ſame man both in Contempt, *and* Power.
For th' Multitude, *in whom the power doth lye,*
Do in one breath cry Haile, *and* Crucify.
Time *was, when* Learning, Poeſie, *and* Wit,
Were counted Sacred *things, and hard to get.*
Time *was, when* Playes *were juſtly valu'd, when*
Poets *could laugh away the* Crimes *of men.*
And by Inſtructive Recreations *teach*
More in one houre, then ſome in ten do preach.
But Times *are chang'd; and tis worth our note,*
Biſhops, *and* Players *both ſuffer'd in one* Vote.
And reaſon good, for they had cauſe to feare 'em,
One did ſuppreſſe *their* Schiſmes, *and tother*
jeere 'em. (Riches,
Biſhops *were guiltieſt, for they ſwell'd with*
Tother had nought, but Verſes, Songs, *&*
Speeches.

And

And by their ruine, the State *did no more,*
But robb the Spittle, *and unrag the poore.*
And the Stern Poet, *challenging as due*
His ancient right, with freedome to ſpeake true;
Div'd into ſecrets, and 'cauſe hee'd not be brib'd
To ſilence, nor complyance, was proſcrib'd.
While thoſe in Cloakes, *and double* Caps, *ſo long,*
So long did thraſh *in their inſpired throng;*
Till at the laſt, inſtead of Curbing Sin,
By corrupt lives, and jars, they brought it in.
But now new Stars *ſhine forth, and do pretend,*
Wit *ſhall be cheriſht, and* Poets *finde a* Friend.
This makes theſe ſleeping Poems *now creep*
As innocent of wrong, as full of worth. (*forth,*
Where Vice, *and* Vanity, *are laught to ſcorn,*
And unſtain'd Vertue *to the* Skies *is born.*
May this Work *prove ſucceſſefull, and we*
finde
Thoſe men, that now are Pow'rfull, *to be kinde!*
And give encouragement to Wit, *and* Worth,
That things of Weight *may come with bold-*
For, to the being of a happy State, (*neſſe forth!*
Pleaſure, *and* Profit *muſt Incorporate.*
And if we in our Bellies *place our ſence,*
'Twixt Beaſts, *and us, pray what's the differ-*
Poets *are the* Cuſtodes *of our* Fame, (*ence?*
Were't not for Homer, *where's* Achilles *Name?*
Let Souldiers *then protect, while* Poets *praiſe;*
Since that, which Crownes *the Browes of Both,*
(*is* Baies.

ALEX. BROME.

PROLOGUE.

HEre you're all met, and looke for a ſet ſpeech,
Put into Rhyme, to court you, and beſeech
Your Worſhips, but to heare and like the Play,
But I, I vow, have no ſuch part to ſay.
I'm ſent a woing to you, but how to do 't,
I han't the skill; tis true I've a new Suite,
And Ribbons faſhionable, yclipt Fancies,
But for the Compliments, the Trips, and Dances,
Our Poet can't abide um, and he ſweares,
They're all but cheats; and ſugred words but jeeres.
Hee 's hearkning there: and if I go about
To make a Speech, he vows, he'le put me out.
Nor dare I write t'you: therefore in this condition,
Ile turne my courtſhip into admonition.
When a good thing is profer'd, don't be nice,
Our Poet vows, you ſhan't be profer'd twice.

The Perſons of the Comedy.

Careleſſe, *a young wilde Heire.*
Sir Val. Thrivewell, *his Unkle that adopted him Heire.*
Saleware, *a Citizen and a Cuckhold.*
Saveall, *Sir* Valentines *demure Steward.*
L. Lovely, *a wencher.*
Bellamy, *a woman diſguiſed, and his Steward.*
Wat, *a blunt fellow*, Careleſſes *Servingman.*
Old Bellamy.
Lady Thrivewell.
Mrs. Alicia, Salewares *light wife.*
Mrs. Croſtill, *a rich Vintners Widow, and humorous.*
Phœbe, Careleſſe *his Whore.*
Cloſet, *an old Crone, Nurſe-keeper to L.* Thrivewell.

Apprentices.
Servingmen.
And Attendants.

1. *Mad couple.*
2. *Novella.*
3. *Beggar.*

The Scene LONDON.

A MAD COUPLE WELL MATCH'D.

ACT. I. *SCENE.* I.

Carleſſe, Wat.

Car. THou haſt delivered my Letter?

Wat. Yes Sir, to Mr. *Saveall* your Unkles friend: But hee has ſtood your friend ſo long, and ſo often, to ſo little purpoſe in moving your Unkle for you, that he holds it utterly in vaine, to urge him any further, he told me.

Car. Thou ſhould'ſt ha' told him, I would not be ſo anſwer'd.

Wat. Yes; and then he would have told me, let your Maſter take his courſe.

Car. Then you should ha' told him again, I have taken all the courſes I could, or as any Gentleman can to maintaine my ſelfe like one; But all my courſes are run out, and I have not breath, nor know any ground whereon to begin a new one, unleſſe that thing my Unkle ſets me up againe, nor have I any meanes to attaine to that, but by his Mediation.

Wat. Then would he ha' told me againe, what all your courſes have been. Namely, running into debt by all the wayes can be imagin'd, and cheating by all could be invented, then that the ſaid thing, (as you call it) your Unkle, before he caſt you quite off, had redeem'd you out of Priſon, and ſeverall holds, within the ſpace of 15. Moneths 14. times.

Car. That was not once a Moneth then, or if it had, what had that been to him? 'twas I that ſuffer'd, thou ſhouldſt ha' told him, not he.

Wat. Hee would ha' told me then againe, That ſeverall Redemptions, coſt your Unkle at leaſt 2000 l. And that upon your laſt revolt when he quite gave you over for a caſt-away, two yeares ſince, he caſt the third thouſand with you, upon condition never to afflict him more. And then he Married in hope to get an heire.

Car. I that Marrying ſpoy'ld all.

Wat. Becauſe you ſhould not after his death caſt away all the reſt of the thouſands, and ten thouſands which you might have liv'd to inherit, if your Unkles love or Mr. *Saveall's* counſell could have prevay'd with you againſt the Divill, and Debauchednes.

Car. Pox on't, let it all goe, let that wretched Unkle goe, and let *Saveall* goe for a punctuall aſſe as hee is. I confeſſe he has by his ſaving helpe peec'd me with my Unkle a ſcore of times at leaſt. What had once more been to him?

Wat. Sir, it were better for you to thinke upon ſome courſe by your ſelfe, and me your Creature (that have ſtuck to you, or followed you through all fortunes) to maintaine Rich Lace, and Bravery upon you. And thinke in time too before this be worne out, upon ſome new wayes for your ſupplies——

Car. I cannot, nor will I trouble my braines to thinke

thinke of any, I will rather die here in *Ram alley*, or walk down to the *Temple*, and lay my ſelfe down alive, in the old Synagogue, croſs-leg'd among the Monumentall Knights there, till I turne Marble with'em. Thinke quoth a! what ſhould I think on?

Wat. On your poor Whore Sir (as you have brought her) ſhee's in worſe caſe then your ſelfe; your Cloaths are good enough——

Car. I ther's the Devill. I would doe ſomething for her if I knew how. But what have I not done that can be done by a forlorn heire?

Wat. Why though the Dice, and all other Houſe-hold games, and all the Cheats belonging unto them have fayld you by your and their diſcoveries, till none dare venture ſo neare you as a Man hurles a Die or Skirrs a Card. Though all your hidden wayesin Hide-parke races are trod out, and all your bowling booties beaten bare off o' the Grounds and Allies; and the ſweete Honey-combes of all your Cockpit coſenages cut off. Though all your Arts of borowing are croſt out of all Mens Bookes before you offer at 'em, while your old Debts ſtand fairely written, and all your Marts miſcarry of putting out for credit, Veniſon to Citizens, or early Cherries, Codlings and Apricocks to their Wives availe you nothing, cannot ſomething yet be found?

Car. Nothing, nothing. All Projects are confounded.

Wat. Did your Father leave you nothing but wit to live upon for this? And did hee leave you that but for yeares, and not for Life? and is the terme expir'd?

Car. Hold thy peace. I am caſting for ſomething to be done by me, that ſhall be worth, and coſt my life, to ſhame my Unkle.

Wat. There's a plot! Think of your poore whore Sir, how ſhall ſhe live, if you caſt away your ſelfe?

Car. I muſt leave her once thou knowſt.

Wat. If you could leave her now, and betake your ſelfe handſomely to other Women, I have thought on a courſe.

Car. What, quickly, what iſt?

Wat. To ſet up a Male bawdy houſe.

Car. Fy upon't.

Wat. You are handſome, lovely, and I thinke able to do one Mans worke, two or three ſuch Gentlemen more which I know, and can deſcribe to you, with the wayes I'le finde to bring in cuſtome ſhall fill your purſes——

Car. And empty our bones. I ever had enough of one Miſtris *Variety* would deſtroy me. No Gentlemen can be able to hold it out. They are too weake to make common He whores.

Wat. For a little while Sir, till we have got a ſtock of rich cloathes; And then we will put Dreymen, and Wine-porters, Corniſh Wraſtlers & ſuch like into thoſe cloaths; and make them Country Cavaliers. Have you not ſeen courſe ſnowt-faire drudges, clapt into bravery that would doe more bodily ſervice in a Brothell then twenty Ladies Daughters? They are the Game-beares of a Bawdy-houſe, can play ten ſingle courſes for a cleane-bred Gentle-womans one, wee will hire fellowes for groates a peece a day, that ſhall (without the additaments of Clary, Cawdle or Cock-broth) get us forty peeces a Man before Night, or perhaps a hundred by next Morning, out of ſuch ſhee-cuſtomers, as an Aunt of mine ſhall finde out for us.

Car. O baſe Villaine! No I'le never fall ſo deep below a Gentleman, as to be Maſter of a Baudy-houſe.

Wat. Very good decay'd Gentlemen have done as much; though I urge this, but for your paſtime ſir.

Car.

Car. No my firſt plot ſhall ſtand, I will do ſome notorious death-deſerving thing (though theſe cloaths goe to th' Hangman for't, what care I) in defiance of him that was my Unkle, and his Methodicall, Grave, and Orthographicall ſpeaking friend, Mr. *Saveall* that cals People Pe-o-ple.

Enter Saveall.

O Mr. *Saveall* how have you honord mee, how am I bound to you for this viſit! Sir hearing that my Unkle was come to Town, and you with him, I did preſume to write to you.

Sav. Send forth your Man.

Car. Goe forth——*Exit Wat.*

Sav. One ſervant is not fit for all Offices, although you keepe no more; you preſumed indeed, I can no leſſe then call it a preſumption, although it were but unto mee you write; I ſpeak not this in the behalfe of any dignity in me; but that you ſhould overweene that I had ability to wraſtle any more with your overgratefull Unkle in your behalfe. Therein was your outrecuidance.

Car. The miſerableſt Man on Earth! in having weeried out my worthieſt friend, on whom the ſum of all my hopes was caſt.

Sav. No, I am not wearied; But ſtill in the ſame full ſtrength: yet my modeſty diſſwadeth mee from uſing ſtrength above reaſon, and my reaſon prevaileth with me not to ſtrive againſt a Torrent.

Car. He is then inexorable, and I muſt periſh. But did you try him for me this laſt time?

Sav. I have both tryed, and tempted him to his vexation.

Car. But did you urge that pious act of mine
Which he once vow'd ſhould never be forgot,
Or unrewarded by him?

Sav. Your ſtanding upon merit in that Act
Perplexeth nature in him, and confounds

Both your deſert, and his benevolence,
And now ſince you have urged it, I'le tell you,
Your Act was undenyable, moſt noble,
And glorious in a Nephew, greater piety
Could not have been expected in a Sonne:
When from the Swords of Theeves and Murderers,
Your valor reſcued him———But———

Car. I and my man I'me ſure made four of the ſtowteſt purſes fly for't, that ever ſet our Country o' the skore: After they had him downe, and their points at his breſt and throat, hee crying out for helpe, when I came on by chance at a time too when I was in his diſpleaſure, nay he hated me a whole yeare together before that, and yet I did it, and more then ſo——

Sav. Fare you well Sir, I thought to have ſaid all this for you, and more then ſo too. But——

Car. Nay ſweet Mr. *Saveall*——

Sav. Good Mr. *Careleſſe*, as I can hear I would be heard ſometimes.

Car. Indeed I cry you mercy, pray ſir speake.

Sav. I was commending of your act, and do so still.
You did expreſſe your ſelfe in blood and nature
A perfect Kinſman; and your piety
Drew bleſſings on you: for whereas before
Your Unkle left you off to Reprobation,
He then receives you a Son, (being his Siſters.)
Adopted you, intended you his heire,
And out of his Eſtate then preſently
Allowed you two hundred pounds *per annum*,
And gave your Man for what he ſuffered
In the conflict an hundred Marks——

Car. Poore Rogue! and he deſerv'd it, I'le be-ſworne for a Theeves marke that he receiv'd; a cut o' the Cockſcombe that crackt his skull, ſo that hee could never bear his drinke ſince, as hee could ha' done

done before. For ſir, as we came in, I having put by the thruſts of three of 'em, the fourth man with a full blow——

Sav. Fare you well Sir the ſecond time——

Car. Nay curteous Mr. *Saveall.*

Sav. I came to ſpeak not with you altogether, but unto you for to be heard.

Car. Sir I will heare you with all due reſpect.

Sav. Your Unkle having done ſo gratefully, and ſo plentifully for you,
You building ſtill on merit for that ſervice,
Did hold him ſo faſt bound that you preſumed
To run upon more extravagancies
In all the out-wayes of debauchery,
Till for the one good deed you did for him
He did you forty, in reſtoring you
From Surfets, Wants, Wounds and Impriſonments,
Till overborne with charge, and more with anguiſh,
At your outragious, unexampled Riots,
Hee gave you an irrevocable farewell, yet then at your departure.———

Car. Yet then I liv'd and could have done till now, meerly by being his Nephew, and ſuppos'd his heire, had not he married; but his Marriage turned the hearts of all believing Citizens from me, where before a Taylor could have made mee run through all the credit i' the Town,
When in a ſute Chinquant, and Ala-mode
They could informe themſelves, whoſe heire I was,
But to ſay truth I vex'd him into Wed-lock, for before he valud not a Wife at a batchelors Button.

Sav. Farewell to you the third time.

Car. Sir, you ſhall ſee mee die firſt, and that inſtantly; That you may tell my Uncle I'le be no more his trouble, or charge, unleſſe in charity hee'l ſend to bury me. (end upon your ſelfe?

Sav. You will not deſperately work a violent

Car. No Sir, the Devills not ſo great with mee ; but my heart, I feele it ready to breake. My Unkle is no more my Unkle, nor you my friend, all by my own fau't, and what ſhould I do here, but in to my Bed, and out o' the World preſently. *Wat. Wat.*

Enter Wat.

I here Sir !

Sav. I have dalyed too long, and tempted him too far I feare.

Car. Lay down my Bed.

Wat. Your Wench is come indeed, but I hope you will not to bed before he be gone.

Car. Lay down my bed I ſay. But firſt unbutton me. (I fear.

Wat. Lord how his heart beats ! pangs of death

Sav. Not ſo I hope. I will now come to the point Sir, Mr. *Careleſſe* be comforted.

Car. I am, and well reſolv'd, I thanke my better Angell.

Sav. Your Unkle's friends with you.

Car. Alas, how can that be ?

Sav. I thought your ſpirit had been higher.

Car. It will be Sir anon, I hope.

Sav. I have but dallied with you to ſearch your temper.

Wat. But you have ſearched too deep I feare ſir.

Car. Ah !——

Sav. Your Unkle is friends with you, I ſay ſo farre as to make a further tryall of your nature, you may be yet his heire ; for your Aunt deſpaireth of any Child by him, having fruitleſly been married now theſe two years.

Car. Ah !——But good Sir, can this be ?

Sav. It is, and I will bring you to him. And ſee that all be well.

Car. Your noble friendſhip hath reviv'd me ſir, O run and fetch my cloake.

Enter

Enter Wat with his Cloake.

Tell *Phebe* I cannot ſtay to give her any ſatisfaction now, I muſt go ſee my Unkle firſt. *Exit Wat.*

Sav. Poore Gentleman, how weakly he ſtandeth! The ſight of his Unkle will recover him. Come Mr. *Careleſs* let us goe.

Car. Sir what do you thinke if I ſhould firſt according to the reformation of my mind cut off my undecent hair, and change this gariſh apparrell for a civill well worne Students ſute, I can be fitted preſently hard by.

Sav. No, the mind reformed is enough, your habit well becometh you. *Exit.*

Wat. Now Wit and't be thy will go with him. And I hope this will be his laſt hot fit of the Unkle.

Enter Phebe.

Phe. Your Maſters gone forth it ſeemes.

Wat. Cal'd by his fortune, hee is ſo.

Phe. Shuns he the ſight of me? i'le overtake him.

Wat. O your patience ſweete Miſtris *Phebe*, a little patience.
Hee's gone to be happy, and to make you happy. I dare promiſe you a Sattin Gowen within this ſea'night.
For let me tell thee Miſtris *Phebe* bright
Hee's reconciled to his Unkle Knight.

Phe. Away Pimpe, Flamſted, I came to be ſerious with him, to let him know the miſeries I ſuffer, by the wrongs hee has done mee, and that I can nor will no longer beare'em.

Wat. Nor him neither will you? Take heede what you ſay Madam *Marion.*

Phe. No nor him neither, you pandarly Paraſite, till he make his vowes good, and me an honeſt Woman.

Wat. Birlady, a ſhrewd taske, and I fear an impoſſible worke.

Phe. Sirra, I will claw your ugly Face till thou undertak'ſt it with him, to make it eaſie.

Wat. Hold, hold, I'le doe you all the good I can.

Phe. O will you ſo?

Wat. How deſperatly valiant a Whore growes, when ſhe is ſo poore that her cloathes feare no tearing. (worke about? But by what meanes can you hope to bring this

Phe. You know I have a wealthy Kinſman in the City. (that bears it up bravely.

Wat. O Mr. *Saleware*, and he has a Wife too

Phe. Pimpe impudent, ſhall I claw your Face into bluſhes at my injuryes, to be mockt out of my Maydenhead, when I was upon a good Match in the Countrey; Then with a promiſe of Marriage, to be intic'd from my friends into fooles Paradice (that was a new title for the City) and here to be uſed, and abuſed from Lodging to Lodging, by him that now flies me, for the decayes hee hath brought mee to? But my Kinſman has money though I have none, and for money there is Law to be found, and in a juſt cauſe he will not let me ſink, he ſayes: for I have told him all.

Wat. But not the how many times, the whens, the where's, and the wherewithalls, I hope have you?

Phe. Sirrah, I ſhall ſhew you and your Maſter too a way to more civility, ſince I am thus abuſed, and ſlighted.

Wat. You have ſchoold mee handſomely, and brought me into ſenſe of your injuries: you have beene over-wrong'd, but not over-wrought, nor over-worne, you doe excell in Beauty, Strength and Spirit, which makes you in your very anger now appeare ſo lovely, that I profeſſe my ſelfe your Creature. What would a kiſſe of this faire Hand now make mee do, and of thoſe Lipps what not?

Shee ſtrikes him.

Phe. Away you Creature. *Wat.*

Wat. Leave theſe temptations; doe not ſtrike me too deeply in love with you.

Phe. Away you Creature.

Wat. Tis true I am your Creature, as I am my Maſters; And ſometimes the ſerving Creature, breakes his faſt with a bit off the Spit before the ſame meat is ſerv'd up to his Maſters table, but is never denyed to Dine upon his Maſters leavings, you cannot thinke what an appetite that frown

Phe. You are no ſaucy Raſcall. (gives me.

Wat. Good wit too! My appetite needs no Sauce; nor ſhall you need to make uſe of Law, or Friend againſt my Maſter, but my ſelf.

Phe. You!

Wat. Be rul'd by me, if I doe not lay you downe, and joyne with you preſently in a courſe that ſhall content you, then——hang me Lady at

Phe. What doe you meane? (your doore.—

Wat. In the next roome we ſhall find Pen, Inke and Paper, you ſhall write him ſuch a Letter (as I will dictate to you) that ſhall ſo nettle him.

Phe. Nay I did intend to leave him part of my mind in writting before I went.——

Enter Saleware.

Ph. O Coſen, I want you.——

Wat. A pox of this interupting Cuckold, hee hinders all Trading, but his Wives, zownds I was going with full ſpeed a Tilt, as the learned ſay, had not this horne-head come, we had writ lines together ſhould have put down *Hero* and *Leander*—— Harke you Miſtris *Phebe*, is this your Kinſman that you told me, you had told all the buſineſſe to?

Sale. Yes, ſir, I am the Gentleman, and ſhee has told me ſo much, Sir that I muſt tell you, to tell your Maſter from mee, and as I would tell him my ſelfe if hee were here perſonally preſent, hee is a moſt diſhoneſt Gentleman if he doe her not law-

full

full right by Marrying her; and that right I came to demand, and obtaine of him, or to denounce the Law againſt him.

Wat. How happy are you, that you came ſhort to tell him ſo, elſe hee would ha' ſo beaten you, as never was Citizen beaten, ſince the great Battaile of Finsbury-Field.

Sal. Your great words cannot make mee feare his blowes (I am not daſht nor baſht) nor croſſe him out of my Booke, for feare of any ſuch payment. I have him there for foure ſcore pound as you know, though you are pleas'd to forget mee, But *Sapientia mea mihi ſtultitia tua tibi.*

Wat. Cry mercy Mr. *Saleware*, is it you? I hope Miſtris *Saleware* is well, your moſt exquiſite, and moſt courtly wife; the *Flower-de-luce* of the City.

Sal. Well wag well, you muſt not now put me off with my wife, ſhee's well and much reſpected; I come to ſpeake of, and for my diſtreſſed Kinſwoman, her whom your wicked Maſter has moſt wickedly dealt withall. Hee has deflower'd and delud'd her, and led her from her Friends, and out of her Countrey into Fooles Paradice—By making her believe he would Marry her, and here he has put her on, and put her off, with hopes and delayes till ſhee is come to both woe and want; And (which may prove her moſt affliction, if hee be ſuffered to forſake her) ſhee is with child by him. (ſhew of it yet.

Wat. Say you ſo, Miſtris *Phebe?* here's ſmall

Phe. Sirrah, I ſhall ſhew you and your Maſter too a way to more civility, if I be thus abuſed and ſlighted.

Wat. By the way Mr. *Saleware*, how many children have you by your moſt amiable wife?

Sal. Sir, that needs not to fall by the way of our diſcourſe.

Wat.

Wat. But by the way I ſpeake of getting children. Or I pray tell me, did not you correct one of her children once, for which your wife reprehended you, and bad you correct your own? And how then ſhall my Maſter be ſure that this (if it be one) is his?

Sal. What an Aſinego's this? I ſhall finde a time fir, to talke with your Maſter. In the mean time I tell you that my Kinſewoman is a Gentlewoman of as good blood as himſelf, and of the beſt

Wat. Yes, Welſh-blood. (in *Herefordſhire.*

Sal. And ſhall find friends that ſhall not ſee her abus'd by you nor him. There is Law to be found for money, and money to be found for Friends, and Friends to be found in the Arches, and ſo tell your Maſter, come away Coſen.

Wat. But one word before you goe Sir, is this Gentlewoman, (who was but a Countrey Chamber-maide when my Maſter tooke her to his mercy) of ſuch boaſted blood, your Cozen by your owne, or by your Wives ſide I pray?

Sal. Sirrah, like a ſaucy companion as you are, though you meddle with me that am a Common-councell-Man; I charge you meddle not with my wife, you have had two or three jerks at her.

Wat. I was warn'd before Sir, in my own under-ſtanding: for ſhe is for great perſons.

Sal. Then know your diſtance, Sir.

Wat. Yet give me leave to wait you down Sir, cudſhoe did it tell it Kinſeman that it is got with Champkin.

Phe. You are a Pandarly Raſcall, and I'le be a terror both to you, and your Patron. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Thrivewell, Lady.

Thr. How can you thinke ſo?

La. Thinke! I ſee't apparently upon your Face, and heare it in your ſighes, your broken ſleepes to night

night, when your owne groanes wak'd you, declard no leſſe; But had I had the power of ſome wifes with their husbands I could have fetch'd it out of you waking once (I thanke you) you tooke me in your arme, but when you found 'twas I you turn'd away as in a dreame. (proceed elſe?

Thr. Sure you dreame now, whence can thistalke

La. I muſt not give it over till I know the cauſe of your melancholly fit, doe you doubt my duty, or my loyalty? perhaps you do, and ſo make me the cauſe of your affliction.

Thr. May ſuch a thought within mee, ſtick mee to the endleſſe torments.

La. 'Tis lately entertained, what e're it be; you came heart whole to Town, and Joviall. Ha' you been drawn for ſecurity into Bonds by any of my friends, for great ſumms, and forc'd to pay 'em?

Thr. Fie, fie.

La. Are any great friends of yours in queſtion, attainted, impriſoned, or run away?

Thr. Pſewh.

La. Or are you further griev'd about your Nephew, *Careleſſe*? I thought that your friend *Saveall*, and my ſelfe had made his peace with you; and that you had ſent for him, do you repent that?

Thr. No, no, ſweete heart, hee ſhall be welcome. And pray let me intreate you make no further inquiſition; If (as you ſuppoſe) there be a trouble in my thoughts, I ſhall ſoon paſſe it over.

La. Tell me, or I ſhall prove the greater trouble. I would thoſe few examples of women, that could not keepe their husbands counſells had beene burnt, and the woman too rather then I ſhould be diſtruſted thus, and ſlighted by a Husband——

Thr. Nay then you'l grieve me indeed.

La. There has beene many examples of diſcreet women that have not onely kept their husbands councells,

councells, but adviſe and help 'em in extremities, and deliver'd 'em out of dangers.

Thr. I pray content your ſelfe.

La. Be you content to tell me then what troubles you. And I pray you tell mee ſpeedily, now preſently; or (excuſe me in my vow,) it is the laſt requeſt that ever I will make to you, and the laſt queſtion I'le ever aſke you, and (the eaſier to get it from you) I promiſe you by the continuance of my faith to you (which by this kiſſe I ſeale) Be it a deadly injury to my ſelfe, I will forgive it freely; not be troubled at it.

Thr. I ſhall do that now, which few wife men would.
But ſhee's diſcreet, and has a fortitude
Above the boaſt of women; ſhould that faile,
And this too weighty knowledge for a wife
Should prove a torment to her, I'm excus'd
She pulls it on her ſelfe, and for Revenge
Should ſhe againſt her proteſtation move it,
I am enough above her.

La. You are reſolv'd it ſeems to keepe your ſecret
Unto your ſelf, much good Sir may it doe you.

Thr. No, you ſhall know it, ſir, and (if unſhaken
Now, in your love to me) the wonder of all wives
Y'are bound by a faire pledge, the kiſſe you gave me,
To be unmov'd, and to forgive it though
It be a deadly injury to your ſelf;
It is, and 'tis a great one; and ſo great (ledge
But that you have ſeald my pardon, the hid know-
Of it ſhould feed upon my Heart, and Liver,
Till life were baniſh'd thence, rather than pull
Your juſt revenge upon me; yet you frown not!
But before I declare it to your Juſtice,
Let me renew your mercy. *Kiſſe.*
And on this Altar, which I have prophan'd
While it breath'd ſacred incence, now with penitence

Offer

Offer religious vowes, never to violate
My Faith or Love to you againe. One more *Kiſſe.*
Before you heare it: for if then you ſtand not
Firme to your Mercy, it muſt be my laſt.

La. What do you but violate your Love to mee,
Now in your moſt unjuſt ſuſpition?

Thr. I'le treſpaſſe ſo no more; yet many husbands
(I wiſh they had my ſorrow, and no leſſe
Purpoſer to reformation) wrong their wives.

La. Leave theſe perambulations; to the point:
You have unlawfully lyen with ſome woman!

Thr. 'Tis ſaid; and now your doome.

La. Ha, ha, ha. Here's a buſieſſe!
Would ſomebody heard you faith: nay of five hundred
That now might overheare us (I meane not only
Gallants, but grave ſubſtantiall Gentlemen)
Could be pick'd out a twelve good men and true,
To finde you guilty, I would then condemne you,
But ſuch a Jury muſt be pannell'd firſt.

Thr. And can you be ſo mild? then farwell thought.

La. Thought of your Miſtris Sir. And then farwell
My jealouſy, for let me tell you Sir,
That I have had an ache upon theſe browes
Since your laſt being in Town. And ſince you have dealt
So faithfully as to tell me it is one,
(There's no more, is there?)

Thr. No upon my vow.

La. Name me the woman: if it be the ſame
That I ſuſpect, I'le never ſuſpect more. (*weight.*

Thr. As faithfully as to my Confeſſor; *Light Saleware* my Silke-mans wife.

La. The ſame I meant,
Y're a faire dealing husband. On what condition?
Come this is merry talke. Prithee on what condition?

Only

Only to bring good cuſtome to her ſhop,
And ſend her husband Veniſon (fleſh for fleſh)
I did obſerve you bought all there laſt terme,
And wiſh'd me to her Shop, and Mr. *Saveall*
With divers others to beſtow our monies.
Troth ſhee's a handſome one; Prithee on what conditions?

Thr. Thou ſhalt know all to purge me of my folly.

La. Well ſaid.

Thr. After a coſtly, and a tedious Sute
With many an anſwer no, and no ſuch Woman,
At length ſhee yeilds for a hundred pieces;
Had'em, and I enjoy'd her once.

La. That was,
When you laſt Terme ſat up all Night, and ſaid you ſat up with the three Lady Gameſters.

Thr. It is confeſs'd.

La. Faire dealing ſtill.

Thr. But here was the foule dealing, and for which I hate her now: I having paid ſo great a fine, and Tane poſſeſion thought after to deale Rent-free.

La. A pepper-corne a quarter, if ſhee be Pepper-proofe.

Thr. But ſhee at my very next approach, which was but yeſterday denyes me *Egreſſe*, except I make it a new purchaſe at the ſame former rate, and ſo for all times after.

La. Troth 'tis unreaſonable, a hundred pound a time? How rich would Citizens be, if their wives were all ſo paid, and how poore the Court and Country! But huſht, here comes Mr. *Saveall* with your Nephew, I take it; A handſome Gentleman, could hee be ſo debauch'd?

Enter Saveall, Careleſſe.

Sav. Sir, I have brought you home, a Reformado; and doe intreat (for what I have ſaid unto him,

and he hath fairely anſwered unto me) that words may not by you be multiplied.

Thr. Not a word of unkindneſſe, Nephew, you are welcome, give me your hand *George*, thou art welcome.

Car. I ſhall be *George* o' horſe-back once more I ſee. In all humility I thanke you Sir.

Thr. Nay now thou ſpeakeſt, and look'ſt too tamely *George*, I would have thee keepe and uſe the lively ſpirit that thou hadſt, but not to let it flie at randome, as it has done *George*.

Car. Sir, I have learnt now by the inconveniences I have met with, in thoſe extravagant out flights, the better to containe it within the limits of your leave, and faire allowance hereafter.

Thr. Well ſaid, and againe welcome *George*. But (and this you ſhall give me leave to ſay Mr. *Saveall*) I remit your thanks for any inclination I had towards this reconcilement till I doe you ſome further kindneſſe; only you had good advocates, who pleaded friendly for you, Mr. *Saveall*, and your Aunt there before ſhe ever ſaw you whom you may thanke.

Car. A man muſt be ſo tied now.

Thr. Pray take notice of her.

Car. I cannot uſe reſpect enough Sir.

Thr. I like that modeſty.

Sav. Doubt him in nothing, for he is come home.

Car. Madam, as you are my gracious Patroneſſe, and myſelfe ſo all unworthy, my duty checks me in my approach to you.

La. You are the more intirely welcome Coſen. *Kiſſe.*

Car. She Kiſſes like an old mans wife, That is, as a Child late ſterv'd at Nurſe, ſucks a freſh flowing Breaſt.

La. You muſt not Sir be baſhfull.

Car. 'Twill leſſe become me to preſume good Madam.

Thr. George here's a Lodging for you in this houſe, and my Table has a place for you, ſend for your man to wait upon you.
Ha' you *Wat* ſtill?

Car. Yes Sir, an honeſt true hearted civill fellow he is, as I have manag'd him, he can ſay grace now.

Thr. The world's well mended. To morrow you ſhall give me a note of your debts *George*, which I'le take order for, if I may preſume you have any.

Car. Some driblets Sir, My credit has not lately wrong'd me much.

Sav. You ſpeake ſententiouſly, for credit ſought With Tradeſ-men, then their wares are dearer bought: So Gentlemen are wronged.

Thr. Then not to wrong our ſelves, lets in to Dance. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. II. *SCENE.* I.

Alicia, Lady, Servingman, Prentice.

Al. ALL Cheape-ſide, and Lombard-ſtreete Madam, could not have furniſh'd you with a more compleat bargaine, you will find it in the wearing, and thanke me both for the goodneſſe of the ſtuffe, and of the Manufacture.

La. But now the price Miſtriſſ *Saleware.* I grant your Commodity is good, The Gold and Silver Laces, and the Frienges are rich, and I hope well wrought. Has your Man made a note of the particulars, and their prices, at the rate of ready-

money (for I buy ſo) and not as you would booke 'em to an under-ag'd heire, or a Court-Cavalier to expect payment two or three yeares hence ; and finde it perhaps never, I come with *Here is one for tother.*

Al. I know your Ladiſhips payment ſuch ; And they are priz'd ſo Madam to a farthing.

La. Let mee ſee, broad plate Silver and Gold-lace, 206 Ounces halfe, and a dram, at five and ten pence the Ounce, 60 l. 5 s. 3 d. *ob.* 4. five and ten pence an Ounce is deare.

Al. I proteſt unto you Madam that parcell of Lace for a Bed as you intend it, was beſpoken, and agreed for at ſix ſhillings the Ounce by a very great perſon : but becauſe ready money came not to fetch it off, Fortune reſerv'd it here for you, you could not have been ſo fitted on the ſodaine elſe within *London* walls ; and I am glad the ſame fortune was ſo favourable to me, as by my hands to deſigne it for your Ladiſhips uſe and pleaſure. I hope Madam we ſhall hear of a young heir a comming ſhortly, and that will make it a rich and fortunate Bed indeed ; And then *Sir Olyver* would thanke me too.

La. What a bold ſlut it is, well then the reſt of the particulars here of Laces, and Frienges, Loopes, and Buttons, makes the ſum of all an hundred pound eight ſhillings foure pence, halfe-penny. I am no good Arithmetician, but if any be overcaſt, and overpaid, you muſt allow reſtitution.

Al. Yes, good Madam.

La. Is all put up into this Box ?

Al. All Madam.

La. Give mee my Purſe. Take you home that while I make payment for it ; your Gold-weights Miſtris *Saleware.* *Exit Servant.*

Al. Here Madam all in readineſſe.

La. You take no Gold but what is weight, I preſume.

Al.

Al. 'Tis but light paines to weigh it Madam. But let me ſave your Ladiſhip that labour.

La. Nor ſhall it be your trouble, command your Servant I pray for a glaſſe of your beere——

Al. Some beere for my lady preſently.

Exit. Prentice.

La. That I may tell you in more privacy, what perhaps you would not have him heare: for Prentiſes though they are bound to keepe their Maſters ſecrets, are not all privy to their Miſtreſſes; that's more a Journeymans Office.

Al. Your Ladyſhip is pleas'd.

La. Not very well with my ſelfe, for I have gone beyond my Commiſſion in this bargaine, and exceeded my Husband's allowance. Here's one hundred pounds eight ſhillings 4 d. *ob.* in the Bill, and he allows me but the bare hundred pound.

Al. The od money is but a ſmall matter Madam.

La A great matter in an honeſt poore Countrey Ladies purſe, may ſerve her a whole Chriſtmas at Poſt and Pare, or Farthing gleeke, when the gay Gamſters wives o' the City may command the hundreds, out of the purſes of ſuch poore Ladies Husbands. But here is the odd money, eight ſhillings foure pence, half penny, and ſo all's paid.

Al. What meanes your Ladiſhip?

La. Doe you not underſtand mee then? I'le tell you that which I thought fit to conceale from your ſervant; And from your husband too had hee been here, perhaps he knowes not on't. My husband left with you, or lent you the laſt Terme a hundred pound,which hee aſſign'd to me; and now I have it in Commodity. Had you forgot it, when it was to do you a good turne, when your abſent husband faild you, and you wanted it.

Al. A good turne Madam?

La. Yes, was it not to have the free uſe of a

hundred pound ready money, a whole quarter of a yeare, through a dead Vacation, and at laſt to take it out in wares? A good turne I thinke for a Tradeſ-woman; take heed you do not by your ſullenneſſe make me ſuſpect another kind of good turne, or that you did my husband any to my injury, nor deny the receipt of his money, leſt I take up a violence that will not become mee, nor you be able to beare. Be therefore well advis'd both in what you ſay, and who heares me. Somebody comes.

Enter Prentice with Beere.

Al. Madam your Beere.

La. I'le pledge you Miſtris *Saleware.*

Al. I ſhall preſume then Madam——*Drinks.*

La. This was right caſt, was it not friend?

Pre. Your Ladyſhip will finde it ſo —— *La. Drinks.*

Al. And I hope you will finde your money ſo well beſtowd Madam, that you will vouchſafe always to know the Shop.

La. Ever upon the like occaſion, Miſtris *Saleware*, ſo moſt kindly farwell ſweet Miſtris *Saleware.*

Al. The humbleſt of your ſervants Madam. Open the Boot for my Lady.

La. 'Tis done, my Coach-man does it. *Exit.*

Al. I would the Devill were in your Coachmans Coat to take his carriage for his paines.

Lady returnes.

La. Oneword more Miſtris *Saleware*, can it be he?

Al. Lay your comands on me good Madam. *Curtſie.*

La. Not to your trouble, I perceive a young Gentleman attends for conference with you. Is not his name *Fitzgerrard?*

Al. No Madam, his name is *Bellamie*, much depending on the young Lord *Lovely.*

La. I thought I had known him, hee is a hand-

ſome

ſome youth. I cannot blame you now with him: but beware of old Knights that have young Ladies of their owne. Once more adieu ſweet Miſtris *Saleware.* *Exit.*

Al. Moſt courteous Madam—and once more to the Devill. But on my life her chaſt Ladiſhip is taken with this beard-leſſe *Bellamie.* How ſhe ſhot eyes at him!

Bel. Now may your ſervant obtaine a hearing Lady.

Al. My eares are open Sir.

Bel. But you are ſad or angry, why ſeemes that brow to threaten a subjection over him that is your vanquiſh'd captive; or has *Cupid* plac'd his Bow there bent at me, whoſe heart already lodges all his Arrowes, never to be reſtor'd but by your pity?

Al. Fie, fie upon't! what talke is this? I am vex'd and you would mad me.

Bel. What has diſpleas'd you?

Al. A croſſe buſineſſe that has happened in my Shop to day, I being none of the wiſeſt Chapwoman, have underſold a parcell of the beſt Commodities my husband had. And ſhould hee know't wee ſhould have ſuch a ſcwable.

Bel. Husbands ſhould be ſo ſerv'd that do impoſe Thoſe mercenary Offices on their wives.

Al. Talke ſo, and I will heare you, your amorous notes found like Play-ſpeeches.

Bel. Servile, nay ſlaviſh Offices, ranking their wives with their prentiſes.

Al. They pretend onely that wee ſhould over-looke our ſervants, when they but ſet us there for ſhew to draw in cuſtome: but in making us ſuch over-ſeers they are overſeene themſelves; Shop-keepers-wives will be meddling and dealing in their kinde, and as they are able, as wel as their husbands (ſome much better, and more profitable) but I was overreach'd I confeſſe.

Bel. For no great matter I hope.

Al. No, the matter was not much (that never fretted me) but the manner has eene kild a Shee ſhop-keeper. I cannot be long-liv'd, here under a Pent-houſe, as my Lord (you know) told mee when he ſaid he would ſhut mee out of this ſervitude, and that I ſhould change my Coat, though my husband could not, before hee were an Alderman, and be rank'd with Ladies.

Bel. My Lord has ſtill the ſame regard of you.

Al. So it appeares by the Tailor and the Mercer, whom be ſent foure dayes ſince to meaſure me out, and ſute mee to his Honour, and no returne of them found, yet his Land might ha' beene meaſur'd all and ſold, while a poore ſute is dreampt on, had he borne the mind of ſome Lord?

Bel. I doubt not but this paper will cleare that jealouſie. And while you reade I'le ſpeake that which I dare not utter through, Sighes and Bluſhes to an intire attention.

I am of Noble-blood my ſelfe, free-borne,
And not without good education;
But ſince I am ingag'd in this imployment,
And made an inſtrument of others luſt,
I finde my ſelfe a ſcandall to my Name,
To Honour, and to Vertue, the baſe blot
Of Pandare ſticking on me. But not this
Alone is my affliction. Here's my torment,
That while I doe true ſervice to my Lord
(Whom I muſt ever honour) in my Angency
Unto your ſelfe (whom I cannot but love)
I finde my ſelfe a Traytor to his truſt,
In my negotiation for my ſelfe.
Nor can I finde it poſſible to deſiſt,
Mine own attempts, to you, or forbeare to urge
Your conſtancy to him.

Al. How eaſie a worke

'Twere

'Twere for one woman to ſupply'em both,
And hold her husband play to levell Acoile,
A wooden two-leav'd booke, a paire of Tables
Would do't.

Bel. How wretched is that ſuppliant, who muſt make Sute to obtaine that, which he feares to take!

Al. At the beare at the Bridge-foot ſix a clock, good Sir, I finde my Lords honorable appointments here, and have heard you all this while.

Bel. Now I could wiſh, and was in hope you had not.

Al. I will not blame you on your Lords behalfe; Becauſe you have enough rebuk'd your ſelfe.
But Sir, if you preſume upon the favour
I give your Lord, and therefore to obtaine me,
Cauſe I am his, you undervalue me
To thinke that I can ſtoop unto his ſervant,
Though almoſt his Companion, you may thinke
After that degradation by degrees,
I may, in time, deſcend unto his Footman, I'me no caſt
Garment of his Lordſhips yet.

Bel. You have ſchool'd mee fairely, I am humbled, Lady—— *Going.*

Al. Dee heare, dee heare ſir, Mr. *Bellamine*, One word before you goe.

Pren. What would hee buy Miſtris? can you take his money?
Sir dee heare?

Al. Pray attend you the tother end o' th' Shop, If I cannot handle a Cuſtomer, why dos your Maſter truſt mee? Could a frowne fright you? Let a ſmile then cheare you.

Bel. And that's a heavenly one,
As that of *Cynthia* at *Endymion.*

Al. Pray leave your Player-like paſſionate ex- (preſſions,

And if you love mee, like a Man ſpeake to me. As I am a Woman; are you ſilent? if you doubt the length of my mans Eares at that diſtance, you may whiſper what ſo? But that is a right ſhop-whiſper indeed with Trades-women that are hand-ſome; Is that the moſt you will give ſir? Could I afford it ſo, doe you thinke I'd make two words w'ye? yet this before you goe —— *Kiſſe.* Now match it for the price I'le give it you for nothing.

Bel. I ſhall forget I have a Lord. I muſt forget him here.

Al. Doe ſo, and if (I ſay) you love mee, ſpeake plainely what you would have mee doe, or what you would doe with mee (I love to dant theſe young things that love before they can love to the purpoſe, or ſpeake to't handſomely like a Boy that would faine be ſhooting at wild-fowle, before hee knowes how to diſcharge a Birding-piece) I would heare you ſpeake, you have often muttered and fribled ſome intentions towards me, but I would heare you ſpeake. Come, if you love me lay by the feare of the Lord that ſent you, and tell me roundly now, what you would have me doe?

Bel. I would intreat you ——

Al. Well, what?

Bel. That you would be pleas'd——

Al. With what? or to doe what?

Bel. To weare this paire of Silke ſtockings for me.

Al. Is that all your ſute, 'tis granted, with my thanks to you; Have you no more to ſay?

Bel. Yes, I ſay you are the beautifull'ſt of Women; and that my Lord in your enjoyment is the happieſt——

Al. Nay thinke not of your Lord, but aske me, ſomething.

Bel. I would but dare not hope for ſuch a favour, you'l never grant it, my unworthineſſe.

Al.

Al. How can you tell?
Bel. You will not wrong my Lord, ſo as to doe it.
Al. Not in his ſight perhaps. What is it? come.
Bel. It is——
Al. It is then, let it be ſo. Go to Schoole child.
Bel. It is—That you would, let me—give you (this ring,
And grace it with your Finger.
Al. Will that be a wrong to your Lord?
Bel. Yes, to weare any favours, but his own.
Al. Dos he know this?
Bel. No, nor I would not that he ſhould (and given by me) for all the Rubies in Cheapſide, where I bought this but now, over the way.
Al. Come ſir, I'le dally w'ye no longer, I know what you would have with me.
Bel. And now you will betray me: I am ſham'd then and undone.
Al. No, but I have you o' the hip. 'Tis plaine you would lie with me: deny it if you can.
Bel. O deare, did I ſay ſo now?
Al. What need you when I know it, you would lie with me, and you ſhall. Take courage man.
Bel. But, in good earneſt, ſhall I? ſhall I?
Al. Yes, in good earneſt, you'l finde it no trifling buſineſſe, when you come to't once. But ſir, upon condition.
Bel. Any condition Lady.
Al. All purpoſe on't is loſt, and all comes out elſe.
Bel. Name your condition, I'le performe it if it be in the power of my life.
Al. You ſaw here at your comming a faire Lady.
Bel. I tooke no notice of her.
Al. But ſhe did of you, ſhe is calld the Lady *Thrivewell.*
Bel. Sir *Oliver Thrivewells* Lady?
Al. The ſame, you have known her it ſeemes.
Bel. Seene her before ſhee was married.

Al.

Al. I will be briefe with you, as you love mee ſhee loves you as eagerly, but with much more boldneſſe, you ſaw her whiſper mee, and how loth ſhee was to depart, when her eye was upon you.

Bel. I did obſerve it.

Al. Shee is my noble friend, and the ſweeteſt Lady. I need not ſet her out. But though you thinke you ſuffer in your honour, in being an inſtrument twixt your Lord and mee, with the baſe blot of Pander ſticking on you, (theſe were your words) I have ingag'd my ſelfe for her to be your Pandareſſe; be ſo, I ſhall be even with you in buſineſſe if you account it ſo.

Bel. What dee meane Lady?

Al. To urge againſt my ſelfe, for that ſweete Lady, which no Woman elſe I thinke would doe, that loves you ſo unfainedly as I. But 'tis my fate, and the injunction I muſt lay upon you, to make mee yours. That firſt you give your ſelfe to her Embraces; I'le give you means for your acceſſe to her, and your ſucceſſe with her, which done, and on your faith affirm'd to mee, 'tis ſo, I will perpetually bee yours more freely then your Lords.

Bel. You urge this but to try my conſtancy.

Al. For that I'le ſatisfie you ſoon, my husband coming we muſt to night at the Beare———
My Lord writes ſo.

Enter Saleware.

Sal. And there I will direct you in your progreſſe. *Ally* how doſt? Mr. *Bellamy* how iſt? How dos my noble Lord? You are ſad methinks. Ha' you overbought any thing here, and ſo repent your bargaine? Or cannot my wife, and you agree upon't? you muſt uſe Mr. *Bellamy* kindly my ſweet *Ally*: hee is our nobleſt Lords moſt ſpeciall favorite, and muſt finde all faire dealing here, as well when I am abroad as at home ſweet heart.

Bel.

Bel. You heare not me complaine ſir, fare you well. *Exit.*

Sal. What an Aſſinego's this! He might ha' thank'd mee for my good words, though I meant him no good will, I hope thou haſt overreach'd him indeed.

Al. Thomas your hopes are vaine, *Thomas* in ſeating mee here to overreach, or underreach any body. I am weary of this Mechanick courſe *Thomas*; and of this courſer habit, as I have told you divers and ſundry times *Thomas*, and indeed of you *Thomas* that confine me to't, but the bound muſt obey.

Sal. Never the ſooner for a haſty word, I hope ſweete *Ally*; Not of me nor of my ſhop I prethee at ſeaſonable times Love. But for thy habit (though this be decent on a Citizens wife) uſe thine owne fancy, let it be as Courtly, or as Lady-like as thou pleaſeſt, or my Lords deſires.

Al. Then I am friends agen.

Sal. Troth, and I'le call thee friend, and I prethee, let that be our familiar and common compellation: friend it will ſound daintily, eſpecially when thou ſhalt appeare too gallant to be my Wife.

Al. Then let it be ſo friend.

Sal. Intruth it ſhall, and I am very much taken with it. Friend I have found a Cuſtomer to day that will take off my rich parcell of broad Bed-lace, that my Lord *Paylate* beſpoke, and left on my hands, for lack of money.

Al. I have ſold it already friend, with other Laces at a good rate.

Sal. And all for ready money friend?

Al. Yes friend, a hundred pounds, and ſomewhat more.

Sal. Who would be, or who could live without ſuch a friend, in ſuch a ſhop? This money comes

ſo

ſo pat for a preſent occaſion, to ſtop a gap. It has ſtopt a gap already friend.

Al. I have diſpos'd of the money, the odd hundred pound for apparrell, friend, and other accommodations for my ſelfe.

Sal. Never the ſooner for a haſty word I hope friend.

Al. I have done it friend, whereby to appeare more Courtly, and Ladilike as you ſay, to gaine you more cuſtome to your Shop.

Sal. Uuch friend ——Is it ſo?

Al. And friend you muſt not be angry, or thinke much of it, if you reſpect your profit friend.

Sal. I were no friend but a wretch if I would. No let it goe friend, and —— *Sapientia mea mihi* is my word, I muſt not grudge at my friend in any thing.

Al. Then friend, let your ſhop be your own care for the reſt of this day, I have ſome buſines abroad.

Sal. Whither ſweet friend?

Al. Is that a friendly queſtion?

Sal. I am corrected friend, but will you not take a Man to wait upon you?

Al. To watch me, ſhall I? and give you account of my actions? was that ſpoke like a friend?

Sal. I am agen corrected friend,
Doe your own pleaſure, you'l returne to ſupper.

Al. Yet againe?

Sal. And agen, I am corrected friend:

Al. Neither to ſupper, nor to bed perhaps.

Sal. Never the ſooner for a haſty word I hope.

Al. But if I chance to ſtay, you cannot be a faithful friend and aske mee where, or in what company, friendſhip you know allowes all liberty. *Exit.*

Sal. Sapientia mea mihi. A wity wife, with an imperious will,
Being croſt, findes meanes to croſſe her Husband ſtill;

And Tradeſmen that ſo match, muſt not with Gall Temper their wives. but ſweetly by wit-all. *Exit.*

Enter Careleſſe, with two Letters in his hand, and Wat with a Candle, and Wax.

Car. Dos not the World come finely on, *Wat*, ha? And have not wee convenient commings in already, ha! *Shew Gold.*

Wat. Better than wee know how to have payd, for that's the glory on't.

Car. I need no more inſconſing now in *Ram-alley*, nor the Sanctuary of *White-fryers*, the Forts of *Fullers-rents*, and *Milford-lane*, whoſe walls are dayly batter'd with the curſes of bawling creditors. My debts are pay'd; and here's a ſtock remayning of Gold, pure Gold harke how ſweetly it chincks.

Careleſs ſeals his Letters.

Wat. Yes, and 'twill ring the changes ſhortly.

Car. For neceſſaries *Wat*, for neceſſaries it ſhall change, and Ring all out, and 'twil ſo long as I have an Unkle, and know to mannage him, let money I can no faſter ſpend then he ſupply. (flie,

Wat. For neceſſaries ſir, but you muſt not now count Sack and Tobacco, Whores and Fidlers in abundance, neceſſaries.

Car. Why pray?

Wat. Becauſe you'l have but little then for extraordinaries, That is to ſay in a Gentleman for charitable, and pious works and uſes.

Car. The fellow's ſpoy'ld.

Wat. Not ſpoy'ld neither: For I would but wave your purpoſe of flying at all new Game, and neglect your poore whore, who now begins to be ſo violent for wrongs, ſhee can no longer beare, that ſhee intends to purſue you with her complaints hither to your Unkles Houſe.

Car. My Unkles houſe? my houſe. Is not the firſt Mornings draught mine?

Wat.

Wat. With great reaſon, for you are firſt dry in the morning.

Car. Is not the queſtion firſt ask'd mee, what will you have to breakfaſt? what will pleaſe you for Dinner, and what for Supper? Has not my Unkle let out monies, and taken Bonds and Mortgages in my name? doe not his Tenants crowch to mee, and his ſervants all call me young Maſter? And dos not my Unkle take care to marry mee to ten thouſand pound, and a thing like a wife?

Wat. You have gota brave poſſeſſion here, I muſt needs ſay; and I applaud your fortune moſt in this, that your young Aunt the noble Lady here, who you ſee feard would prove a cruell Stepdame to you, appeares to be more friend to you then your Unkle. 'Tis a moſt gracious Sun-ſhine in her.

Car. Shee ſhall loſe nothing by't. I have thought a way to requite her.

Wat. But ſir, for Miſtris *Phebe*, will you take no order for the poore ſoule?

Car. I do not like your zealous ſolicitation, but her's an order for her, in anſwer of her Malipert Letter you brought me laſt night. Give it her, and theſe five pieces, upon condition that ſhee never come, write, or ſend to me againe, till I ſend to her.

Wat. That's ſomewhat hard Sir.

Car. Nay look you *Wat*, you are a little miſtaken in me. I muſt give over whoring, for ſpeciall cauſes thereunto me moving.

Wat. O now I finde you. And 'twere richly worth your patience, if you could winne the Widow by't, for whom you ſtood in faire election once, intill your laſt debauchment.

Car. I ſhall ſtand fairer for her ſir, when I leave working but a weeke or two, ſhall I not?

Wat. Yes, if you leave it quite, but to forſake her

her whom you have brought low, to fall to others, were ſuch a thing——

Car. Well ſir, it may be I will, it may be I wo'nt, what's that to you? carry you the Letter, and the Money, and try how that will worke with her.

Wat. I'le doe my beſt, but if ſhee ſhould exclaime, and bring on her Coſen Mr. *Saleware* to bee clamorous——

Car. Her Cozen's a Cuckold, exclaime and clamorous! give me my money againe.

Wat. Nay I am gone ſir. *Exit.*

Enter Saveall.

Car. The Rogue's in faction with 'em; O noble Mr. *Saveall*, you have moſt fairely kept your minute with me, I have written my Letter, ſeald it and all, here to the Widow.

Sav. So early? that is well.

Car. I have written no leſſe then ſix large Epiſtles this morning, and ſent'em now by my Man to be convey'd into the Country to Lords and Knights, with all the news ſpirituall, and temporall, forraine and domeſtick that could poſſibly fall into a private Gentlemans Collection.

Sav. Is it poſſible?

Car. With ſuch dexterity, that if I would make a Trade on't, I could undoe all the Newes-mongers in Town that live by't.

Sav. It is moſt commendable practiſe in a Gentleman, and it will mature your judgement in the both Common-wealth and State affaires, and in ſhort time invite you unto the chaire of *Helme*.

Car. When I am once married, and ſetled, you ſhall ſee what an aſſe 'tis, he believes me.

Sav. How am I comforted in my Meditation for you, and how over-joy'd will your Unkle be at the uſe you make of your retirements!

Car. I confeſſe it is (by reaſon of my unwonted-

neſſe to it) ſome difficulty for me to write to women; wherefore ſince you have ſo nobly undertaken the conveyance of this, let me beſeech you to apologize for the rudenes of my ſtile.

Sav. To the faire hands of the moſt acompliſh'd in vertue Miſtris Anne Croſtill, *preſent, I pray with my ſervice*; The out-ſide hath no rudeneſſe on it, and (I doubt it not) ſhee ſhall finde within all ſweeteneſſe and urbanity.

Car. As you may interpret it to her ſir.

Sav. Sir, what I have already ſaid, and do intend to ſay unto her from your Unkle, and my ſelfe on your behalfe, together with what you have here written, ſhall (I doubt it not) prepare ſo faire a way of proceeding for you; That at your viſit of her you may ſay, *veni, vidi, vici*, ſhe is your own.

Car. And then——a ha, Mr. *Saveall*!

Sa. Expect your fortune modeſtly, and when it comes embrace it with diſcretion.

Car. Sir, I am edified.

Sa. It is well if you be ſo; I will put my undertaking in action preſently, Pray for my good ſucceſſe.

Car. I dare not tell him now I cannot; but I wiſh well for the Monies ſake; and let the Vintners pray, and all the decay'd Sparks about the Towne, whom I will raiſe out of aſhes into flame againe. Let them pray for my good wokes. O my young Lady aunts grave waiting Woman. If ſhee were not hers, and out of this houſe I ſhould take her for a Bawd now. But being hers, and here how much may I miſtake? all fleſh is frayle.

Enter Nurſe with Caudle cup.

Nur. Not to diſturbe your morning Meditations, my Lady has ſent you——

Car. And you have brought me, what ſweet Miſtris *Cloſet*?

Nur.

Nur. A part of her Ladiſhips own breakfaſt, it is very cordiall and comfortable to the ſpirits, I aſſure you, and delectable to the younger ſort, and profitable to the old.

Car. One of *Robert Greenes* workes, or the mad Doctor that preaches boyld in't I thinke.

Nur. 'Tis a compoſition of mine owne Sir, of many excellent decoctions, of moſt wholeſome reſtorative, and coſtly ingredients.

Car. That it was ſent by her makes it more excellent, whoſe bounteous care of me, I muſt acknowledge exceeds all coſt in carving to me, and countenancing me at her Table, in gracing me in preſence of the Ladies that come to viſit her; in giving charge for decency in all things for my Chamber, my fires ſhining, my odours burning, my livery ſerv'd in, my ſoft and coſtly bed prepar'd and ſpread with perfum'd linnen—here's Ambergreece in this now——

Nur. O is it ſo, doe you finde that?

Car. But though ſhee is my own Unkles wife, I could e'ne ſay 'tis pity a young man had her not.

Nur. What a wag's this?

Car. Shee is a moſt ſweete Lady.

Nur. Shee is a ſweete Lady indeed, I can beſt ſpeake it that have knowne her from the wombe hitherto: A ſweete infant ſhee was borne, and a ſweete babe I ſwadled it, and a ſweete child I nurs'd it, I traynd it up a ſweete child. It was in manners a ſweet child, at her Booke and Sample a ſweet child. I never whipt it but once, and then it was ſweete too, and ſprawl'd but a little, and whimper'd but a little it was ſo ſweet a child; And ſo ſhee grew upwards, and upwards towards woman, and a ſweet youngling ſhe was, and ſo grew upwards and upwards towards man, and then a ſweete Bride ſhee was, and now a moſt ſweet Lady

ſhee is, (as you ſay, and I commend you for it) And ſo ſhee ſtands at a ſtay. For now ſhe growes no more upwards then upon her Wedding day, not upwards as I would have her upwards, here I meane young Gentlemen, could I but ſee a ſweet babe of hers once by my Maſter, I could be then content to ſleep with my Anceſtors.

Car. I had rather ſee your Gibſhip hang'd up with Polcatts in a Warren, and your ſweet Lady with you, though I confeſſe that were ſome pitty. I hope her barrenneſſe, or his will preſerve her from my curſe.

Nur. I hope ſtill, and ſhee hopes ſtill; and I make him of this broth for every morning; and many other good ſtrengthening things (I cannot ſay for the ſame purpoſe) for I ſhall never ſee him have an heire by her.

Car. Excellent! that's beſt of all.

Nur. Becauſe you then are heire, ſay you ſo? Is that your love to your Aunt?

Car. No I proteſt *Nurſe*, I meant by the broth, the bottome was the beſt of all.

Nur. Then I cry mercy.

Car. Cannot all thy art, and her coſt finde helpe for my Unkle, think'ſt thou, to get a child?

Nur. Helpe! what dee meane. He might have helpe and helpes enough, were ſhe not too vertuous.

Car. Still thou miſtak'ſt me *Nurſe.*

Nur. Away wag away, your Aunt loves you too well to thinke ſo of her.

Car. Nurſe as I hope to inherit any thing hereafter——

Nur. I ſhould but ſerve you well to tell her your good thought of her.

Car. Nurſe, by this good——peece I think no harme.

Nur. Nay, nay.

Car. Take it I ſay. And tell her if thou wilt, that I love her ſo well, that were ſhee not mine Unkles wife, I would get her an heire my ſelfe rather then be his.

Nur. Kinde young Maſter, now I am heartily ſorry that I mov'd you.

Car. And for my Unkle were I his heire apparent, I rather wiſh he might live till all this World were weary of him, and the next afraid to take him, Then I ſurvive him (Tongue, a pox puniſh you for lying)
Now I live well, and merily good *Nurſe*, ('em, Wealth and Eſtates, bring cares and troubles with Were all young heires of my contented mind, Parents and Patrons would be better prayd for.

Nur. Good Gentleman.
Nurſe Cloſet. *Lady within*——*Cloſet*——

Nur. O my Lady calls. (her.

Car. Preſent my thanks and beſt reſpects unto

Nur. I ſhould ha' told you firſt——I ha' forgot. My head is naught,

Car. What member haſt thou good then?

Nur. My Lady deſires you——This talke has put me out——O this head! My Lady deſires you——

Car. Deſires ſhee me *Nurſe?*

Nur. Yes ſir, ſhee deſires you.

Car. Refuſe me if I deſire not her as much, for all ſhe is my Unkles leavings.

Nur. My Lady deſires you.

Car. And ſhee ſhall have me *Nurſe*——And ſhe were ten Unkles wives, and ſhe ten of mine Aunts.

Nur. O this head! nay now you will not heare me, ſhee deſires you to goe abroad in the Coach with her.

Car. Any whither, to *Iſlington*, *Newington*, *Padington*, *Kenſington*, or any of the City out-leaps (I know'em

know'em all) for a ſpirt and back againe, tell her I am up and ready for her, and could ha' been without her ſtirrup porredge, though I thanke her for her care. A man can not be too well prepar'd, or provided for ſo ſweete a Lady, in ſo much diſtreſſe. A very *Andromeda*, chain'd to a Rock.

Takes up his Cloak & Sword.

Nur. What's this you ſay? I underſtand no word of it, I would take your anſwer right, though I falter'd in my Ladies meſſage.

Car. The Devills in this overrunning Tongue of mine, I could finde in my heart to worme him out with my teeth.

Nur. What muſt I tell my Lady Sir?

Car. That I am more oblidg'd to her Ladiſhip then I was to my Mother, ſhe has brought mee a new man into the World, and that my Being and my Life is hers.

Enter Lady.

La. I hope hee's a true convertite, did I ſend you to hold diſcourſe here Cloſet?

Nur. Nor did I Madam, but I could heare this Gentleman a whole day methinks. Hee ſpeakes ſo acknowledgingly of your Ladiſhips vertue, and goodneſſe towards him.

La. I am beholding to him, will you goe with mee Nephew to the Exchange? I am to buy ſome toyes there for the Country, you may get a fancy by't.

Car. Good, I muſt weare her favours.

La. Or cannot you forbeare your ſtudy so long?

Car. To doe you ſervice Madam, under whoſe command I build my happineſſe.

La. Be not at the diſtance of complement with mee good Nephew.

Car. I would not be thought inſolent deare Madam.

La.

La. Come the Coachman grumbles at my ſtay, and 'twill be Dinner-time preſently, ſo the Cooke will be angry too.

Car. You are all tenderneſſe to your ſervants Madam. *Exit.*

Nur. A ſweete Gentleman, and bountifull, if my Lady had been bleſt with ſuch a Husband what a place had I had! *Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT III. *SCENE* I.

Enter Croſtill, reading a Letter, Saveall.

Croſ. DOe you know the contents Mr. *Saveall* of the familiar Epiſtle you have brought me here.

Sav. No Lady, but I gueſſe it a faire expreſſion of the Writers affection to you, although hee deſired mee to crave your pardon for the rudeneſſe of his ſtile, it being the firſt that hee hath compoſed of that conſequence.

Croſ. Ha, ha, ha, I'le truſt you ſir, with the full knowledge of it, pray read it your ſelfe.

Sav. I finde ſhee is pleaſed, and my indeavour proſperous, for the young Gentleman, I am ſorry that I delaid a day in the delivering of it.

Croſ. Pray read it out ſir, for I finde it ſo pleaſant that I could heare it a whole day together.

Reades.

Sav. *In the firſt place you ſhall give mee leave to wonder at your impudence (though it be but in your dreames) to have a thought that I ever intended, or can be drawne by perſwaſion, force, or the power of witchcraft to marry you——*

Bleſſe mee! ſure if hee writ this, the Devill dictated to him.

Croſ. On ſir, that's but his firſt charge.

Sav. *Secondly, I am to tell you, that I am warme in mine Unkles favour. And 'tis not a peece a time, or five peeces for a peece of pleaſure can undoe me; and ſo I can have change, and ſcape the captivity of Wedlock.*

This could no otherwiſe be done but by the Devill that ought him the ſhame.

Croſ. What follows I pray, there's the firſt and ſecond point paſt? marke his method.

Sav. *Thirdly, and laſtly, let mee adviſe you, ſince you are ſo hot upon Marriage, though I aſſure my ſelfe you love none but mee, (and I thanke you for't) that you frame or diſſemble an affection to ſome one of the City, who is but comparative to your ſelfe in blood and fortune, and ſo you may make by-uſe of me as your friend, and have children like me,*

GEORGE CARELESSE.

Croſ. Have you ever heard ſo queint a Love Letter?

Sav. Lady, the injury done in it, to your ſelfe is unanſwerable, but my wrong in being his Meſſenger, I will make him anſwer.

Croſ. Excuſe me Sir, he has done me a favour: I pray informe him ſo with my great thankes. But for what you conceive a wrong to your ſelfe, uſe your diſcretion, you have no more to ſay to me for him at this preſent, have you ſir?

Sav. Not for him but againſt him, I will un-ſay all that I ſayd before intended for his good.

Croſ. But i'le not heare you wrong your former love, and judgement of him ſo, which made ſo deepe impreſſion here, that I had lock'd his love up

as

as a Jewell in my Breaſt, and you in ſtriving now to wreſt it thence may breake the Cabinet ; I rather wiſh you'l be a friendly meanes to draw his preſence hither, that I my ſelfe may mildly queſtion him.

Sav. Are you ſerious Lady ?

Croſ. I feare I ſhall not reſt before I ſee him, but doe not tell him that, leſt in this ſullen humour, hee force his abſence to afflict mee more ; I'le hold you ſir no longer, deale for me as you can, I know you have a gueſſe at my deſire.

Sav. I'le doe you ſervice in it. *Exit Croſtill.* I gueſſe that her deſire is to doe ſome act of Revenge upon him. And (ſo it be not mortall) it were but Juſtice in her for ſo groſſe a ſcorne by him caſt upon a well reputed Gentleman. Yet is it obſerv'd in her that ſhee has a violent humour to do, and not to doe things oftentimes wilfully againſt all good councell or perſwaſion, ſhee has the ſpirit of contradiction in her, and an unalterable reſolution upon ſodaine intentions, a moſt incorrigible will ſhee has that will not bow nor breake. This croſſe abuſive Letter therefore may doe good upon her, however miſchievous hee might intend it. If ſhee meant well to him before, it may the faſter bring her on, but it amazes me that hee ſhould write ſo, bearing his Unkle, and my ſelfe in hand, that hee ſo fairely lov'd her, and beſought us to negotiate with her for him, ſhould ſhee forgive it, yet the wrong to us in his vile manners is unpardonable, and ſo ſir, I come to you.

Enter Careleſſe.

Car. O Mr. *Saveall*——

Sav. What miſchiefe or deſpight have I e're done you,
That could provoke your deſperate ſpleene againſt mee,

To

To wound mine honour?
Car. What doe you meane good ſir?
Sav. You have employed mee baſely, made mee your
Carrier of ſcandall, and ſcurrility to the hands
Of nobleneſſe and vertue. Could the Fiend
Luſt that is in you ſuffer you to write
No other Senſe or Language to a perſon
Of her faire Name, and Worth, then ſuch as Ruffians
Would ſend to ſtrumpets? or it being ſuch.
Enter Wat.
Could not a Porter, or your Pandare there
Serve for the lewd conveyance?
What a welcom's that!
Sav. You might ſafer
Ha' ſent it ſo, and your own right hand with it;
Then to have drawn my juſt revenge upon you.
Draws.
Car. Hold I beſeech you, and ſir, though I loſe the Widow by my error (which was indeed but a meere accident) let mee not be ſo miſerable made as to loſe you, before you heare a ſhort Examination——
Deliver'd you the Letter which I ſent
Yeſterday to the Damſell that you wot of?
Wat. Yes ſir, ſhee read it, kiſt it a hundred times,
Then made a boſome Idoll on't,
And ſayes you are the nobleſt Gentleman
Under a Saint that e're tooke care for ſinner.
Car. Hell take her for a miſtaking whore,
Shee has the widows Letter, and the widow hers,
I found it ſir, when you judiciouſly
Said it was Ruffian-like, and Strumpet-language.
Wat. How could you erre ſo ſtrangely?
Car. O ſlightly, ſlightly, curſe o' my heedleſs braine!
And then too be trapp'd with careleſneſſe,
When I was ſo religiouſly reſolv'd,

T'incline

T'incline to vertue, and a Marriage life,
Thinking with one hand to caſt off my follies,
And to take hold of vertue with the other,
For ſir, (I will confeſſe my ſelfe to you)
The Letter you conveyed was in defiance,
A looſe liv'd wanton, intended to a whore,
That impudently hopes an intereſt in me.

Sav. It was not ſo directed.

Car. I there was
(The Hell confound it on't) my giddines:
I ſeald both Letters e're I ſuperſcrib'd 'em,
And ſo gave each the contrary direction.

Sav. 'Twas a groſſe careleſneſſe, and if you loſe
A fortune by't, do not blame your friends.

Car. That fortune ſhould favour a whore before
An honeſt woman. 'Twas the ſweeteſt Letter,
The daintieſt winning things——(the Devills in't)
Shee muſt not carry't from the widow ſo.
Fetch mee the Letter againe.

Wat. Do you thinke ſhee'l part with't ſir?

Car. Cannot you beat it out of her ſir?

Wat. I cannot tell how to do that.

Car. Thus ſir——i'le give you demonſtration, you malicious Rogue, you that conſpirſt with her to betray me, ſo good a Maſter I have beene to thee, and ſo good a friend to her, i'le recompence you both.

Wat. You have undone us both, and will diſcard us now you are warme in your Unkles boſome agen—— but——

Car. But what you Traitor you?

Wat. You put me in good minde, and if I do not ſomewhat.

Car. I owe you ſomewhat for your laſt-nights abſence, too pernicious Villaine that kepſt thy ſelfe out o' the way o' purpoſe that I ſhould bee drunke, and

and abuſe my ſelf, and the houſe here all lay o' your abſence, There's ſomewhat more for that.

(*Beats him.*)

Wat. 'Tis all upon account ſir.

Car. Who knowes an honeſt Servingman that wants a good Maſter. *Exit.*

Sa. Was it your mans fault Mr. *Careleſſe*? if I be not reveng'd &c.

Car. No faith, To ſpeak truth he was as much abus'd in it, as you in doing a thing as contrary to his vile conditions, as you did to your noble Name. But I crave onely your pardon, I know not what I doe beſides. This croſſe blow of chance ſtaggers my reaſon ſo——

Sa. Well ſir, ſince I have found the errour, my reaſon reconciles me to you, and ſince it grew out of your equall intent to caſt off the evill, as to embrace the good, I will re-mediate for you to the widow.

Car. But yet ſhee'l know I have had a whore. Yet then you may ſay, 'tis ſuch a running Diſeaſe among young Gentlemen, that not one of a hundred has ſcap'd it, that have prov'd ſtay'd men afterwards, and very ſober husbands; As looke you yonders one may prove, whom now I have in good ſooth a great deſire to beate.

Enter Lady, and Bellamy talking.

Sa. In your Aunts preſence, and your Unkles houſe; Though I were not his friend; could you be ſo outragious? I muſe I ſee him here though.

Car. Cry you mercy ſir, are you his friend?

Sa. I make my ſelfe ſo, hee being dependent to my nobleſt Lord, whom I am bound to honour.

Car. What Lord I pray, that I may honour him too.

Sa. The Lord *Lovely*.

Car. That loves women above wine, wine above wealth,

wealth, wealth above friend, and friends above himſelfe. There's no ſcandall in all that ſir.

Sa. It goes ſo of him indeed, but he loves honor above all thoſe.

La. Mr. *Saveall* a word.

Sa. Your ſervant Madam.

Car. In the name of fleſh, for what dos his Lordſhip employ that Angle-worme to my Aunt? Hee has had her this houre in private conference, cloſe chamberd up together, not ſo much as Matron *Nurſe* in the roome with 'em. 'Tis a fine ſleeke thing, and almoſt pitty to hunt it, but ſure I muſt beat it, as place and time convenient may ſerve.

La. Pray Mr. *Saveall* move you my Husband for it, I would not medle in his money matters willingly.

Sa. Five hundred pound for my Lord upon the mentioned ſecurity, I will break it to ſir *Oliver.*

Car. Is that the buſineſſe after ſo much privacy? very prety, my Aunts a woman too, and my Unkle may have as forked a fortune, as any of the City, that lend out money to hedge in Lordſhips.

La. I am his Lordſhips ſervant.

Bel. And I your Lordſhips good Madam. And yours Mr. *Saveall.*

Sa. I am for your way Mr. *Bellamy.*

Car. And I ſir, and't pleaſe you. *Exit Sav. Bel.*

La. George Careleſſe, I would ſpeak with you.

Car. May I not wait upon your Gentleman to the Gate Madam?

La. No good *George,* though I commend your curteſie, yet would I not you ſhould neglect your owne dignity.

Car. Umh—I am under Government.

La. The young man, if you have modeſty will thinke you mock him, if not you'l make him become arrogant, know you not whoſe man he is?

Car. No tis apparent, this over-ſlighting of him proclaimes ſhee loves him, whoſe follower Madam, and I know Lords followers, Knights fellows.

La. Not all Lords followers to all Knights *George.*

Car. To as many as their faire Ladies will give way to, that are not faint-hearted.

La. I underſtand you not *George*; ſomething troubles you, you are not right to day.

Car. I am only as I am in your favour Madam.

La. Come I know what perplexes you, and 'tis therefore that I deſire to talke with you; I am not angry with you, but let meetell you *George*, although not openly I took notice of the pickle you came home in laſt night, after your Unkle was in Bed; to whom, mervayling at your abſence I excus'd you, as gone at my requeſt to viſit ſome Ladies with whom you ſtaid Supper, I told him, when you were with your Roucers.

Car. But did you never go?

La. Indeed I did, and he was ſatisfied.

Car. O my ſweet Lady Aunt! I was indeed amongſt'em, and deeply merry.

La. And drunke as deeply!

Car. I will abuſe your goodneſſe ſo no more.

La. Say and hold *George*, for your own good.

Car. What's now become of mee, I am under correction.

La. I would you could have ſeene your ſelfe, and how your diſguiſe became you, as I was told, I do but friendly tell you of ſome paſſages, as they were to meé related, by thoſe whom I have charm'd to ſpeake no more on't. Be ſecure therefore in your Unkle.

Car. O my deare heavenly Aunt!

La. Firſt, at the doore you bounc'd like a Giant at the Gate of an inchanted Caſtle, before which could

could be opened offence was taken by you at your Sedan-men ; for asking money (as appeard afterwards) more then you brought from the Taverne, and leaving their office fouler by a diſtemper'd ſtomach-full, then you found it. In the ſtrife for theſe ſad cauſes your Sword being ſeiz'd on, you being unable to uſe it, were found by my ſervants at *Luggs* with your brace of Corps bearers, in the dirt, and their poore hovill Chaire turnd on his ridge in the Kennell.

Car. I'le never be drunk agen.

La. I hope you will ſay ſo, when you have heard all *George* ; but by the way your late ſtock being ſpent, here are ten peeces towards a ſupply.

Car. O ſweet golden Aunt !

La. Well ſir, the ſtriefe appeas'd, you were tane in. Then hay is there no Sack i' the houſe ? 'Tis for you in your Chamber is replid, up you are had, where is the Rogue my man ? not ſeene ſince Yeſterday ; Fetch me a wench. Bleſſe us cries old *Sim* the Butler, wee have none i'th houſe, nor cannot ſend for any out o' dores. Doſt—tell me that? is not my Ladies Woman, my Ladies Chamber-maide, the Laundry-maide, the wench under the Cooke, my Ladies Nurſe old *Winter-plum*, nor my Lady her ſelfe, within ? I know, or will know all the ſhee things in the houſe.

But why me up in your bedroll *George* ?

Car. Pfeigh. *(Beats his head)*

La. You remember none o' this !

Car. It is not worth it Madam.

La. Nor how you ſcar'd Chamber-maid, whom I ſent in love to ſee care taken for you, not dreaming of any ill thought in you, doe you remember how you told her, and what you would give her, when your Unkle died for a ſmall preſent curteſie ? ſhe was faine to ſatisfie you with a falſe promiſe to ſteale

to

to bed to you before foure men could force, or humour you into it.

Car. What an unhallowed Raſcall was I!

La. 'Tis well you conſider it now. And ſtill conſider *George.*

How ill exceſſe of Wine, Roaring and Whoring becomes a Gentleman, and how well ſobrietie, curteſie, and noble action, and dangers wait upon the one ſort, and what ſafety accompanies the other!

Car. Wine, Roaring and Whoring, I will lay that ſaying of yours Madam to my heart; but Wine is the great wheele that ſets the reſt a whirling.

La. True *George*, for had you not firſt beene ſullied with Wine, you would not have abus'd your ſelfe to ha tumbled in the dirt with your Littermules, nor offer'd to ſeduce my Chamber-maide. Suppoſe you had overcome her, how could you have come off but with ſhame to your ſelfe, and the utter ruine of the poore Wench?

Car. Still ſhee corrects me for my medling with baſe matters and people, ſhee is not angry ſhee ſayes, though I call'd for her laſt night i' my drinke, ſhee gives me mony, I will now underſtand her, and whereunto all her former favours and her later admonitions are directed, and preſently appeare a gratefull Nephew.

La. Nay, bee not ſad upon it *George*, as I would win you from your faults, I would have you ſtill be cheerfull. If any thought troubles you, you may be free with me *George.*

Car. O Madam you have made me, and now take me to you.

La. How meane you?

Car. Freely and wholly, the trueſt, faithfu'lſt ſervant, and I thinke the ableſt that any Lady of your lacks and longings ever beſtowd a favour on, though

though I ſay't my ſelf. You'l ſwear't when you have tri'd me, and't be but hourely for a month together.

La. Is the man ſound troe?

Car. I defy Surgeon, or the Potecary can come againſt mee.

La. Sound i' your ſenſes ſir, I meane.

Car. O for blabbing Madam never feare mee, now I am reſolv'd to live ſoberly, and be onely yours. And with ſuch pleaſure, with ſuch ſafety, ſecreſie, and fulneſſe, I will ſo conſtantly ſupply you, that you ſhall not have time to dreame of the defects of your old man.

La. Doe you meane your Unkle, and not know whoſe wrong you unnaturally and ſinfully purſue?

Car. No man living Madam can doe it for him, more naturally and leſſe ſinfully; I am of the ſame fleſh and blood, and bring his youth to your pleaſure, how can you thinke old Unkles children are got? or how came up the proverbe, *Shee is one of mine Aunts*, doe you thinke? You would have a child by him. All your Cawdells and Cock-broaths will never doe it, An old mans generative ſpirit runs all into braine, and that runs after covetouſneſſe too, get wealth, not children. Believe it, much Nephews helpe belongs to it, and then the children are not degenerate, I cannot thinke but many Unkles know it, and give way to it, becauſe ſtranger bloods ſhall not inherit their Lands, and ſo ſweet Aunt if I live not to inherit his, my ſon may, in your firſt born. There will be a ſweete comfort to you.

La. But is all this in earneſt?

Car. In earneſt? yes, And I pray ſo take it, and let it be a bargaine, and now preſently in the Chamber, I will make you my firſt payment for the purchace.

La. Fie, fie, you doe but ſay ſo?

Car. That ſhall be tri'd preſently. Come ſweet Madam, I finde you are willing, and I ſweare I am reſolute, and will be as ſecret as your own woman, if you will not goe I proteſt i'le carry you.

La. Nay preythee *George* ſet me down a little.

Car. Pſewgh——I need none o' theſe wheſings I.

La. But prathee tell mee, doſt thou not all this onely to trie me, or am I a Rogue thinke you, or wouldſt thou ſeriouſly that thine own naturall Unkle, thy bountifull Patron, nay thy father on the matter, ſhould ſuffer ſuch a wrong, and done by us?

Car. Harke there againe, Madam have I not proved ſufficiently and plainely, that I ſhall in doing the feate for him doe him the greateſt right in the world, in getting him, and you an indubitable heire, and to give him both the comfort, and the glory of it?

La. Was ever ſuch a Reprobate?

Car. And you can doe him no wrong (though you had not a Ladies priviledge) to Cuckold him, for aſſure your ſelfe hee Cuckqueanes you, now come Madam.

La. You ſpeake not on your knowledge.

Car. I never was his Pimpe, but what I have heard I have heard. Now come Madam.

La. I heard Mr. *Saveall* proteſt within theſe three days that he thought my Husband the chaſteſt man (of a Gentleman) that he knows.

Car. O did hee ſo, Madam, believe it they two have whor'd together, and that *Saveall* has pimpt for him oftener then you ever lay with my Unkle.

La. What! ſince he married me?

Car. What elſe? *Saveall*, is not onely his grave Paraſite, but his Pimpe, and has ſpent my Unkle more in theſe civill punctuall wayes, then I in all my

my whole debauches, what did you thinke hee kept him for? O they are a brace of subtle dry Tweakes, come now Madam.

La. What an inhumane Villain's this!

Car. I'le tell you all now upon our inward acquaintance.

La. You have told too much already to have any acquaintance with me at all, nor ſhall you unleſſe you preſently recant all that you have, or would have ſaid upon this ſubject.

Car. Madam——

La. Stand further and replie not, leſſe I call in thoſe that ſhall ſadly ſilence you. Have you abus'd your Unkle, and the next beſt friend you have i' the World, in hope thereby to abuſe mee moſt, that was no enemy of yours till now you juſtly have provok'd me?

Car. I tooke not a right courſe.

La. Was this the beſt conſtruction you could make of my love to you, or a fit requitall, to make me an inceſtuous Whore?

Car. Yes, yes, a pox my courſe was right enough, but I undertooke her at an ill ſeaſon. Her ſpruce ſpringall left her but now, i'le tell her ſo Madam.

La. Come I perceive you are ſorry; and that's a part of ſatisfaction. Therefore for once i'le winke at your tranſgreſſion, eſpecially before others. Here's one you ſee.

Enter Cloſet.

Car. I doe, the Devill blind her.

Nur. Madam——

La. But tempt me ſo againe, and i'le undoe you.

Car. I know how you'l undoe mee witty Madam, *Ah——* *Aſide.*

La. Nay be not ſad *George*, diſcover not your ſelfe, and you are ſafe, for once I tell you.

Car. Shee'l come about I ſee.

La. But will you Cozen goe, and doe that for me?

Car. Moſt readily good Madam, I have your full directions.

La. All Coſen, if you forget not.

Car. I cannot be ſo negligent in your ſervice Madam, I finde by this fain'd errand ſhee dares not truſt her trollop there, I love her wit now too. *Exit.*

La. He is both ſchoold, and coold I hope. Now *Cloſet* what's your News?

Clo. Of a Citizen Madam that intreats to ſpeake with your Ladiſhip.

La. Doe you not know his Name, or Trade?

Clo. Yes, I had both eene now, but I have ſuch a Head.

La. If you have loſt 'em by the way pray go back and ſeeke 'em, or bring you his buſineſſe.

Clo. I ask'd his buſineſſe Madam, and told him hee might truſt mee with it without a hand to his booke, but he ſaid it could not be delivered, but by his owne word o' mouth to your Ladiſhip.

La. What ſtrange matter is it troe? or what Citizen, is not his Name *Saleware*?

Clo. Yes Madam, and he is a (O this head)

La. A Silkeman is he not? (a——

Clo. Yes Madam the ſame.

La. I hope his impudent Wife has not told him all, if ſhee has, where's his remedy in this Womans Law-caſe?

Clo. There's a Gentlewoman with him too Madam.

La. Then we ſhall have it. 'Tis his Wife ſure, well I am prepar'd for the incounter. Bid 'em come up, if they grow violent or too bold with mee, i'le ſet my Nephew *George* upon 'em. 'Tis not his Wife, what Creature is it troe with me, Mr. *Saleware*?

Enter

Enter Saleware, Phebe.

Sal. Craving your pardon Madam, a few words in the behalfe of this poore Kinſewoman of mine, touching a Gentleman, who I heare lives in your Houſe, Mr. *George Careleſſe*, Madam, by whom ſhee has received much injury.

La. How ſir I pray?

Sal. Pray Madam read this Letter, weepe not, but hold up thy head Cuz, wee will not be daſht, not baſht in a good cauſe; pray read you Madam.

La. *I am now (Lady) in favour with my Unkle, and in faire poſſibility of a good Eſtate, deporting my ſelfe (I intend to doe) a civill Gentleman. To which end (induc'd as well by reaſon, as by long continued affections) I tender my ſelfe to you in the holy condition of Marriage. If you vouchſafe your conſent, (which is my moſt earneſt requeſt) I ſhall not onely declare my ſelfe a good Husband, but the moſt happy,*

GEO. CARELESSE.

La. Wherein appeares the injury to your Kinſwoman?

Sal. In flying from his Word, and Deed Madam. He has borne her in hand theſe two yeares, and uſe her at his pleaſure, detaining her from her choyce of many good fortunes, and at laſt ſends her this to make amends for all, and denies his act the next day, ſending his man to take the Letter from her, pretending 'twas directed to another. But never the ſooner for a haſty word Coſen, we will not be daſht nor baſht, I warrant thee.

La. Here's the direction. *To the Lilly White Hands of Miſtris Mariana Gymcrack*, is that your Name Lady?

Phe. I am the ſorrowfull one that is knowne by it Madam.

Sal. Never the ſooner for a haſty word Coſen.

La. I conceive the buſineſſe, and find the error, and my great doubt is over.

Sal. Weepe not I ſay.

La. What would you have me doe Mr. *Saleware*?

Sal. You have diſcretion Madam, and I made choice of your Ladiſhip to open this matter unto you, rather then to Sir *Oliver* himſelfe, whom I would not willingly exaſperate againſt his Nephew, you may be pleaſed in a milder way to temper him, and worke a ſatisfaction for my Kinſewoman; Sir *Oliver* and your ſelfe Madam, are noble Cuſtomers to my Shop, and for your ſakes I would not deale rigorouſly with your Kinſeman, if a gentle end may be made. But, if you cannot ſo compound it, the Law lies open, money and friends are to be found, a good cauſe ſhall not be ſterv'd, I will not be daſht nor baſht, *Sapientia mea mihi* is my word, and ſo good Madam you know my mind.

La. 'Tis pity a Gentlewoman ſhould ſuffer too much, and I like her ſo well at firſt ſight, that I am eaſily mov'd to doe good for her, is ſhee your Kinſewoman in blood Mr. *Saleware*, or your wifes?

Sal. Mine I aſſure your Ladiſhip, though my wife can boaſt as great and noble friends I thank fortune, as the wife of any Tradeſman that carries a head in the City, (but that's by the by) yet I came of a better houſe, and am a Gentleman borne, none diſprais'd.

La. Well Mr. *Saleware*, leave your Kinſewoman with me a little while, you ſhall not be ſeene in my act, i'le try what I can doe for her.

Sal. With all my heart good Madam, and dee heare *Mariana*, This is a noble Lady, beare your ſelfe diſcreetly in the buſineſſe, and towards her: you may get a Husband by't, or at leaſt a compoſition that may purchace one to ſholder you up.

But

But carry it high and worthy of the houſe I brag of, or—— *Sapientia mea mihi, ſtultitia tua tibi,* That's my ſentence.

Phe. Well ſir, you neede not doubt my high Carriage.

La. Cloſet.

Enter Cloſet.

Madam.

La. Take this Gentlewoman to your Chamber, and I charge you let none ſee her, or take notice of her, but your ſelfe and me, till I give order.

Exit Cloſet.

I ſhall doe ſomething for her doubt not Maſter *Saleware.* *Exit Lady.*

Sal. I ſhall be bound to your Ladiſhip, now to my Shop, to which I thanke my Wife ſhee has beene a Wild-cat theſe two dayes, which muſt be borne with as wee are friends. And from my Houſe all Night, and yet no Greene-gooſe-faire-time; Nor though ſhee were ſo abſent muſt I be ſo unfriendly as to queſtion her, where, or with whom ſhee was; a new Article this twixt Man and Wife! But *Sapientia mea mihi, ſtultitia ſua ſibi.* Thus it muſt be where Man and Wife are friends and will continue ſo in ſpight of chance, or high heeld ſhooes, that will awry ſometimes with any Women. Shee is not yet come home heere. What Ladies that, and not my Wife there to handle her handſomely for her Money? My ſervants are ſuch Aſſinegoes! ſtay, are mine eyes perfect? 'Tis ſhee, 'tis my Friendwife, and in the Courtly habit, which ſo long ſhee has long'd for. And my Lord *Lovelies* Gammed with her. His Lordſhip lay not at home to Night, neither at his Lodging, I heard that by the way. I cannot thinke my Lord and ſhee both ſate up all Night to ſee the Taylors

The Shop diſcover'd Alicia, & Bellamy.

at worke, and to haſten the finiſhing of thoſe Cloaths, if ſhee were with him which I would not be ſo unfriendly to inquire for the worth of a Wife. 'Twas right honorably done of him to ſend her home as gallantly attended as attir'd, if shee die —a—a— lie with him all Night, which I will not be ſuch a beaſt to believe although I knew it. I muſt come on her with a little wit though, for which I will precogitate.

Al. Once more your ſtory, for I am not ſatisfied with thrice being told it.

Bel. Can a Woman take ſo much delight in hearing of another Womans pleaſure taken?

Al. As it was given by you I can, for I am prepared by it to take pleaſure from you, and ſhall with greedineſſe expect it till I have it.

Bel. Then know I pleas'd her ſo, that ſhee proteſted, (and I believe her) her Husband never pleas'd her ſo.

Al. Or any other man you ſhould ha' put her to that, her Husband's but a Bungler.

Bel. How know you that?

Al. I doe but gueſſe.

Bel. Nay ſhee ſwore deeply, and I believ'd her there too, no man beſides her husband but my ſelfe had e're injoy'd her, but let me tell you Lady, as ſhee was amply pleas'd ſhe may thanke you.

Al. For ſending you, I know ſhe did and will.

Bel. That was the firſt reſpect, but not the greateſt: For in our Act of love, our firſt and ſecond Act——

Al. Indeed!

Bel. In reall deed, I can ſpeak now like an emboldened lover.

Al. Well, but what in your Acts of Love?

Bel. I had you ſtill in my imagination, and that enabled mee to be more gratefull to her Ladyſhip,

which

which wrought her thankfulneſſe to you, expreſt in a hundred pieces, ſent by me, more then I tould before, which are your own ſhee ſayes, ſince tother morning ſhee was here with you.

Al. That token confirmes all. Had I the ſpirit of Witchcraft, when puting upon chance for my Revenge, to find Reward! Have you the money?

Bel. Safe at my Chamber for you.

Al. O you are cunning, leſſe I ſhould breake with you you thought to oblige me by't.

Bel. I'le rather run and fetch you twice the ſumme, I conceal'd it onely to give it you unexpectedly.

Al. Sweete *Bellamy* I am yours, I could be ſorry now I have loſt ſo much of thee. This Kiſſe, and Name your time——

Sal. Would they had done whiſpering once, that I might enter ſafe in my manners.

Bel. To morrow night.

Al. Shall you be ready ſo ſoone thinke you after your plentifull Lady-feaſt.

Bel. O with all fulneſſe both of Delight and Appetite.

Al. And with all faith and ſecreſie I am undone elſe, you know my vowes unto my Lord.

Bel. And can you thinke I dare be found your meane, to break'em.

Al. No more my husband comes. Pray Sir returne my thanks unto my Lord for his right noble bounty, and not mine alone, for ſo my husband in much duty bound alſo preſents his thanks unto his Lordſhip.

Sal. Yes, I beſeech you ſir.

Bel. I am your willing Meſſenger.

Sal. Hee is my moſt honored Lord, and has ſo many wayes obliged me both by my wife, and in mine owne particular that ——

Bel.

Bel. I take my leave. *Exit.*

Sal. Still this is an Affinego. I can never get him to ſtand a Conference, or a Complement with mee. But *Sapientia mea mihi*, what was that friend you made mee ſend thanks for to his Lordſhip, what new favour has hee done us, beſides his councell——Theſe Clothes, the coſt was mine you told mee, out of the odd hundred pound you tooke, what late Honour has hee done us?

Al. Iſt not enough I know Friend? will you ever tranſgreſſe in your impertinent inquiſitions?

Sal. I cry you mercy friend, I am corrected juſtly.

Al. Will you never be governd by my judgment, and receive that onely fit for you to underſtand, which I deliver to you undemanded? Doe not I know the weight of your floore thinke you? Or doe it you on purpoſe to infringe friendſhip, or breake the peace you live in?

Sal. Never the ſooner for a haſty word, I hope Friend.

Al. Did you not Covenent with mee that I ſhould weare what I pleaſed, and what my Lord lik'd, that I ſhould be as Lady-like as I would, or as my Lord deſir'd; that I ſhould come, and go at mine own pleaſure, or as my Lord requir'd; and that we ſhould be alwayes friends and call ſo, not after the ſillie manner of Citizen and Wife, but in the high courtly way?

Sal. All this, and what you pleaſe ſweete Courtly-friend I grant as I love Court-ſhip, it becomes thee bravely.

Al. O dos it ſo?

Sal. And I am highly honor'd; And ſhall grow fat by the envy of my repining Neighbours, that cannot maintaine their Wives ſo like Court-Ladies, ſome perhaps (not knowing wee are friends) will ſay

ſhee's

ſhee's but *Tom Salewares* Wife, and ſhee comes by this Gallantry the Lord knowes how, or ſo. But *Sapientia mea mihi*, let the Aſſinegos prate while others ſhall admire thee, ſitting in thy ſhop more glorious, then the Maiden-head in the Mercers armes, and ſay there is the Nonparrell, the Paragon of the Citie, the Flower-de-luce of Cheapſide, the Shop Court-ladie, or the Courtſhop Miſtris, ha' my ſweet Courtlie friend?

Al. How do you talke? As if you meant to inſtruct'em to abuſe me.

Sal. Sapientia mea mihi.

Al. To prevent that I will remove out of their walke, and keepe ſhop no more.

Sal. Never the leſſe for a haſty word I hope Friend.

Al. Fie, 'tis uncourtly, and now i'le tell you Friend, unaskd, what I have done for you beſides in my late abſence, and all under one.

Sal. Under one! yes, I could tell her under whom if I durſt.

Al. What's that you ſay Friend? mee thinkes you mutter.

Sal. No Friend, I was gueſſing what that other thing might bee that you have done for mee, all under one. You have taken the Houſe i'le warrant, that my Lord lik'd ſo.

Al. By my Lords favour and direction I have taken it, And I will furniſh it ſo Courtly you'l admire.

Sal. Muſt I then give up Shop, or lie ſo far remote?

Al. No you muſt keepe your Shop Friend, and lie here if you pleaſe.

Sal. And not with you but there?

Al. No not with me at all Friend, that were moſt uncourtly,

Sal.

Sal. But I ſhall have a Chamber in your houſe, and next to yours. Then in my Gowne and Slippers Friend at Midnight—— or the firſt Cock.——

Al. Softly for ſtumbling Friend, i'le doe you any honourable offices with my Lord, as by obtaining ſutes for you, for which you muſt looke out, and finde what you may fitly beg out of his power, and by courtly favour. But keepe your Shop ſtill Friend, and my Lord will bring and ſend you ſuch cuſtome, that your Neighbours ſhall envy your wealth, and not your Wife; you ſhall have ſuch commings in abroad and at home, that you ſhall be the firſt head nominated i' the next Sheriffe ſeaſon, but I with my Lord will keepe you from pricking. Bee you a Cittizen ſtill Friend, 'tis enough I am Courtly.

Sal. Here's a new Courtlie humour, I ſee no remedy, unleſſe I run my ſelfe out of credit, defie the life of a Citizen, and turn Courtly too.

Al. What's that you ſay? doe you not mutter now Friend?

Sal. No, not a ſillable Friend, but may not I give up Shop and turne Courtly too Friend?

Al. As you reſpect my Lord, and your own profit, you muſt be a Cittizen ſtill, and I am no more a Cittizens Wife elſe, and ſhee muſt be a Cittizens Wife, that muſt doe all in all with my Lord Friends. Though my Lord loves the Clothes of the Court, hee loves the diet of the City beſt Friend, what ever I weare outwardly hee muſt finde me Cittizens Wife, which Friend, O hee's a ſweete Lord.

Sal. Well it ſhall be then as the ſweete Lord will have it, *Sapientia mea mihi.* *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. *SCENE.* I.

Enter Lord Lovely, Croſtill, Bellamy.

Lo. LAdy, 'tis true hee is a baſhfull Lover,
Unskill'd to court a Widow, has not yet,
The Act methodicall to ſweare he loves you,
Muſt and will have you, nor the moving boldneſſe
To ſtirre your blood by putting of you to't,
Or ſhewing you how tis, before the Prieſt
Declares it lawfull. But he has love and ſweetneſſe,
Which you will find with full and rich content;
And look (look here) what a long, middle finger he has,
Which with thin Jawes, and Roman Noſe,
Are never fayling ſignes of Widowes joyes.
Croſ. Your Lordſhip is diſpos'd to mirth;
Lo. It is
My care to put you in a courſe of mirth,
Nay of felicity.
Croſ. In marrying of that ſtripling!
Lo. Do not thinke ſlightly of him, tho'he appeares
Modeſt and baſhfully, if I have any judgement,
Hee's a fit match for you. His outward fortune
For his eſtate, I will make good to him,
And for his inward vertue never doubt
Hee'l make that good to you: However ſtill
He holds his much commended Modeſty.
Croſ. My Lord you much commend his modeſtie,
And baſhfulneſſe, urging your confidence
Of his ſtrange inward hid abilities
(I hope your Lordſhips pardon) can you tell,

If

If hee has with that baſhfull modeſty
Got any of his Mothers Maides with child?
Or of his Fathers Tenants Wifes, or Daughters?
I would have ſome aſſurance.

Lo. Then i'le tell you.
Theſe Widowes love to heare of manly acts,
And chooſe their husbands by their backs, and faces.

Croſ. My Lord you ſaid youl'd tell me.

Lo. Yes, but I would not have you cunningly
To ſift diſcoveries from me to his wrong.

Croſ. I am loth to ſpeake ſo plainely to you my Lord,
But by the worſt that you can ſpeake of him
I may the better like him.

Lo. That's her humor;
Then hearke you Widow, to avoid his bluſhes,
Suppoſe I tell hee has got a baſtard.

Croſ. You may as well ſuppoſe i'le ſay 'twas well.

Lo. What ſay you to two or three!

Croſ. The more the merrier.

Lo. He has no leſſe then five old Gentlemens Young Wives with child this Moone, but got all in One weeke.

Croſ. Indeed!

Lo. Yes, in good deed, and luſty.

Croſ. Good deed call you it, to get other Mens Children?

Lo. Suppoſe they have the husbands conſents.

Croſ. I ſuppoſe they are wittalls then.

Lo. No, they are wiſealls, and 'tis a thing in much requeſt among landed men, when old and wanting iſſue of their owne, to keepe out riotous Kindred from inheritance, who elſe would turne the Land out of the Name.

Croſ. An excellent policie!

Lo. You know the Lady *Thrivewell.*

Croſ. And her old husband, and his riotous Kinſeman too.

Lo. You will heare more hereafter, but now to him agen, for whom I am ſpokeſman.

Croſ. In a ſtrange way me thinks.

Lo. Hee is ſent for farre and neere on thoſe occaſions, hee is of ſo ſweete a Compoſure, and ſuch ſure taking mettall, that hee employes my care to have him well beſtowd before he begins to waſt.

Croſ. Iſt poſſible hee has done ſo much, and ſayes ſo little?

Lo. The deepeſt waters are moſt ſilent,
But he can ſpeake, and well to *Bellamy*.

Bel. My Lord.

Lo. I have made your love knowne to this Lady.

Bel. My love my Lord?

Lo. And have begun your ſuit; follow't your ſelfe.

Bel. My ſuit my Lord to her? I never mov'd your Lordſhip to't, Tho' I preſume ſhe may be a happy fortune to one of my condition; a poore and younger brother; onely made rich and happy in your Lordſhips ſervice, and over-flowing favours.

Lo. Which i'le take off o' you if you ſlight my care in ſeeking your preferment to this Lady, of beauty equall with her faire eſtate, in both which ſhee is great, and her atchievement will be the Crowne, and the continuance of all my favours to you, you are loſt if you purſue it not, I would thy old Unkle *Bellamy* ſaw thy Baſhfulneſſe.

Croſ. Your Lordſhip ſeemes now to wooe for me, not him, however I am bound in thanks to your nobleneſſe, *in your faire proportion*, I hope, I ſhall not be ſo poore to require an advocate, when I ſhall yeild to have a husband. But your mirth becomes your honor, and the young gentlemans reſervednes him, Ha, ha, ha.

Lo. How meane you Miſtris *Croſtill.*

Croſ. I doe commend your mirth my Lord, for the luſty ſtraine you ſpoke him in, that he had yet five children in one weeke, wherein I may preſume you thought you had mov'd to my liking, ha, ha, ha——

Lo. I am glad I have made you merry, But you will wiſh if you reject him ——

Croſ. If I reject one that tenders not himſelfe! yet I commend his caution.

Lo. As how I pray?

Croſ. As thinking I am one of your caſt peeces (Knowing how well your Lordſhip loves the game) And now would put mee on him,
But you miſpriſe mee ſinfully ſweet Youth
In ſuch a thought, how e're you ſhould not ſcorne
To ride in your Lords caſt boots, though you be Gentleman of's houſe.

Lo. Come now he ſhall have none of you.

Croſ. I'le heare him ſay he will not firſt, by your Lordſhips leave.

Lo. Spirit of contradiction!

Croſ. Stay ſir, would you be content to have me?

Bel. You heard my Lord ſay I ſhould not.

Croſ. But ſay he ſay agen you ſhall, ſpeake, will you have mee?

Lo. Say no (I finde her now) that is the way to win her.

Croſ. Without inſtructions good my Lord.

Bel. Lady I finde ſo much your ſcorn already, That to be wedded to't, I ſhould diſpaire
(My much unworthineſſe conſider'd) to convert it
Ever to love, and 'tis your love, before
Your Perſon or Eſtate, that my affection
Ought to direct mee to.
In anſwer therefore, to your will, you have mee,
I muſt ſay no, till I perceive ſome ſigne

Of

Of love in you towards me.
Croſ. I now he ſpeakes!
Some ſignes of love in me? How would you have it?
Muſt I declare it to you before you ſeeke it?
Bel. No; I would ſeeke it zealouſly, but my Lord
Is off on't now, and I may loſe his favour.
Croſ. Is your love limited by his favour then?
Bel. Not limited: but (as it is as yet,
But in its infancy) a little checkt,
Though it ſtill growes, and may extend beyond
All limitation to ſo faire an object
As is your ſelfe: But ſtill my own demerit
Curbs my ambition more then love emboldens.
Croſ. He ſpeakes within me now.

Enter Saveall, Careleſſe.

Sa. Stay, let us retire. Here is the Lord *Lovely*.
Car. Be he a Lord of Lords i'le not retire a foot.
Lo. What ſervants Miſtris *Croſtill* doe you keep,
To let intruders in?
O Mr. *Saveall*! *Carleſſe ſalutes*
Sa. The humbleſt of your Lordſhips (*Croſtill*, ſervants. (*& puts by*
Lo. What Gentlemen is that you bring (*Bellamy*. with you?
Sa. It is the Nephew of the good Knight Sir *Oliver Thrivewell*, of which Sir *Oliver*, I have procured unto your Lordſhip the ſum which you deſired by your ſervant Mr. *Bellamy*.
Lo. For that I thanke him and you, but I could wiſh you had not brought that Nephew hither now.
Sa. Certes my Lord I am ſorry.
Lo. My reaſon is, I have enter'd *Bellamy* a ſuitor to the Widow.
Sa. He alſo comes a ſuiter.
Lo. And is in deepe diſcourſe with her already.

I'le ſee faire play.

Car. But you ſhall heare mee Widow, and that to the point and purpoſe.

Lo. Lady at my requeſt, doe this Gentleman (who made the firſt approach) the favour to be heard, and anſwer'd firſt.

Car. As his approach was firſt my Lord, ſhee has heard him firſt already, and my requeſt is to be heard now, and then let her anſwer both him, or me, or neither, what care I?

Lo. Your name is *Careleſſe* I take it.

Car. I came to talke with this Gentlewoman.

Croſ. Pray my Lord forbeare him, and let him ſpeake, what do you ſay ſir?

Car. I ſay I love you, doe reſolve to marry you, and then to uſe you as I liſt.

Croſ. I ſay I love you, doe reſolve to marry you, and then to uſe you as I liſt.——*To Bell.*——

Bell. This to mee Lady? i'le take you at your word.

Croſ. Stay, I doe but tell you what he ſayes.

Car. Take her at her word againe ſir, and I ſhall take you by the luggs. I ſay againe you ſhall have none but me.

Croſ. I ſay again, you ſhall have none but me. —*To Bel.*

Car. What, doe you foole mee, or him, your ſelfe, or all?

Croſ. Pray ſir how old are you?

Car. Are you good at that, pray ſir, how old are you?—— *To Bel.*

Lo. You preſſe beyond your priviledge, which is only to ſpeake to the Gentlewoman.

Car. My Lord I am a Gentleman.

Lo. You may tell her ſo.

Sa. Let me beſeech your Lordſhip. *Take him aſide.*

Car.

Car. How can you uſe a Gentleman that loves you
Dearer then Life, and onely bends his ſtudy
By all meanes to deſerve you, one that (can not ?)
Will not, while there are wayes to die, live out of
Your favour, with ſo much deſpightfull ſcorne,
That when he ſpeakes his ſoul to you through his lips,
You make his Language yours, and giv't a Boy ?

Croſ. What Gentleman's that you ſpeake of ?

Car. The man that ſpeakes it I am he.

Croſ. All this ſir in effect, and more of my affection, can I ſpeake to you.

Car. Uns, but you ſhall not, you miſtake the perſon to whom you are, or ought to direct your affection, you miſtake ſtrangely.

Croſ. No more then once a Lover, or at leaſt,
A bold pretender, having in civill language
Expreſt in writing his affection
To a chaſt Miſtris ſeal'd, and directed it,
And on the contrary, courted his vertuous friend in brothell language ;
To a lewd ſtrumpet. Have I hit you ſir ?

Car. What can I ſay now ! Slife if that anger you after the errour found, and confeſt, i'le write worſe to you, and in earneſt.

Croſ. Mr. *Bellamy* ſome other time I ſhall be glad to ſee you.

Car. Shee meanes that to mee now, but i'le take no notice ; i'le finde as good a Widow in a Taverne Chimney, O ſhee's a dainty Widow !

Croſ. Hee lookes with ſcorne at mee, I muſt not loſe him, yet dare not ſtay, for feare I tell him ſo.
I humbly crave your pardon good my Lord,
For my ill manners, and abrupt departure ;
The cauſe is urgent, and I beſeech your mercy,
Queſtion it not.

Lo. Let your will guide you.

Croſ. Mr. *Saveall* I thanke you for my Suitor.

Car. Nay but Lady.

Croſ. Yes you ſhall controwle mee in my owne Houſe. *Exit.*

Car. Yes, yes, I meane ſo too, but you ſhall wooe mee hard firſt.

Lo. 'Tis a mad Widow, which of theſe two now think you has the Better on't?

Sa. I thinke he ſhall in the end have the beſt my Lord, that can ſlight her moſt.

Lo. 'Tis my opinion too, and heare mee—— *Aſide.*

Car. Sir, I have ſeene you but twice, and it has beene at places where I cannot allow of your reſorts, firſt at my Aunts, and now here at my Widowes.

Bel. Your Widow ſir! I thought ſhee had beene the Widow of one deceas'd.

Car. Thou art a witty, pretty Child. But doe you here uſe your wit, out of the ſmell-reach of your Lords perfum'd Gloves, and I ſhall take you by the Noſe.

Bel. Forbeare ſir, I have a Handkercher.

Car. And let me finde you there no more, nor here I charge you.

Bel. I heare your charge ſir, but you muſt leave it to my diſcretion to obey it or not.

Car. Truſt to your diſcretion!

Lo. And ſo commend me to my Lady *Thrivewell.* Come *Bellamy* away, what's your diſcourſe?

Bel. All faire and friendly my Lord.

Car. Very good.

Lo. So ſhould it be with Rivalls, fare you well Mr. *Careleſſe.*

Car. Your Lordſhips——with a whew.

Sav. Will you walke homewards?

Car.

Car. Excuſe me ſir, I pray.

Sav. It will not be convenient to returne this day unto the Widow.

Car. Feare it not ſir, I like her not ſo well now.

Sa. Doe your pleaſure. *Exit.*

Car. Ha' you croſſe tricks Miſtris *Croſtill*? well I will goe drinke your Crotchets out of my Pate, then home, and doe that which mine Aunt and I muſt only know. This is her Night of Grace, if ſhee keepe touche with me. *Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT IV. *SCENE* II.

Enter Lady, Phebe, Cloſet.

La. IN truth your ſtory is pittifull, but your own folly has brought your ſcourge upon you.

Phe. 'Twas through the blindneſſe of my love, and my credulity Madam, wrought by his ſtrong Temptations.

La. Well, for this once i'le ſtraine a point of honour for you, chiefly indeed in anſwer of his rude unnaturall preſumption in attempting mee. That a Villaine can ſtill be ſo barbarouſly luſtfull! If in this way I fit him not, and cauſe him to deſiſt his beaſtly purpoſe, I will diſcover all to his undoing. *Cloſet* you know my minde, and full directions for the conveyance of our deſigne.

Clo. Yes Madam, doubt not. Though I have but a naughty head at moſt, other matters, I dare not truſt it for a ſure one at ſuch conveyances.

La. I preſume to further the matter, hee'l come

home Drunke by his not comming to Supper.

Clo. Then he may forget what he ſo much expected, or ſleepe away his expectation.

Phe. No, hee will then be the more vehement till his deſire be over.

La. You know his humour beſt it ſeemes, away, away, my husband comes. *Exit Clo. Phe.*

Enter Thrivewell and Wat.

Thr. Well *Wat.*, for this diſcovery i'le make thy reward worth ten ſuch maſters ſervices.

Thr. Sweet heart I have a ſuit to you—But firſt what Woman's that with *Nurſe?*

La. A Kinſwoman of hers whom ſhee would preferre to mee, but I have anſwer'd her, I will not charge your purſe with more attendants; onely I have given her leave to entertaine, and lodge her this night.

Thr. That's my Good Girle.

La. Now what's your ſuite ſir, (as you are pleas'd to call it) which I would have to be your free command?

Thr. 'Tis for my abſence from thee, to accompany Mr. *Saveall*, to bring a deare friend on his way to Graveſend to night, who is ſodainly to depart the Land.

La. Theſe ſodaine departures of friends out of the Land, are ſo frequent, and that I may believe you intend really, and no fained excuſe; now will I thinke as long as you have good and ſubſtantiall Made-worke at home, that you will ſeeke abroad for any more ſlight ſale-ware.

Thr. No more o'that Sweet heart, farewell, expect me early in the morning. *Exit.*

La. I am glad of his abſence to night, leſt there ſhould happen ſome cumbuſtion in the houſe by his unruly Nephew, in caſe hee ſhould diſcover my deceipt in beguiling him with his own wench inſtead

of

of me, I do even tremble to thinke upon the unnaturall Villaine, that would offer ſo to wrong his Unkle. I thought I had ſchool'd him ſufficiently, and beaten him off at his firſt attempt, and hee to aſſaile me againe with more forcible temptations urging me to a promiſe.

Enter Cloſet.

Clo. The young Gentleman is come in Madam, and as you foreſaw very high flowne, but not ſo drunke as to forget your promiſe! Hee's going to bed in expectation of your approach.

La. And have you put his Damſell into her night-attire?

Clo. Moſt Lady-like I aſſure you Madam.

La. And let her be ſure to ſteale from him before Day.

Clo. Yes, with all ſilence Madam, ſhe has promiſed. *Ex.*

La. May Ladies that ſhall heare this ſtory told, Judge mildly of my act ſince hee's ſo bold.

ACT IV. *SCENE* III.

Saleware, Bellamy.

Sa. NAy but looke you Mr. *Bellamy*, it is not I proteſt that I am jealous, I make this inquiry for my wife. I jealous? I an Aſinego then, I am as confident of my wife, as that ſhe is in this houſe, how ere you deny her to me.

Bel. Why Lady, you are not jealous now? If you were not, you would believe me ſhe is not here.

Sa. Without equivocation, Mr. *Bellamy*, ſhee is not here—indeed, under your foot, but ſhee's here in the houſe, and under ſome body for aught any

body knows, but my ſelfe, that doe confide in her as I ſay, and will know no ſuch matter; And ſo my Lords will be done with her, I hope I ſhall ſee her well to morrow, and at her own houſe.

Bel. Can ſuch language proceed out of any but a jealous mouth?

Sa. What an Aſſinego's this! I ſay againe, I doe confide in her, nor will I be daſht, or baſht at what any man ſayes of, or againſt her; And therefore me thinks tis very ſtrange that you ſhould deny her to me, that comes not to moleſt her.

Bel. There you are againe. But ſince no denyall will ſerve your turne, indeed ſhee is here in this houſe, and in bed by this time.

Sa. Away, away, you mock ifaith, you are a wag, ſhee's no more here then I am, if ſhee were here can I thinke you would tell?

Bel. How came you to thinke, or dreame ſhee was in this houſe at all?

Sa. I neither thought it, or dreamt it. I but ſir, a waterman brought me a Letter in haſt from one Mr. *Anonimus*, intimating that my *Ally* was with a private friend at this houſe, and to lie here all night (a very likely matter) what private friend has ſhee but my Lord, and that in a right honorable way, I confide in 'em both for that; but at this houſe is ſuch a thing my Lord having divers Lodgings, and ſhee a houſe of her own at his diſpoſe and command, that is ſuch a thing to be thought or dreamt on!

Bel. Why came you to inquire then of ſuch a thing?

Sa. Why ſir, this *Anonimus* writ that I ſhould come haſtily hither, and aske to ſpeake with you Mr. *Bellamy*, and I ſhould know further; hither I came, here I finde you, you deny ſhee is here, and what doe I inquire any further?

Bel. You heare mee ſay agen ſhee is here.

Sa. Goe you are a wag agen, ſhee here? is my Lord here? or any private friend? alas, alas you are too young Mr. *Bellamy*, and may as well perſwade mee I am jealous.

Bel. Well ſir, to put you out of all jealouſie and doubt (if you be in any) I was the *Anonimus* that ſent you the Letter to draw you hither and declare my ſelfe your friend, which ſhall inſtantly be manifeſt to you, if now you have a minde to lie with your own wife before any other man.

Sa. Then ſhee is here indeed belike.

Bel. Pray come with me into the next Chamber.

Sa. This is ſome waggery plotted by my wife, I ſmell it. *Exit.*

The Bed put forth, Alicia in it. Enter Bellamy, Saleware, with Light.

Bel. But you muſt be ſure to ſay when ſhee diſcovers you, that you came of your owne accord, unſent for, as inſpir'd or poſſeſt by ſome Dreame or Viſion, to finde her here.

Sa. Well, if this be not my wifes waggery in a maine proof of her chaſtity, I am not here, I will doe ſo ſir.

Bel. So then, obſcure your ſelfe a while, while I approach her.

Al. Who's there?

Bel. 'Tis I, your ſervant Lady.

Al. Sweet *Bellamy* why come you not to Bed?

Sa. Good.

Al. Dos the love that was ſo hot, and the deſire that was ſo fervent, begin to coole in you?

Sa. Good agen, as if hee an Aſſinego had ever made love to her fine waggery!

Al. Has my meere conſent to ſatisfie you, cloy'd you?

Sa. Conſent to my Lords man, a likely matter!

Al.

Al. Or did you court me to a promiſe onley to try my fidelity to your Lord, and then betray me?

Bel. Deare Lady thinke not ſo, but that I am ſtruck into ſtone with wonder, and amazement at the moſt unexpected accident that ever croſt a Lover.

Sa. Dainty waggery this, what little mad Rogues are theſe to plot this to make me jealous?

Al. Pray, are you ſerious? what is the accident?

Bel. I will not be ſo croſt, but kill him rather. To injoy ſuch a Miſtris, who would not kill a horn'd beaſt? yet blood is ſuch a horror ——

Sa. Very pretty.

Al. Will you not tell mee?

Bel. Speak lower gentle Lady.

Al. Why prithee, who can heare us?

Bel. I know not by what Magick your jealous husband has made diſcovery of our being here, he wrought ſure with the Devill!

Al. I am undone then. He will tell my Lord.

Sa. I ſhall undoe my ſelfe then Friend. No, *Sapientia mea mihi.* Be not daſht nor baſht for that good Friend, if there were any ſuch matter: but this is waggery, fine waggery plotted betwixt you, to tempt my jealouſie, but never the ſooner for a haſty word I warrant you, Mr. *Bellamy* that my Wife is here I thank you; But how I came to know it you ſhall never know from me; you ſent not for mee, I am ſure you were not the *Anonimus.* Indeed it ſhould have been *Anomina* Friend-wife: for it was thy act I dare ſweare; However you doe not heare mee ſay I was ſent, or writ for at all, more then by a Dreame or Viſion: But here I am and meane to remaine to night; I hope the houſe can afford you another Bed in't Mr. *Bellamy*, and you to leave mee to my owne Friend-wife, I like the lodging moſt curiouſly ſweete Friend, and I

prethee

prethee, lets try heartily what luck we may have in a ſtrange place, I would ſo faine have a little one like thee.

Bel. I'le leave you to your wiſhes, a good night to you.

Al. Pray ſir a word firſt, husband be farther.

Sa. Faces about *Tom Saleware*, and march forwards.

Al. You told mee ſir, of a hundred pound that your ſweete Lady *Thrivewell* ſent me.

Bel. 'Tis true I have it for you.

Al. But ſhee has ſince countermanded you to keepe it, has ſhee, and to mock my expectation of that, and you? why have you foold me thus?

Bel. I rather ſhould ſuſpect your craft in this prevention: but love forbids me and I muſt conclude, 'tis witchcraft in your husband.

Al. Come let's kiſſe friends, and (ſweet) to morrow night I will prevent his Witchcraft, in the full enjoyment of our free pleaſures: be you true to me.

Bel. May all that's Man in me forſake me elſe.

Al. Another kiſſe and then good night.

Sa. Are you ſtill whiſpering? no matter, let'em whiſper.

Bel. Good night. *Exit.*

Al. Now may the ſpirits of all injur'd women, be added to mine owne, for my revenge, which I this night will dreame of ſlighted and mock'd hee and his like ſhall know,
That when a yielding woman is ſo croſt,
All thoughts but of revenge with her are loſt.

Sa. O hee's gone—*Ally*, Friend I would ſay, And now I prithee tell mee how, or why thou cam'ſt hither.

Al. Will you pardon me?

Sa. Yes faith, I were no friend elſe.

Al.

Al. 'Twas but to try if I could make thee jealous.

Sa. In waggery! did not I ſay ſo! when doe my prophecies faile?

Al. But what brought you hither thinke you?

Sa. A letter from one *Anonimus*, but i'le eate Spiders, and breake if you ſent it not.

Al. Give me the Letter.

Sal. Where is it? facks I ha' loſt it.

Al. 'Twas I indeed that ſent it.

Sa. Did not I ſay ſo too? and that it ſhould ha' been *Anonima*, *Sapientia mea mihi*, when doe my prophecies faile? i'le to bed inſtantly while the prophetick ſpirit is in mee, and get a ſmall Prophet or a South-ſayer.

Al. No, i'le have no bed-fellow to night.

Sa. Nere the leſſe for a haſty word, I hope Friend.

Al. I am at a word for that.

Sa. I'le lie upon thy feet then.

Al. Well, you may draw the Curtaines, and ſleepe by me.

Sa. *Sapientia mea mihi, ſtultitia tua tibi.*

Puts in the bed, Exit.

ACT IV. *SCENE* IV.

Phebe paſſes over the ſtage in night attire, Careleſſe follows her as in the darke.

Car. MAdam, Madam, ſweet Madam, 'twill not be day theſe three hours, ſtay but three minuits longer, but a touch more, ſhe's whipt into her Chamber. Could I but finde the Dore—— I know my Unkle's from home—O ſhee returnes with light: that's well.

Enter

Enter Lady, a light.

La. What aile you! Are you mad?

Car. Would not any man be mad for loſing ſuch a Bed-fellow? ſweet Madam, let us retire without any noiſe.

La. What an inſatiate beaſt are you? would you undoe for ever both me and your ſelfe?

Car. Not with one doe more I warrant you, come away Madam, Madam, ſomebody knocks mainly at the gate; and I believe it is my Maſter return'd before his time!

Enter Cloſet.

La. I cannot think 'tis he.

Car. 'Tis the Rogue my man I warrant drunke, and has forgot I turnd him away, but he ſhall ſpoyl no ſport. Come away Madam.

La. Cloſet, goe your wayes downe, and hearke before you——

Clo. ——I will Madam——*Exit.*

Car. So now come Madam, I commend you in the charge you have given your watch-woman.

La. What charge doe you gueſſe?

Car. Why to tell my Unkle (if he be come) that hee muſt not come neare you, that you have had no reſt to Night till juſt now you are fallen aſleepe, and ſo forth.

La. Goe you are a wicked fellow; I am ſorry for any the leaſt favour I have done thee, and doe thou dare to attempt me once more, i'le ha' thee turnd headlong out of my dores.

Car. I have got her with child to-night, with a ſparke of mine owne ſpirit, and longs already to doe me miſchiefe. The boy will be like mee, therefore 'tis pity to knock't o'the head: But come Madam tother craſh and good night, muſt I drag you to't?

La.

La. Touch mee but with a finger, and I'le raiſe the Houſe.

Car. You dare not ſure, and now take heed you vex me not, have you not been my whore?

La. You dare not ſay ſo, for ſpoyling your fortune.

Car. Faith but I dare, and if you will not obey me in a courſe of further pleaſure to night, fetch me a hundred peeces to take a courſe abroad with-all, doe yee looke? I'le make you fetch me hundred after hundred Huſwife, when I want it, or ſhall be pleas'd to call for't. All comes out elſe, the gates of your fame flies open Lady. I will proclaime our Act,

La. Dare you forfit your own Reputation ſo?

Car. I ſhall gaine Reputation by't in the company I keepe abroad, and if the Cuckold my Unkle come to the knowledge of it at home, I ſhall poſſeſſe him that you luſtfully tempted me to it.

La. Canſt thou be ſo villanouſly impudent to deſtroy thine own fortune to ruine me?

Car. You may conceale all then, and ſo will I, and mend my fortune by yours, I will live bravely upon your fortune, and the heire which I have got to Night ſhall inherit it, my Unkles eſtate. And therefore indeed I would have all conceald; for my childs good, or rather for mine owne: for it ſhall goe hard if I put him not into a courſe in his minority to conſume the eſtate upon me before he come to age.

La. I am undone.

Car. And O that ever I did it!

La. Thou Villaine haſt undone me.

Car. Come i'le do you agen, and then all's whole agen;

Y'are both undone, O you prodigious monſters
That have betwixt you made me monſter too!

What's

What's to be done, but that I kill you both,
Then fall upon my ſword.

Enter Thrivewell, Saveall.

Sav. Sir, you reſume the temper of humanity,
And let the Law diſtinguiſh you from them,
You neither are to be their Executioner,
Nor to fall with them.

Thr. Life to me is torment.

Car. O the Devill, what a caſe am I in now!

La. Pray heare me ſir?

Thr. Can more be ſaid to aggravate thy ſhame,
Or my affliction, then I have heard already?

Sa. Let me intreat you heare her.

La. What ſhame did you, or what affliction I
Suffer, when you diſcoverd unto me
Your bargaine of a hundred pound in *Saleware*,
You underſtand me. How was life a torment
To me then thinke you?

Thr. Did you not vow forgements then? and thus,
You freely would forgive my act? and thus
Now to revenge it on me to my ruine,
And your owne endleſſe infamy? O 'tis horrid.

La. 'Tis no revenge at all, onely a ſhew
To ſtartle you, or try your manly temper,
And ſo neare to be even with yee as to let you know, what ſome wife might perhaps ha' done being ſo mov'd. It was my plot indeed to ſtraine you hither to this falſe fire diſcovery, for which i'le give you reaſons.

Thr. O groſſe diſſimulation.

La. Mr. *Saveall*, you have done many faire offices for his Nephew, doe this for me, intreat him to a Conference a few minutes in my Chamber; if I cleare not my ſelfe in his and your opinion, and that by witneſſes, let me be found the ſhame of all my Sex.

Sa

Sa. Sir, my councells have been prevalent with your judgement, let me perſwade you.

Thr. But I will have that friend thruſt out of dore firſt.

La. I would not that you ſhould, nor give a looke, or word to him till you have heard me; Then exerciſe your Juſtice.

Sav. Sir be induc'd to it.

Thr. You have prevayl'd.

La. Goe to your Bed agen *George*, and ſleepe, be not affraid of Bug-beares. *Exit.*

Car. Hows this? She's come about agen, and has patch'd all up already. I hope ſhee'l worke mine Unkle to reward mee for my Night-worke, and bring him in time to hold my ſtirrop while his *George* mounts her; Shee's a delicate well-going beaſt! I know but one to match her in a courſe, juſt the ſame pace and ſpeede as if I had onely had the breaking, and managing of her my ſelfe, but the marke goes out of *Phebes* mouth now; and i'le play my Aunt againſt all the Town. But how ſhee thought to fright mee with villaine and impudent.

And now goe to bed *George*, ha, ha, ha, I find her drift.

No wit like womens at a ſodaine ſhift.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Old Bellamy, Lovely.

Lov. BEllamy thou art welcome, and for thy Nephew I muſt ever thanke thee, he is my beſt companion.

Old Bel. O my good Lord without boaſt be it ſpoken, I have ever beene right and ſtraight to your

your honour, and never did you an ill office in Man, Woman, or Child, *what I have ſaid of 'em they have proved at firſt, or I have wrought 'em to at laſt.* But what doe I ſpeake on't, I have ever beene for your Lordſhip, all things I have ſworne for you, I have fought for you, I have brok'd for you, I have pimpt for you, but what doe I ſpeake on't?

Lo. You need not *Bellamy*: for I know all.

Ol. B. Oh the Gentlemens Wives, and Farmers Daughters that I have preſented to you in your Summer Progreſſes, and winter Journeys about the Countries. But what doe I ſpeake on't——

Lo. Becauſe thou lovſt to champ upon the bit to pleaſe thy old coltiſh tooth ſtill, thou lov'ſt the memory of the former ſweets which now thou canſt not reliſh.

Ol. B. And here i' the City, I have pledg'd more of your ſeverall Miſtreſſes, then in my conſcience there be honeſt Women in't. But what doe I ſpeake on't?

Lo. I never had ſo many man.

Ol. B. Or if you had, what doe I ſpeake on't? and in my conſcience agen, I have drunke more to your Lordſhips health in my dayes, then any Wine-cellar in the City at this day, containes of Spaniſh, French, and Rheniſh; but what do I ſpeake of that either?

Lo. True *Bellamy*, fall then upon ſome other ſubject.

Ol. B. Yes, my good Lord, and I pray your Lordſhip tell me, dos not my Nephew drinke and wench pretty handſomely? I would faine have him take after me, and not his drunken father.

Lo. How well he ſhifts his ſubject, wicked old fellow?

Ol. B. Dos he not begin to fall to yet?

Lo. Not he.

Ol. B. Not a bit nor a ſoope? dos he doe nothing by example? or has your Lordſhip left it? or dos he carry it like a Gentleman?

Lo. Diſcreetly and Virgin-like.

Ol. B. Pretty commendation for a young Courtier.

Lo. I would for my deſerved love to him have put him upon a faire young Widow of a great fortune, but could not make him looke upon her like a ſuitor.

Ol. B. Juſt ſuch a baſhfull puppy was my brother, his Father; I wonder how my Mother came by him; My Father was right, and ſhe was right, and I have beene right, but what doe I ſpeake on't?

Lo. True *Bellamy*, ſpeake of ſomewhat elſe.

Ol. B. The Boy will nere grow up to me, I thought to have left him ſomewhat, I muſt diſcard him.

Lo. If you do, he is in me provided for.

Ol. B. What can your Lordſhip love him for?

Lo. Come i'le tell thee, and be comforted. Hee has ſomething of thee in him. Hee will pimpe moſt conveniently.

Ol. B. That's ſomething indeed.

Lo. And for his modeſty which is a rare benefit of nature in him, I dare truſt him with a Miſtriſſe, as I would an Eunuch.

Ol. B. Benefit! A defect I feare, yet I may hope in time ſome Miſtris of your Lordſhips may tempt, and bring him forwards.

Lo. No I am confident——Now your news.

Enter Page, whiſper.

Good *Bellamy* walke in the Gallery a while.

Ol. B. Some Miſtris is comming to him, but what doe I ſpeake on't? *Exit.*

Goe bid her come in. *Exit Page.*

What brings her ſo unſeaſonably?

Enter

Enter Alicia, Saleware.

Al. Stay you at diſtance yet a while Friend, till I call you.

Sal. Faces about *Tom Saleware.* *Exit.*

Lo. How now! How is it with my love? Ha! How comes a trouble on this Face, where my delights are ever wont to Revell?

Al. O my Lord——

Lo. Say who has injur'd thee? Has thy husband taken up the uncivill boldneſſe to abuſe thee? or be it any other man, it ſhall be death, or an undoing to him.

Al. My Lord, I am wrong'd, but would be loth to ingage your noble perſon in my quarrell, ſome ſervant of yours may do it.

Lo. Of what condition is thy wrong? tell mee; and who of my Servants thou wouldſt have to right thee?

Al. I would have *Bellamy*, how thinke you? is hee faithfull to you?

Lo. How canſt thou queſtion it? Has hee not ever been ſo?

Al. Your Lordſhip has well truſted him I know.

Lo I doe not know the man, I truſt, or love ſo well.

Al. But would your Lordſhip part with any Jewell, or choyce thing you love and have intended onely for your own particular uſe, to him, or let him be your own partner in it?

Lo. Troth I thinke I ſhould; onely thy ſelfe excepted, but what's thy wrong, I prithee, or wherein ſhould *Bellamy* right thee?

Al. Bellamy has wrong'd mee to thinke me ſo unworthy as to be tempted to his luſt; *Bellamy* has wrong'd your honour in that ambitious attempt.

Lo. Thou amazeſt me.

Al. And *Bellamy* muſt right me, and your honour; or you muſt caſt off him or me.

Lo. Give mee at leaſt ſome circumſtance to make this probable.

Al. Muſt not I be believ'd? you ſhall have inſtance then to make it truth, Friend *Thomas.* Pray verifie unto my Lord the diſcovery you made laſt night of me, and Mr. *Bellamy.*

Enter Saleware.

Sal. 'Twas thus my Lord an't like your Lordſhip, my wife was forth at evening ant like your Lordſhip, as ſhee may have often beene ant like your Lordſhip, and may be as oft agen ant like your Lordſhip.

Lo. Well pray thee on.

Sal. Forth ſhee was ant like your Lordſhip, I ſtaid ſupper, and almoſt bed time for her ant like your Lordſhip; And had even given her over for all night ant like your Lordſhip, as I may of any night ant like your Lordſhip.

Lo. On I pray thee.

Sal. Yes ant like your Lordſhip upon ſome private notice given to me an't like your Lordſhip, that ſhe was at a private lodging ant like your Lordſhip, with a private friend ant like your Lordſhip, over I went, and found her abed ant like your Lordſhip, and Mr. *Bellamy* even ready to go to bed to her ant like your Lordſhip.

Lo. Is this true? (Lordſhip.

Sa. As true as your Lordſhip lives ant like your

Lo. How could you be betrayd ſo?

Al. The Villaine fetch'd me forth, and lodg'd mee there as by your appointment, and for your own pleaſure; but when 'twas late, and that your Lordſhip came not, thinking he had an advantageous opportunity, hee ſoon diſcovers his love to me, and his treachery to your Lordſhip; I being in a ſtrait onely (finding happy meanes to ſend for my husband to prevent him) made *Aſide.*

made him a falſe promiſe being ſecure in my husband ; and what had follow'd your Lordſhip underſtands.

Lo. I'le nere truſt man can bluſh and weepe agen.

Sa. Infooth ant like your Lordſhip I thought all had been but waggery ant like your Lordſhip, to tempt mee unto jealouſy, and my wife knowing well enough that I was by, bade Sweet *Bellamy* come to Bed, O Wag! (*Saleware*?

Lo. What meſſenger brought you the notice Mr.

Sa. A waterman my Lord, and like your Lordſhip, here's the letter, and like your Lordſhip.

Al. You told me you had loſt it, when I ask'd fort to burne it.

Sa. I thought I had Friend, but I found it now, and given it my Lord before I was aware Friend.

Al. Hell take that Letter.

Sa. Now abotts on't for mee, if thou beeſt angry Friend.

Al. You had better ha ſwallow'd it full of Ratsbane.

Sa. Nere the ſooner for a haſty word I hope Friend.

Reades.

Lo. *Mr.* Saleware, *if you will avoyd a new addition of hornes, come with this bearer over into Montagues cloſe, where you ſhall finde your Wife with a private Friend, at a private lodging ; Haſt thither, and aſke for one* Bellamy.

Anonimus.

What Ridles this? This is *Bellamies* owne hand, I know it, why ſhould hee ſend to prevent himſelfe? or how could ſhee write his Character? This Woman is not right.

Al. Doe you note my art my Lord, to write as in a Mans Name, when I wrought it my ſelf?

Sa. And did not I tell you Friend, it ſhould ha' been *Anonima? Sapientia mea mihi.*

Lo. Within there call *Bellamy.*

Enter Page.

Pa. Hee's not within my Lord, and has not beene to night.

Al. His abſence is another circumſtance to a probability my Lord.

But hee was ſeene this morning to goe in at Sir *Anthony Thrivewels.* (*Exit*

Lo. Goe let my Coach be ready preſently. *Pa.* He ſhould receive 500l. there for me, I truſt he will not furniſh himſelfe with it for a flight.

Al. My Lord I gave you an inkling of a familiarity betwixt him and the Lady *Thrivewell*, he has ſince declar'd their act of luſt to me, and urg'd it for an inſtance to my yielding.

Lo. Can you affirme this?

Al. Yes, to his face and hers.

Enter Saveall.

Lo. O Mr. *Saveall*! welcome.

Sa. My Lord your ſervant *Bellamy* is receaving your money at Sir *Anthony Thrivewells.*

Lo. I thanke you.

Sav. But my Lord, there is fallen an unhappy accident betweene Sir *Anthony*, his Lady and his Nephew, in which your ſervant *Bellamy* alſo is concern'd; and your Lordſhip is much, and moſt humbly beſought by the Lady to heare, and examine the difference.

Enter Old Bellamy.

Lo. I was preparing thither. Oh, Mr. *Bellamy*, you have not eaveſdropt, have you?

Old Bel. Will you pardon me my Lord?

Lo. Yes, if thou haſt.

Old Bel. I have my Lord, and am overjoyd to heare ſo well of my Nephew.

Lo.

Lo. You may heare more anon, come all along with me. *Ex. Omnes.*

Old Bel. I may heare more anon, your Lordſhip tho' knowes not of what ſo well as I doe know.

Exit.

ACT V. *SCENE* II.

Enter Thrivewell, Careleſſe, Lady, Phebe, Cloſet, Wat.

Thr. I Need not caſt thee off, or bid thee goe
Now, and for ever from me, thine own ſhame
Will force thee hence.

Car. You are deceiv'd in that.

Thr. What is thine own take with thee, here 'tis all *Phebe*
Thou ever getſt, or canſt expect from me.

Car. Shee was mine own before your wife became our coupler, in Engliſh plaine our Bawd.

Thr. Uſe no uncivill Language while you are well.

Car. For which you have your witneſſes, this falſe, Traytor that brought you on.

La. By my direction *George.*

Wat. No Traytor neither ſince you left to be my Maſter, wounded and turnd me off.

Car. And this darke Lanthorne here, this old *deceptio viſus*, That juggled the wrong party into my Bed.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha.

Car. Doe you grin *Grim Malkin*? But ſweete Madam, if your fine Springall *Bellamy* had lien there in my ſtead ſhe would ha'brought the right party; your Ladiſhips Lilly white ſelfe.

Thr. How's that?

La. No more o' that good *George.*

Car. Nay, it ſhall out, ſince you have wrought my ruine, I will be the deſtruction of you all; And therefore now heare mee O Knight, and firſt reſolve to make me rich in my reward, for wonders i'le unfold.

Thr. Canſt thou expect reward from mee for any thing that can by thee be utterd?

Car. Reward? why not? why ſhould not you reward my good Offices as well as puniſh my ill? I muſt and will rely upon you for all the good that can befall mee; or if I muſt expect no further from you, i'le give't you *gratis*, And if you be any thing but a Wittall heare mee.

La. What doe you meane?

Car. To ſet you out livelyer, then all your paintings: or dee heare, will you give mee a hundred pound a quarter for my ſilence?

La. Not a penny; if you ſeeke my undoing, heaven forgive you.

Thr. What (Villaine) canſt thou ſpeake to her prejudice?

Car. That which (if you are no Wittall) you'l be loath to hear, but you ſhall have it.

Thr. Darſt thou talke ſo?

Car. And ſince you hold my attempt at her, ſo haynous, you may be pleas'd to know I was incited to't by example of him I nam'd, that ſmooth Fac'd *Bellamy.*

Thr. Darſt thou accuſe her with him?

Car. You may aske her bolſter there, her Madam Nurſe old Mother *Cockbroth.*

Clo. O me.

Car. I, O you aske her ſir, what ſhee did with him, or he with her, in their two houres privacy in her chamber, when hee came to take up five

hundred

hundred pound for his Lord, There was a ſweet taking up, ſir ſhee confeſſed all to me, and on purpoſe, I dare be ſworn to embolden mee in my attempt to her Ladyſhip.

Clo. I confeſſe?

Thr. What did ſhee confeſſe?

Car. That hee made uſe of your Bed with your wife, what language ſhall I utter't in? you were beſt ſee it done before you believe it.

Thr. O me moſt miſerable if this be true!

Car. Well, there's for them two.

La. Goe *Cloſet* till I call you. *Exit Clo.*

Car. Now for that Rogue (becauſe I muſt expect no further good of you, but this which is mine owne you ſay) i'le lay him open to you, you remember how once I ingratiated my ſelfe to you by reſcuing you from a Robbery and Murder (as you ſuppos'd) for which you took me into favour——

Thr. Yes, and have wiſh'd a thouſand times ſince, that I had loſt the thouſand pound I had about me then, and tane ſome wounds for't in exchange rather then by that reſcue to have taken thy Viperous ſelfe into my boſome.

Car. This Rogue plotted that buſineſſe, 'twas a mere trick of his invention. The ſuppoſed Theeves were his companions, and wrought by him only to ſcare you and run away when wee came to your ſuccour, onely to indeare mee to you. There was no hurt meant, but the ſlap I gave him over the Pate to colour the buſineſſe, with little blood, I wiſh now I had cleft his braines.

Thr. Your wiſh tho' againſt your will is a good reward to him, for I love him the better for his wit in that plot, and care of his then Maſter.

Car. Doe you ſo ſir? Then 'twas mine own invention, let him deny't if he can.

Wat.

Wat. Indeed the plot was his ſir, I onely found the Actors.

Thr. I cannot condemne the conceipt however; and am ſomething taken with the wit on't, would all the reſt were no worſe.

Car. And now I have utterd my whole mind ſir, and you declard I muſt expect no further good of you, come away *Phib*, I have injur'd thee long, i'le make thee now amends for all; i'le marry thee, and ſell Tobacco with thee.

La. Let him not go ſir, I beſeech you in this deſperate way, not till I anſwer to his accuſation.

Thr. Sir you ſhall ſtay, and make your ſelfe good before authority, or cleare my wife.

Car. You'l have your houſe then known to have beene a bawdy-houſe?

Thr. The Courts of Princes and Religious Houſes
May ſo have been abus'd.

Car. Under ſuch Governeſſes.

Thr. You'l anon be ſilent, what's the matter? wee are buſy.

Enter Cloſet.

Ser. Miſtris *Croſtill*, Madam is come in great haſt to viſit you, and a Kinſeman of your Ladiſhips with her.

Thr. At ſuch a time? excuſe your ſelfe.

Ser. They are here ſir, enterd againſt all reſiſtance.

Enter Croſtill, Fitzgerrard.

La. Miſtris *Croſtill!* you have much honord me ——Cozen *Fitzgerrard!* welcome.

Fit. I have a private ſute to you Madam.

La. Pray Mr. *Thrivewell* entertaine the Lady.

Car. Another ſprunt youth.

Croſ. Sir, I perceave ſome diſcontent here, I hope your Nephew has not againe diſpleas'd you?

Thr.

Thr. He is a villaine, ſeekes my utter ruine.
Croſ. Pray ſay not ſo, for feare you force mee love him.
Thr. You are undone for ever if you doe.
Croſ. Doe not ſay ſo, for feare I fly to him,
The thought of him already breakes my ſleeps,
I could not reſt to night for thinking of him,
Which made my early haſt to unload my minde,
Preſuming that your judgement may excuſe
A ſimple Womans weakneſſe, what is ſhee
That hee courts ſo?
Thr. I tell you, ſhee's a Whore with Child by him, layes claime to him, and I think hee'l marry her.
Croſ. Still you ſpeake better of him, and my love muſt not ſee him ſo loſt, ſir let me ſpeake with you.
Car. Me Lady? I am buſy; I am buſy.
Croſ. What mettall am I of? his ſcorne's a Load-ſtone;
No Courtſhip like his careleſneſſe to mee;
And all diſpraiſe ſpeakes for him,
Sir I will ſpeake with you.
Car. I bluſh for you, what would you ſay now, were it not too late?
Croſ. Nay onely to your eare.
Car. Stand off a while *Phib.* *Goes aſide.*
Fit. His Lordſhip Madam ſhall give me accompt
To each particular.
La. You ſhall doe well to put it to him Coſen——
Husband, I overheard you, and commend you,
That tho' you caſt your Nephew from all hopes
Of good from you, you will not yet deſtroy
His fortunes other wayes.
Thr. How doe you meane?
La. For that I finde by your reviling him
You more inflame that croſſe phantaſtick Widow
With eager love to caſt her ſelfe upon him.

Thr.

Thr. Had I thought ſo, I had ſpoke well of him
Againſt my conſcience.
La. No, let me intreat you.
Be that way charitable, and ſpeake worſe;
The worſe the better.
Car. Tempt me not good Lady,
To your own prejudice, your deſtruction;
I am one you cannot live and lie withall
A fortnight you, alas y'are but a griſſell,
Weake picking meat; Here's one will hold me tack,
Seaven conſtant ordinaries every night,
Noonings, and intermealiary Lunchings,
At freedome every day, hold belly hold,
The Cupboord never ſhut.
Croſ. I underſtand you not.
Car. Nor mind me Lady; Twill be better for you.
You had a thin chin'd husband, plaid at Doublets with ye,
And that perhaps, but twiſe or thrice a weeke,
You are incapable of better Game,
Here's one ſhall hold me *Tick tack* night by night,
And neither of us guilty of a Why-not,
Shee's bred up to my hand, and knowes her play.
Croſ. Can you ſo ſlight me?
Car. Slight? I honour you.
In caring for you to preſerve your life,
And your eſtate, which I confeſſe my ſelfe
Unworthy of: beſides I am ingag'd
To doe a poore ſoule right for my iſſues ſake
Shee goes withall.
Croſ. But ſay on compoſition ſhee acquit you.
Car. O but conſcience is conſcience.
Croſ. I'le die or have him preſently.
Can you refuſe me for a proſtitute whore?
Car. Take heed what you ſay, i'le ſhake your eſtate,

If

If you dare call her whore 'fore witneſſes.

Croſ. Call all the World to hear me Madam,
Sir *Anthony*, and the reſt, be all my witneſſes;
Give me your hand ſir, here before you all
I plight my faith upon this Gentleman,
He is my Husband, and I am his Wife.

Thr. You are then undone.

Croſ. I care not ſir, for your ill will: no more ſhall hee.

Car. Are you catch'd Widow? *Futre*, for Unkles now?

Croſ. Why anſwer you not me, in troth plight?

Car. I doe, but yet I tell you againe conſcience is conſcience;
The Woman's not compounded with.

Croſ. I'le give her a brace of hundred pounds.

Phe. The Woman will not take it.

Wat. The Woman ſhall take it, for now know ſir, I love you not ſo ill as to undoe you. This Woman has beene mine as much as yours, ſhee has done as much with mee for Offices, and Service I have done for her, as ſhee has done with you for Love and Money, let her deny't.

Car. I have lately ſuſpected ſo.

Wat. And if her Friends will make her brace of hundreds a leaſh i'le marry, and honeſtifie her.

La. Honeſt *Wat* in good earneſt! Gentlewoman with your hand give him your conſent, and i'le ſupply you with the od hundred pound, for *Wats* love to his Maſter.

Thr. Will you?

La. Yes, and with your allowance; it ſhall be in lieu of the hundred I tooke in Commodity of her Kinſwoman Miſtris *Saleware*, which would never thrive with mee (as it may properly with them) as 'twas the price of luſt you know it was, and how untowardly things have chanc'd amongſt

us

us ſince it was ſo; And now that I have declin'd it, you ſhall ſee how ſweetly all will be reconcil'd.

Thr. Doe as you pleaſe.

La. Goe get you to the Prieſt preſently, and bring him hither for thy Maſter, *Wat.*

Exit Wat. Phe.

Enter Lord Lovely, Old Bellamy, Saveall, Saleware, Alicia.

Lov. Madam you ſent for mee, though I had former cauſe to require a conference with you.

La. My cauſe my Lord, is almoſt ended among our ſelves. Pray let your former therefore be determin'd firſt, your Lordſhip may be pleas'd to ſit.

Lo. I deſire firſt by good Sir *Anthony's* patience, Madam a word with you in abſence of all the reſt, except this Gentlewoman.

Thr. With all reſpect my Lord.

La. No you ſhall ſtay, and all the reſt, ſpeake openly my Lord, I doe beſeech you.

Lo. My modeſty forbids.

La. I'le ſpeake it for you then; Good my Lord ſit judge, This Woman comes to accuſe me of incontinency with your ſervant *Bellamy*, is it not ſo?

Old Bel. I marry dos ſhee Madam to make her word good to my Lord that he would have lien with her too; And ſayes that *Bellamy* affirm'd to her that he did, I mary did he with your Ladiſhip.

La. Ha, ha, ha, I have a Nephew here affirm'd as much.

Enter Wat whiſpers.

Car. I am ſorry I ſaid ſo much, 'twas but my ſuſpition in the dayes of my wickedneſſe, I am honeſt now, and can thinke no ſuch matter——O is the parſon come—— *Exit Ca. Croſ. Wat.*

Thr.

Thr. I feare I ſhall be wretched.

Sav. You are wretched in your feare, note your Wifes confidence; Can Guilt looke with that Face?

Lov. I underſtand that *Bellamy* is in your houſe.

La. Forth comming my good Lord. Good Maſter *Bellamy*, fetch your Nephew, you'l finde him in my Chamber. *Exit.*

Fitz. And in this reſpect you ſhall give me leave
My Lord to call your honour into queſtion.

Lov. Y'are very round with mee Mr. *Fitzgerrard*,
What is your queſtion?

Fitz. Where is my Sifter *Amie*?

Lov. Aske you mee?

Fitz. Yes, and in honour y'are to anſwer me,
It is too evident, your courtſhip wonne
Her Virgin honour.

Lov. Then I forc'd her not.

Fitz. The blame of that lay therefore on her ſelfe,
That loſſe I ſeeke not after: but I aske
Her life and being (if ſhee live or be)
Of you my Lord, ſince it is manifeſt,
Shee left her friends, and Country ſhortly after
Her folly had betrayd her into ſhame,
To be at your diſpoſe, as we preſume
She is ſince in her two yeares abſence; we
Have fought all other wayes in vaine; you ſhall
Do therefore well my Lord to render her,
Or give me leave to urge you t'an accompt
Of what's become of her.

Lov. You cannot ſure
Compell mee ſir.

Fitz. To hazard of my life I will my Lord.

Lov. That ſhee is loſt I am grieved; But for your ſtout demand i'le anſwer you at Weapons, time and place convenient.

Enter

Enter Old Bellamy, and Bellamy in a Woman's habit, Cloſet.

Old Bel. I'le end your difference Coſen *Fitzgerrard*, here is your Sifter *Amie* my Lord, here is your ſervant *Bellamy* whom I preferr'd to you as my Nephew, to be a Go-betwixt you and Miſtreſſes, which quality I now abhorre, as I could wiſh your Lordſhip would leave——Wenching for this inconſtant Womans ſake that would be proſtitute unto your ſervant. 'Twas a flat bargaine, and but a flat one, but for the non-performance her husband may thanke their party of Sex, not his wifes want of deſire.

Sal. Nere the ſooner for a haſty word I hope.

Old Bel. What further end ſhee had to ſerve your Lordſhip ſhe may relate her ſelfe.

Bel. Loſt to my ſelfe, and friends being made unfit
In any other Region to appeare,
And more unable to live other where;
Then in the preſence of my loved Lord
(Although not as my ſelfe) I did aſſume
That Maſculine boldneſſe, ſo to let you know
My Lord, that I more fully could ſubſiſt
By the meere ſight of you, and ſo containe
My ſelfe, then ſhe your more reſpected Miſtris
Could in the rich and plentifull enjoyments
Of your moſt reall, and eſſentiall favours.

Lov. Sweet let us ſpeake aſide.

Sal. What ayles my Friend? is not all this now but a plot to make me jealous?

Al. I am diſcover'd and undone. *chafes.*

Sal. Nere the ſooner for a haſty word I hope Friend: Come leave your waggery, is not all this but a plot now to make me jealous?

La. Your Plot good Miſtris *Saleware* would not hold.

Sal.

Sal. Nor ſhall it hold good Madam, I cannot be jealous. *Sapientia mea mihi.*

La. Yet the young Gentleman (ſuch as you ſee he is) has lien with mee of old, before I was married; doe not looke ſo diſmaydly, I will not detect you with my husband for a hundred pound—

Sal. Nor will I be jealous for a thouſand Madam, your plot's too weake Facks, but where's my injur'd Kinſwoman, Madam?

La. O *Phebe Gimcrack*! ſhee is by this time righted, that is Married.

Sa. Sapientia mea mihi, agen then for that, that was my plot, and it held Madam.

Lov. My deare, deare *Amie*, and my *Bellamy*,
I doe commend your vow of future chaſtity,
Vowing the ſame my ſelfe, and here before
Your Brother, and theſe friends to help your
marriage
I freely give you two hundred pounds a yeare
During your life.

Sav. Now doe you note the effect of all Sir *Anthony*?

Thr. I doe with my much joy.

Lov. And Miſtris *Saleware*, for your falſehood
(Which I forgive, becauſe you are a Woman)
I quit familiarity with you, and adviſe you
To love your husband, giving him no cauſe
Of feare or jealouſy.

Ali. Your Lordſhip councells well.

Sal. Hang feares and jealouſies, I would there were no greater in the Kingdome, then in *Tom Salewares* Coxcombe; But by your favour friend, we will be friends no more, but loving man and wife henceforward.

Ali. That ſhall be as you pleaſe. *Muſick.*

Enter Careleſſe, Croſtill, Wat, Phebe.

La. See new Married couples, pleaſe your Lord-

ſhip to take notice? *Lov. Salutes the Brides.*

Car. Unkle and Madam, I am come to call you to my houſe to Dinner, and your Lordſhip if you pleaſe, and all the reſt here, I want one, my Rivall *Bellamy*, where is he? wee'l be all friends to day; and at night ſweete heart,——at night, at night, at night——

Wee'l get the Boy that ſhall become a Knight.

Croſ. You promiſe luſtily.

Wat. And *Phebe* if thou beeſt not better provided already, if I get not thee with Squire, let me turne clown.

Car. But where's this *Bellamy*, what new Ladies that?

Old Bel. This new Lady ſir, is that *Bellamy* you inquire for.

Sav. The ſame Gentleman that you accus'd your Aunt with.

Clo. That I confeſſe had line with her.

Car. Ha, is't ſo ifaith? and (now I thinke on't) introth I thought ſo; would I have tax'd her thinke you, but with a Woman? pray Mr. *Bellamy* let me ſalute your lips, and good Unkle now wee are Neighbours, and both good Houſe-keepers, let us not be ſtrangers to one another.

Thr. Well ſir, as I ſhall finde you by your wifes report I ſhall be ſtill your Unkle.

Car. I ſhall be his heire in ſpight o' the Devill, and all his workes and mine.

Lov. Come Madam, I finde here's Muſick, let's leade the Brides a Dance to ſtirre their appetites to Dinner. *Daunce.*

Car. And now my Lord to grace our Wedding feaſt,
As you in honour are the greateſt Gueſt
You have full power to welcome all the reſt.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

WEll! had you Mirth enough? much good may't doe you,
If not, 'tis more then I did promiſe to you.
'Tis your own fault, for it is you, not wee
Make a Play good or bad; and if this be
Not anſwerable to your expectation
Yee are the free-borne People of this Nation,
And have the power to cenſure Worth and Wit,
But wee muſt ſuffer for what you commit.
Yet wee're reſolv'd to beare your gentle Hands,
And if you will tie us in any Bands,
Let us be bound to ſerve you, and that's thus,
To tell you truth, as long as you ſerve us.

ЕПІГОСПЕ

THE NOVELLA,

A

COMEDIE.

Acted at the *Black-Friers*, by his MAJESTIES Servants,

Anno, 1632.

WRITTEN

By

RICHARD BROME.

MART.

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus.

LONDON.

Printed for RICHARD MARRIOT, and THO. DRING, and are to be fold at their Shops in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1653.

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The Perſons of the *Play*.

P *Antaloni*, *Guadagni*} Two Senators.
Fabritio, Sonne to *Pantaloni*.
Piſo, His Friend.
Franciſco, Lover of *Flavia*.
Horatio, His Friend——
Nanulo, *Aſtutta*, } Servants to *Guadagni*.
Nicolo, Servant to *Pantaloni*.
Victoria—The *Novella*.
Jacconetta, Servant to *Victoria*.
Flavia, Daughter to *Guadagni*.
Paulo,—By-named *Burgio*.
Swatzenburgh.
Cheqinno, *Proſpero*, } Two Lawyers.
Pedler, Woman.
Zaffi, an Officer.

The Sceane Venice.

PROLOGUE.

SHould I not ſpeake a Prologue, and appeare
In a ſtarch'd formall Beard and Cloake, I feare,
Some of this Auditory would be vext,
And ſay this is a Sermon without a Text.
Some thinke it ſo eſſentiall, that they ſay
Nor foole, nor Prologue, there can be no Play.
Our Author's unprovided, and doth vow,
What e're I ſay muſt ſtand for Prologue now;
Then have at wit for once, why mayn't I be
Inſpir'd with wit, and ſence extempore?
But firſt I'le tell you, that I had commiſſion
From him to tell you that hee'l not petition
To be dubb'd Poet, for he holds it fit,
That nought ſhould make a man a wit, but wit,
Hee'll 'bide his triall, and ſubmits his cauſe
To you the Jury, ſo you'l judge by Lawes.
If Pride or Ignorance ſhould rule, he feares
An unfaire tryall, 'cauſe not try'd by's Peeres.
Faith be your ſelves awhile, and paſs your vote
On what you underſtand, and doe not dote
On things 'bove nature or intelligence;
All we pretend to is but Mirth and Sence,
And he that lookes for more, muſt ee'ne goe ſeeke
Thoſe Poet-Bownces that write Engliſh Greeke.
Our Author aims only to gaine your laughter,
Which if you won't, hee'l laugh at you hereafter.

THE

THE NOVELLA.

ACT I. *SCENE* I.

Enter Piſo, Fabritio.

Pi. COme, I proteſt i'le have you home againe,
And tell all to your Father, if you goe not
More chearfully on about this buſineſſe.

Fab. O *Piſo*! deareſt (deareſt?) only Friend,
That Name of *Father* tis, that checks my blood,
And ſtrikes a filiall Reverence through my Soule;
Layes load upon my loynes, clogging my ſteps,
And like an armed *Angell* warnes me back.

Pi. So, ſo, he runs away to proper purpoſe
That beares his Hue and Cry in's conſcience.

Fab. It is not yet day-light: night will conceale
My ſecret purpoſes. I will returne.

Pi. Do ſo: and damne thee blacker then the night,
Thee and thy Father too for company
Expreſſe your filiall Reverence ſo, doe ſo.

Fab. Deare *Piſo* peace.

Pi. Peace fond *Fabritio.*
Doſt thou not fly from him to ſave his Soule?

His

His and thine own to boot? will not thy ſtay
(Stay not to anſwer me!) ruine your Family;
Cut off all hope of *Bleſſing*, if not *Being*
Of your Poſterity? and all this by obaying
A wilfull Father in a lawleſſe Marriage;
More fatall (I foreſee't) then ere our State
Of *Venice* yet produc'd example for.

Fab. O now thou tear'ſt my very bowells *Piſo*,
Should I conſent (as I dare not deny
My over-haſty Father) to this match,
I ſhould ſubmit my ſelfe the moſt perfidious,
That ever ſhadow'd *Treachery* with *Love*.
No, my *Victoria*, ſooner ſhall this ſteele
Remove thy hindrance from a ſecond choyce,
Then I give word or thought, but to be thine.

Pi. Why flie we not to *Rome* then, where you left her,
And ſhun the danger of your Fathers Plot,
Which would not only force you break your Faith
With chaſt *Victoria*, but to wed another,
Whoſe faith is given already to another?
Double damnation! 'Twere a way indeed
To make your children baſtards o' both ſides.

Fab. Can there no way be found to ſhun the danger
Of this ſo haſtily intended Marriage,
But by my flight, and the moſt certaine loſſe
Of mine inheritance?

Pi. That would be thought on.

Fab. Stay; who comes here?

Muſick, and divers Gentlemen paſſe to and fro with lights, at laſt Enter Pantaloni, lighted by Nicolo, with darke Lanthorns.

Pi. Some Night-walkers, that throw
Balls at their Miſtreſſes, well of all Cities
Under the univerſall raigne of venery,
This is the civill'ſt! in what ſweet tranquillity,

The

The ſubjects paſſe by and ſalute each other!
Stay, what grave beaſt, what reverend *Gib* is
that?
(I'th' name of darkneſſe) dropt out of a gutter?
O age what art thou come to!
Fab. Pray forbeare.
Pi. Looke there *Fabritio*, *Venus* can it be?
Fab. Come y'are deceav'd.
Pi. Nay now I know I am not,
For by that little loving glimpſe of light
That leads him on, *Fabritio*, tis thy Father.
Fab. I pray thee peace.
Pi. What will this City come to?
A young man ſhall not ſhortly venture to
A vaulting Schoole for feare he jumpe in the
Same ſadle with his Father, to the danger
Of his old bones.

Enter Franciſco, and Horatio.

Stay here comes more. This is
Some ſpeciall haunt! ſure tis the habitation
Of the *Novella* lately come to Town,
Which drawes the admiration of all
The Rampant Gallantry about the City!
Fab. They ſay ſhee's yet a Virgine.
Pi. And is like
So to continue, ſtill ſhee prove ſtale fiſh,
At the rate ſhee's ſtamp'd for: for ſhe has ſet
Such a large price upon her new nothing,
That Venery and Prodigality are at ods
About her, it ſeemes thy *Father* could not bargaine.
Fab. Fie! 'twas not he.
Pi. Not hee! peace and ſtand cloſe.
Fran. Is ſhee ſo rare a Creature, this *Novella*?
Ho. Rare? above excellent (man) it is unpoſſible
For a Painter to flatter her, or a Poet to bely her
In ayming to augment her beauty. For

I ſaw her that can judge;
Pi. Now if a man
Were to unkennell the handſomeſt ſhee Fox
In *Venice*, let him follow theſe doggs. Sure
Shee is earth'd hereabouts. They have the ſent.
Fran. You have not ſeene her often?
Hor. Onely thrice.
At Church, That's once for every day, that ſhee
Has beautified this City.
Pi. What rare helpe
May this be to *devotion*, that he ſpeaks of!
Fran. And all this *Beauty*, and this ſeeming
vertue
Offer'd to ſale?
Pi. I thought 'twas ſuch a peece.
Hor. Thence only ſprings the knowledge of her
worth
Marke but the price ſhee's cry'd at: two thouſand
Duccats
For her Maydenhead, and one moneths ſociety.
Pi. What a way, now, would that money reach
In Buttock-beefe.
Hor. Shee is indeed for beauty,
Perſon, and Price, fit onely for a Prince:
I cannot thinke a leſſe man then the *Duke*
Himſelfe muſt beare her; and indeed 'twere pitty
That ſhee ſhould ſinne at leſſe advantage.
Fran. Why do *we* then make way to viſit her
By our expence in Muſick?
Pi. A wary whore-maſter: I like him well:
A penneyworth for a penny would be look'd for.
Hor. Why *Franciſco*? Why?
Pi. Franciſco! is it hee?
Hor. Although her price be ſuch to be ſold for
In ready money, ſhee is yet allow'd
To give herſelfe for love if ſhee be pleas'd.
Who knowes how well ſhee may affect a man

(As here and there a Woman may by chance)
Onely for *vertue*? That's worth our adventure,
But I wiſh rather we could purchace her
At the ſet price betwixt us for a twelvemonth
Our friendſhip ſhould not ſuffer us to grudge
At one anothers good turnes.

Pi. There's love in couples,
What whelpes are theſe? ſure this *Franciſco* is
The late forſaken lover, betroth'd to *Flavia*
Whom now thy Father would ſo violently
Force thee to marry.

Fab. Would he had her *Piſo*.

Pi. O here they pitch, ſtand cloſe, wee'l heare their Muſick.

Song.

Hor. Come ſad *Franciſco*, wee'l tomorrow ſee
This Miracle of nature, whoſe meere ſight
Will wipe away the injury thou ſufferd'ſt
In *Flavia*, and make thee quite forget her.

Pi. Tis he, and I will ſpeake to him.

Hor. Good forbeare.

Pi. Franciſco muſt not ſo forget his *Flavia*.

Hor. What are you?

Pi. Men, that would have you be ſo,
And not to wanton out your holy vowes *Drawes.*
Dancing your ſelfes to th'Devill.

Fran. What doe you meane?

Pi. I meane, *Franciſco*, you too much forget
The love you bore to *Flavia*, ſhee to you.

Hor. Shee has forſaken him, and is beſtow'd
(Forc'd by the torrent of her fathers will)
On young *Fabritio*, *Pantalonies* Sonne.

Pi. Here ſtands the man denies it, ſpeake *Fabritio.*

Fab. Not that I undervalue *Flavia's* worth,
But not to violate her faith by breach

Of

Of mine, were all this ſigniory her dowry
(Here is my hand *Franciſco*,) i'le not wed her.
Fran. I muſt embrace you ſir.
Hor. And Gentlemen,
My Lodging is not farre, pleaſe you retire,
And there repoſe your ſelfes, untill the light
That now is near at hand, ſhall point you forth
A way to future comfort; you ſhall finde
Good wine and welcome, pleaſe you to accept it.
Pi. Your offer ſir is large: yet let me aske
If we may reſt ſecurely for a day;
Lurke cloſe and private, till the appointed houre
For this forc'd Marriage be over-ſlipp'd,
In caſe that our neceſſity may require it?
Hor. I underſtand you, Take mine honor of it.
Pi. Be cheard *Fabritio*, thou ſhalt not to *Rome*,
We may prevent thy danger nearer home.
Now night we thanke, and follow thee away
(As being thy ſervants) from th' approach day.
Hor. You conclude well, lovers and ſprights are
Night-walkers, warn'd away by th'morning Starre.
Ex.

ACT I. *SCENE* II.

Enter Guadagni in his Study. *A Taper, Baggs, Books, &c.*

Gua. WHileſt yet the Leaden finger'd god of ſleepe
Keeps cloſe the eye-lids of phantaſtick *youth*,
Feeding their aery fancies with light dreames,
Of wanton pleaſures; giddy, vaine delights,

The

The ever watchfull cares of aged Parents
Throw ope the gates and windowes of ſoft reſt,
Making our midnight noone, to guard and order
The wholſome fruits of our continuall labour.
Wholſome and happy off-ſprings of my paines
Thus I ſalute you and implore your ſafty,
And thus that you may reſt, grow and increaſe
Mine eyes prevent the breakers of your peace.
But ſee the morning haſtens to relieve me!
Day ſpreads apace, and warnes the provident hand
Doe out the uſeleſſe taper. Hoe! what hoe!

Enter Nanulo, Aſtutta.

Nanulo! *Aſtutta*! is it midnight with you?

Nan. Your ſervants are all here and ready ſir.

Gua. About about, you drowſy headed drones,
Where is my Daughter?

Aſt. Up and ready too ſir.

Gua. Sirrah haſte you to *Pantalonies* houſe.

Nan. The rich *Magnifico*?

Gua. Who elſe, you Rat?
Tell him I doe attend his comming hither,
To expedite the work we have in hand.

Nan. It ſhall be done ſir, pleaſe you give me paſſage. (him

Gua. Here take the Keys; lock the dore after
Then call my Daughter to me.

Aſt. See ſhee's here ſir. *Ex. Nan. Aſt.*

Gua. Flavia my Girle, ſee how my early care
Provides for thee, The toyle of many yeares
By dayly travaile, and my nightly watches
Lies here in readineſſe to build thy fortune.
And take it willingly, ſince thou conſentſt
To match unto my will; whereby this Coyne,
Thy ſelfe, and both our joyes may finde increaſe.
I can no leſſe then thanke thee *Flavia*,
Although I muſt confeſſe, my ſute was long,

And

And grievous to me, ere thy childiſh will
Yeilded to my appointment of a husband:
For whom (with no ſmall joy I ſpeak't) thou didſt
Caſt off (indeed) the off-ſcum of his blood
The poore, degenerate in fortune, fellow,
I ſcorne to name him.
Fla. Alas my *Franciſco*——
Gua. By which thou gain'ſt the Nonpareil of heires
In all this wealthy City.
Fla. Sir tis not
The Riddance of the one, to gaine the other,
Both which are equall bleſſings unto me
Can ad unto my preſent happineſſe
More, then the thought of your paternall wiſdome,
Whoſe provident care was author of this good:
Chiefly to you I therefore wiſh the comfort.
Gua. It will be ſo: I finde it my deare child
For though thy joy I know will be abundant
Mine muſt exceed, that includes thine with it.
Why ſmil'ſt thou *Flavia*? to think how deare
Thy *Hymeneall* day, to morrow is?
Fla. No I could weepe for that.
Gua. How! ha! whats that?
This money's mine againe, and thou art not
If thou doſt wiſh one dayes procraſtination,
Degenerate brat, changeling——
Fla. Deare Father—Father—
Gua. Th'aſt ſeene thy laſt of happineſſe: all content
From this black minute, and thy ſelfe are ſtrangers.
Fla. Sir, I beſeech you heare me ——
Gu. Get you in
I'le mew you up where never Sun ſhall ſhow
Into what endleſſe miſery i'le caſt thee;
Nor any ſound bring ſuccour to thine Eare,
To call thee back from torment.

Fla.

Fla. Sir,—deare ſir—— (Carver.
Gua. My ſelfe will be your Keeper, Cook, and
Fla. Indeed you will be ſorry.
Gua. Sorry! for what?
Fla. For the miſtake you run away withall.
Gua. Didſt thou not ſay thou wept'ſt, becauſe to morrow was come ſo nigh?
Fla. So nigh and yet not come ſir,
Fearing how many dangerous houres are thither.
Gua. Ha! I beginne to be now ſorry indeed.
Fla. Loves Minutes ſir, are dayes, and houres are yeares,
When each protracted, multiplies our feares.
Gua. Now I am ſorry with all my heart; and here's a
Thouſand checqines to expiate my treſpaſſe.
But do not let thy husband know of them
Till he redeeme a fault to their full value,
Oh mine own Girle, my honey, honey Girle:
Fla. Was not I ſir applauding of your wiſdome,
And giving you the glory of my comfort
In this approved match?
Gua. Thou didſt, thou didſt,
With teares of joy I muſt confeſſe thou didſt.
Fla. Had you but heard me out, I had magnified
My fortune, ſprung out of your providence.
Gua. Speake yet, and I will heare attentively.
Fla. Firſt then, how firſt your admirable wiſdome
Weighing how I had ſetled my affection
Upon *Franciſco*, excellent in parts,
Of noble blood, how ever low in fortune,
You gave your free conſent (knowing your eſtate
To be a portion fitter to reſtore him
Unto the dignity of his Anceſtors,
Then to be added to anothers Muck-hill)
That I ſhould be his wife——
Gua. What's this you ſay?

Fla. Nay deare ſir flie not off.
Gua. Well, on then, on.
Fla. I ſay you gave conſent, that I ſhould be
Wife to that noble Gentleman (pray ſit ſtill ſir)
As you had foreſeene my future happines
Only in him conſiſted ——ſir untill
This wealthy heire, young *Fabritio*,
Your Neighbour Tradeſ-mans Son, of great eſtate,
Was by his father tender'd unto you
For me a husband, then unſeene by mee:
But ſince I muſt confeſſe a proper man,
Worthy a fitter Wife——
Gua. Sweet Modeſty.
Fla. But that your wiſdome needs will have it ſo,
By reaſon that his heapes may purchaſe honour,
Which to'thers wants can never waſh away,
But farewell him: I muſt looke this way now;
And crown your wiſdome with this cloſing point,
That whereas I betroth'd was to *Frauciſco*,
And *Pantalonies* Sonne unto another,
(A Lady as tis juſtified at *Rome*)
You force me on this man, the fitteſt husband
On whom to make my party good hereafter,
Who ſhall not dare to upbraide my breach of faith.
Gua. And iſt not a ſound policy my *Flavia*? *A Bell rings.*
But now no more; old *Pantaloni* comes,
I take it. How now! dos he not come?

Enter Nanulo.

Nan. Signor *Pantaloni*, ſir, intreats you
Meet him on the *Rialto* inſtantly,
That you may goe to the Advocates together.
Gua. It is my *Flavia* interchangeably
To ſeale your Marriage covenants; make thee happy,
Looke to my houſe and havings; keepe all ſafe,
I ſhall be abſent moſt part of this day.

Be

Be carefull Girle, thine own ſpeciall good
Requires thee to't: and therefore I dare truſt thee.
Fla. Happy ſucceſſe attend you ſir, whilſt I
Reſt here in prayers for you.
Gua. Thanks my child,
Come ſirrah lock the doore. But firſt (dee hear)
Beware that none have entrance in my abſence
Except *Fabritio*, *Pantalonie's* Sonne;
Or ſuch as I have warranted, looke to it.
Nan. With due reſpect.
Gua. Come lock the doore I ſay. *Exit.*
Fla. I be ſure of that, and I could wiſh (fly
My thoughts were priſoners too: that they might
No further then the caſement, or the wicket;
Where they (looſe things) get out, and nothing bring
Back to this heart, but cold and ſad returnes.
O my *Aſtutta*——

Enter Aſtutta.

Aſt. Now or never helpe me!
Fla. As thou didſt ever dreame what true love was,
Fancy ſome way to quit me of this bondage;
Or elſe contrive this houre to be my laſt. (what!
Aſt. What! would you diſobey your *Father*?
So good, ſo carefull, and ſo wiſe a *Parent*?
Fla. O doe not vex me into longer life.
Either ſpeake helpe, or let me die in ſilence.
Aſt. Yes, at ſixteene; you would die at ſixteene?
Fla. Elſe let thy pitty of my youth preſerve me.
Aſt. O *Cupid* what a *Termagant* tyrant art thou
Over poore ſubjects of ſixteene! There is not one
Among a hundred of thoſe tickliſh *Triſles*
But is more taken with a *Toy* at ſixteene
Then ſix and twenty: becauſe by that time
The edges of moſt maydenheads are allayd.
Fla. Nay deare *Aſtutta* haſt thou thought a courſe?

Aſt. What to prevent your Father, my good
Maſter?
Thinke you I can turne traytor to his truſt,
And croſſe his purpoſe for your Marriage?
Fla. If Knife, or Poyſon, Fire, or Water may
Remove this wretched cauſe, i'le do it elſe. (houſe
Aſt. Yes, you were beſt leape from the top o'th'
Into the *Cavail grande:* and there perhaps
Some courteous *Gondaliar* may catch you up,
And waft you to ſome houſe of deare delight.
Fla. Thou tortur'ſt me.
Aſt. You ſee the doore is ſhut,
And *Go-by-ground* your fathers Giant here
More ſterne then *Cerberus* holds faſt the Key,
You can make no excurſion; nor let in
Any attempt for your redemption:
No Letter or a Meſſage can approach you,
But by this Gyant-dwarfe your Fathers Agent,
Though I my ſelfe were wicked to aſſiſt you.
Fla. O couldſt thou be ſo vertuous! Then I
know
Some quaint deviſe would iſſue from thy braine
To conjure and controwle his weaker ſpirits.
Thou knowſt I have command of Gold and Jewells
Enough to buy a Senators large conſcience:
Doe thou command it all to win him to us,
That petty thing. Dos he appeare bribe-free?
Is he the only officer uncorrupted?

Enter Nanulo.

Nan. Madona Flavia newes.
Fla. What I beſeech you? (*Fabritio.*
Nan. From your elected Bridegroome, brave
Aſt. Diſſemble patience as you are a woman,
Or hope to be; and heare him handſomely.
Fla. How dos hee *Nanulo?*
Aſt. That was well ſaid.
Nan. Well and reſpectfull towards you it ſeemes,

For

For hee deſires you not to ſtir abroad,
As I could wiſh you would not——
Fla. Inſolent ſlave!
You know I may not ſtir beyond the Key
You keepe, and yet you wiſh me ſtay within.
Aſt. Will you marre all? the reaſon?
Nan. The reaſon is, he meanes to ſend anon
A *Mercadante* from the *Merceria*,
The famous Pedler woman of this City
With her moſt precious wares; for you to chooſe
What you ſhall like and take them as his preſents,
(A ceremony us'd on wedding Eves)
Such Rings, ſuch Things, ſuch Knacks, ſuch Knots & Bobs;
Such Curles, ſuch Purles, ſuch Tricks and Trilly bubkins 'hem!
As Mayds would turne no Mayds almoſt to ſee
And can you yet be angry at ſuch newes
With me the gladſome bringer?
Aſt. Very good!
I have heard of this rare Pedler-woman;
And that ſhee is much us'd in cloſe affaires
Twixt parties *Hee* and *Shee*; and doe not doubt
Since you make golden offers (gentle Miſtreſſe)
To work her to your ends, as neare (dee marke?)
As womans wit may reach at ſuch a pinch,
Pray let her come.
Fla. Well ſir, you know I ſhall not ſtir abroad;
When ſhee is come ſhee's welcome with my thanks.
Returne ſo by the meſſenger.
Nan. Moſt readily. *Exit.*
Aſt. Now Miſtris if I chance to ſet the ſadle
On the right horſe; that is, to place your Mayden-head
Where you would faine beſtow it, I truſt you will
Out of your ſtore reward me with a dowry
Fit to convey me to a *Tradeſmans* Bed.

Fla. Yes, and wiſh there a ſecond Maydenhead,
On the condition.
Aſt. Well, be chearfull then,
And cleare thoſe cloudy looks, awake your ſenſes,
Refreſh your temples, rowſe invention up.
I have found ground to build on ; but there lacks
Much rewing, ſquaring, joynting, to make ſure,
Againſt all ſtormes, our lofty Archi'ture,
Come up to councell ?
Fla. Now thou comforts me. *Exeunt Om.*

ACT II. *SCENE* I.

Enter Pantaloni, Guadagni, Nicolo, with a Zaſſies habit under his arme.

Pan. IS this *Checquino's* houſe, your Advocate ?
Gua. It is, and *Proſpero* your learned Councell
Is with him here, attending too, our comming.
Pan. Tis well, Give me my writings *Nicolo*,
Pleaſe you to enter : I'le diſpatch my man,
Exit. Guad.
And follow inſtantly. Now *Nicolo*,
About the ſerious buſines *Nicolo*,
In which this morning I inſtructed you.
Nic. For your revenge ſir.
Pan. Right my Apprehenſion
On that diſcourteous, curſed *Curtezan*,
Twill breed me more delight, then all the dalliances
I could have found in her moſt free ambraces ;
I hug my quick and ſweet invention for it;
Here take this *gold* ; this bright refulgent *gold*,
Twenty Checquines, and promiſe twenty more
On the performance of the brave exploy't

Twill

Twill take unto my wiſh, I doe foreſee't.
Nic. Twill be ſir, ſuch a notable Revenge
That the report of it in after-ages
Will either mortifie concupiſcence
In young laſcivious Harlots; or, at leaſt,
Fright out of'em their itch of wronging age:
They ſhall no more dare to put youthfull tricks
On yeares, and gravity.
Pan. Right my *Nicolo.*
Nic. Sli'd ſir, and if you ſhould not be revengd,
An old man ſhould not ſtep in the *Bordello*
Without the taunts of Boyes and Gondeliers,
Crying take heed, old man, you be not ſerv'd
As the *Novella* fitted *Pantaloni.*
So, in ſhort time, the City were well ſerv'd
When age ſhall be aſham'd to crawle to lechery.
Pan. Right, witty Knave. Goe heartily about it,
Thinke what a Maſter tis thou doſt it for,
That has no ſlender tie upon thy duty;
One that has bred thee from a youngling up
To this maturity.
Nic. I muſt acknowledge it.
Pan. And *Nicolo*, it was no petty kindnes
To manumize your Father from the Galley
Which you cannot forget.
Nic. Yet muſt I heare it——?
Pan. But i'le urge thee no further. Boy be carefull;
Worke but this for me with effect and ſpeed,
And bind me as a Father to thy need. *Exit.*
Nic. You have even ſpoyl'd all now. I had as good a mind
And thought to ha' gone as heartily about
This peece of villany as the Devill, that
Is in my Maſter could deviſe, or wiſh
Till that ore-doing ſpirit put me out;
Could he not ſee 'twas well; and miſchievous

Enough in conſcience, but himſelfe muſt croſſe it?
Dos he thinke by redeeming of my Father
To ſlave me with his boaſts, and foule upbraydings?
Had he still rowd i'th' gally, I not knowing,
The toyle, the ſmart and griefe had been his own:
Now I inherit what was then his paine,
Hearing continually the claſh of's care,
And his fell ſtripes, out of this Bablers mouth,
Which more then kills my thanks; it wreaks my Spleen.
To brag of benefits one hath beſtowne
Doth make the beſt ſeeme leſſe, and moſt seem none:
So often times the greateſt curteſie
Is by the doer made an injury.

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. Nicolo well met, I ſaw you houſe my Father,
And waited for you. Come you ſhall draw neare.
This is a neare friends Lodging (*Piſo, Fran-*
Gentlemen, (*ciſco, Hora.*
My fathers ſpeciall man I told you of; (*at a Table,*
Pray bid him welcome. (*Wine, &c.*
Hor. Moſt intirely,
Pleaſe you to ſit ſir: Here's a ſhort potation.
Pi. But good *Lyatico* I aſſure you ſir
I'le be your taſter to quit feare of danger, *Piſo*
And now i'le let you know we have made *drinks.*
oath
Upon this nimble maſter of invention
This ſprightly liquor to be firme, and faithfull
To one another in a preſent project.
Take you the ſame, and grow in one with us.
Nic. May I not aske what end your project aimes at?
Fra. Nor what, nor unto whoſe ——
Pi. Let it ſuffice,
We carry that about us ſhall end you, *They draw*
And preſently, if you comply not with us, *Stillettoes.*

Nic.

Nic. Nay, nay, by faire meanes Gentlemen I
pray.
I am apt enough to miſchiefe of my ſelfe.
Looke yee. I ſweare with you. *He drinks.*
Hor. Tis well. Now know.
Tis for the good of your young Maſter here.
Nic. Then you would uſe me in ſome treachery
Againſt my old one.
Pi. Thou art a Soothſayer.
Nic. Look you, i'le ſweare againe, I like your oath,
Your deep *Lyatic oath* here, wondrous *He drinks*
well. *thrice.*
Fab. Tis well done *Nicolo*: try the bottome of't.
Nic. I will comply now and complot with you,
And was indifferently prepar'd before.
Provided alwayes that it tend not to
Danger of's Life.
Fab. Couldſt thinke me ſuch a Villaine?
Nic. Nay, if it were, 'twere no diſparagement
To ſtake my head with yours. But Gentlemen,
Pleaſe yee fall roundly now upon the buſines,
I have now ſworne enough,
Pi. Then you muſt anſwer
To theſe intergatories. Firſt do you know
If the old men *Guadagni* and *Pantaloni*
Doe hold their purpoſe for their match to morrow
Betwixt *Fabritio* here, and *Flavia*?
Nic. They are marrying of 'em now at their
Lawyers,
By Deed and Covenant, under Hand and Seale.
I left them, and their Bookes there now together,
And for the Prieſt to morrow is the day.
Hor. Is not *Fabritio* miſt at home this morning?
Nic. No, not at all, the old man's mind's ſo carried
Upon the wings of this new marriage fortune——
I cry you mercy ſir, you are the Gentleman
I thinke, that ſhould have had her.

Fra. In good time ſir.
Nic. In good time may you i'le do ſomething for you.
Fab. Honeſt, deſerving *Nic.*
Nic. Sir thus it is :
My Maſter ſent in my young Maſters name,
(The more to indeare his ſervice and his care
To the young Lady) that the Merchanteſſe,
The rich Shee pedler of the *Merceria*
Should viſit her to day with all her wares,
For her to take her choyce to deck her Brideſhip ;
If you know how to plough now with that Heyſar
You may perhaps convey a meſſage to her.
Hor. I know her, and will fit you with directions.
Fra. Thou haſt given a hint, for which I will renown thee.
Pi. But *Nicolo*, where was your reverend Maſter
Attended by your ſelfe before day-light ?
Fab. Prithee inquire not further, 'twas not he :
Nic. The doubtfull light deceav'd you ſir.
Pi. No more then Noon ifaith, a man may ſpie
An old whore-maſter in the darkeſt night
Like an old Cat, by th' gloring of his eyes.
Will his old Mutton-mongerſhip nere leave ?
He is already known ſufficiently
Through the City for his gift that way ;
And yet he will deny his ſonne free choyce,
And force him marry one hee not affects.
Hor. That is his drift, whereby he may inherit
From him the ſame licencioufneſſe ; and make
The World acknowledge him the more his Son.
Pi. But has he made the purchace ? has he bought
The famous peece of fleſh, the rare *Novella ?*
Nic. I could unſhale a plot.
Hor. Nere doubt but doe't then.
Pi. My noble *Nicolo* out with't I ſay.

Nic. I would intreat the favour of this *Senate*
I might unfold it only unto one.
Fra. Take your free choyce.
Nic. To you young Maſter then,
Take heede wee render not ridiculous
Your Father to the wildneſſe of their youth :
But to your ſelfe I will diſcloſe a ſecret
That may be wrought to your advantage.
Fab. On.
Nic. Tis true, my Maſter was with the *Novella,*
Drawne by the looſe deſires of wanton fleſh ;
But ſuch a foule affront he did receave
As juſtly doth provoke his dire revenge,
Which he hath truſted me to execute.
Fab. How *Nicolo* ? but firſt what was th' affront ?
Nic. He bargain'd with her ; and for ſome large (price
Shee yielded to be his. But in the night
In the condition'd bed was laid a *Moore* ;
A hideous and deteſted *Blackamore,*
Which he (demanding light to pleaſe his eye,
As old men uſe all motives)
Diſcoverd and inrag'd, forſooke the houſe ;
Affrighted and aſham'd to aske his coyne againe.
Fab. But ſeekes Revenge ! How, how, good
Nicolo ?
Nic. Thus ſir, you know what common diſrepute
Falls upon Man or Woman that is found
Converſing with the common City-hangman,
That neareſt Kindred after ſuch converſe,
Shun their ſociety, as they would doe him
(The Hangmans ſelfe) ſo odious are they held
Except it be thoſe officers allowd
By the *State-publick* to negotiate with him.
Fab. I know it *Nicolo.* But what can follow ?
Nic. Tis plotted that the Hangman ſhall go to (her,
And be diſcover'd with her in ſuch ſort,
As her diſgrace ſhall force her fly the City,

And

And I have undertaken to effect it.

Fab. It muſt be then by bribing of the Hangman:
And how canſt thou do that with thine own ſafety?
Thou mayſt be ſo diſcovered and ſo hated.

Nic. For that obſerve the politique invention
Of my old Maſter! the habit of a *Zaffi*,
One of th'inferiour Miniſters of Juſtice,
That walkes betweene the *Senate*, and their Friend
The Executioner of their commands.

Fab. But what diſguiſe ſhall ſhrowd the Hangman thither, whoſe own ſhape is as horrid as the Plague?

Nic. The habit of ſome ſtranger in the City,
Which here is gold to purchace.

Fab. Thou haſt inform'd,
Nay more thou haſt inſpir'd mee *Nicolo*!
I ſhall find way by this, to breake the contract
My Father would inforce; preſerve his credit,
And ſave the poore *Novella* from the ſame
My father threatens by his own diſgrace
Be then but true to me.

Nic. Sir ——

Fab. Enough: I'le truſt thee. Keepe the gold thy ſelf:
Give me this Habit. Get thy ſelfe another
In all points like it, and in that returne
Unto my Father, confidently tell him
The Hangman undertakes it, and at five,
Soone in the Evening, in ſtrangers habit,
He will accoſt her.

Nic. Sir ——

Fab. I'le ſee't perform'd,
Truſt to my word and care, and thy reward.

Nic. I leave all to you ſir. And crave my diſmiſſion.

Pi. What! Has he done?

Fab. Moſt friendly, Farewell *Nicolo*. *Exit. Nic.*

He

He has given me plot enough, if I but worke it ;
And it produce not Comick ſport i'th'end
I muſt ſubſcribe my Wit is not my Friend,
I muſt crave your aſſiſtance Gentlemen.
Hor. We have beene plotting too. (way,
Fra. And though our project run not the ſame
It may conclude with yours to crown the day.
Pi. So to your ſeverall wayes.
Hor. I am for tbe *Novella.* *Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT II. *SCENE* II.

Victoria above, looking in a Glaſſe, Jacomo, Paulo, by-named Burgio.

Vic. SO I am ready : And truſt me *Jacconetta*
My pretty Moore, (for ſo I ſtill muſt call thee
For thy deare Maſters ſake that gave thee to me)
Thou art grown skilfull in theſe quaint attires,
So lately unacquainted with my wearing :
Thou haſt plaid the good beginner at this dreſſing,
And by thine induſtry and further practiſe,
I doubt not but my Knowledge will grow ripe.
Pau. And by that Knowledge, you your ſelfe ſoone rotten. *Aſide.*
O ! could theſe Creatures grow ſtill towards ripe-neſſe ;
Or, being ripe, abide ſo, and no further,
What excellent fruit they were !
Vic. What ſay you *Borgio* ?
Pau. I ſay among the twenty thouſand *Curtezans*
In and about this City, none becomes
The dreſſing, or the habit like your ſelfe ;
Your moſt unparallel'd ſelfe ! But nobleſt Lady,
Thinke

Thinke tis your perſon beautifies the Dreſſe,
Not it, your perſon.
Vic. Why not it my perſon ?
Pau. Yes, as the flame the fuell ;
To worke it into coales, and ſo to aſhes.
Vic. Still *Borgio* in your old morality !
Pau. Theſe Tires, theſe Chaines, theſe Paintings, and theſe Gawds
Are but the ſprigs and leaves the butchers uſe
To ſet out fleſh to ſale with ; or, at beſt,
But the gay *Garlands* which adorne the Beaſt
Prepar'd for Sacrifice ——
Vic. Peace *Borgio*, peace.
Pau. And as thoſe Beaſts, ſo ſenſeleſſe are you women
Of the moſt certaine danger you put on,
With your vaine glorious gayety ; chips and ſtrawes,
To kindle fire of luſt, in whoſe lew'd flame
Sinkes (with *Troyes* Buildings) *Natures* choyceſt Flame.
Vic. I would I underſtood this miſery !
Deale freely with me *Borgio*, what new art
Haſt thou in practiſe, that thou ſetſt a face
Shiningly varniſh'd with Divinity
On a profeſſion, that makes Nature vile
In her own ſhame ? Luſt's inſtrument !
Nay caſe of inſtruments holding all meanes
For propagation and maintaining of it ;
To make thy Gaine out of its dregs and fragments.
Tell me, doſt thinke by preaching modeſty
To quit thee of the baſeneſſe of thy trade ;
A poore neceſſitous *Bravo ?* or haſt hope
To live upon my honeſty, and yet be ſtill
Thy ſelfe a *Ruffiano* ?
Pau. I would give o're, would you ; and change my Function.

Vic.

Vic. Ha, ha, ha,——
Fac. What meane you *Borgio*, would you now
ſpoile all ?
Did you inſtruct her in this way of profit,
And no leſſe pleaſant too, then profitable
(As moſt of my Bookes titles are) whereby
Shee was ſo well reſolved to goe on——
Pau. Hold thy peace foole : ſhee will runne on
the faſter,
Thou knowſt not how much harme, preaching has
done
'Mongſt women. She will prove the only Sweep-ſtake
In all the City.
Fac. O are you there Devill ?
Vic. Sir, leave this grumbling, or i'le turne you off
Amongſt your Brothers, and your Sons *Ruffianos*,
To lurch i'th'night betwixt eleaven and two
To rob and drown for prey ; till being taken
Immediate Hanging followes.
Pau. I'm now your Creature ;
My noble reſolute Miſtris ; now I adore you :
Now you ſhine bright ; your bravery now becomes
you,
Yet (let me tell you under faire correction)
I have ſome cauſe to hinder your deſires,
And theyrs that ſeeke you more, yet, for a time.
Vic. Your reaſon ſir ?
Pau. You know I was preferrd to you for a *Bravo*
Of long and deare experience : I have ſerv'd
Six, the moſt famous *Dames*, this City bred
Theſe ſixty yeares ; none ſcorning my adviſe,
By which, and their endeavours they grew up
To purſe the price of *Providences ;* which beſtowd
The moſt in publique, ſome in pious uſes
Purchas'd them fame, almoſt Canonization.
The laſt and leaſt of them *Margarita Emiliana*
Founded the *Auguſtinian Monaſtry*

I ſhowd you late ; where ſhee has daily prayers.
Theſe women, whom ſucceſſively I ſerv'd,
Fell not by raſh adventure unto all
Great *Fortunes* offers ; but by ſound adviſe
(Which kept their Bodies ſound and rich'd their coffers)
Were long e're they embrac'd ; by which their price
And beauty grew of greater eſtimation,
My profit in this too is unneglected :
For long ſuſpenſe, and tedious Expectation
Bring me more certaine fees ; where, if you fell
Imediatly to work, my work were done,
And your own too, perhaps too ſoon ; witnes the falls
That *Pox* and *Poverty* have brought on many !
When their youths flame was ſpent and they rejected,
When others of their *Siſterhood* were embrac'd
Into a wholeſome *Nunnery*.

Vic. This fellow ſpeakes my thoughts. *Borgio*, I thought
You had reſpect to your particular profit
In all this winding warineſſe for my good.

Pau. You may conceive, 'twould grieve me, that (where now
You have continuall new, and bounteous ſuitors,
That yeild me fees for the bare ſight of you)
You ſhould in yielding to their common uſe
Send one man cloyd away, t'affright another
From his approach.

Vic. Borgio, no more of this,
A deare friend put you to me, for whoſe ſake
I hitherto have follow'd your adviſe,
In hoyſting up the price of my *virginity*.

Jac. To ſuch a rate no common purſe dares venture,
Nor common folkes preſume t'approach the houſe.

Vic.

Vic. And ſuch as did attempt, by offering leffe,
I have ſent back with ſhame; as the old *youth*
Laſt night, for which I thank thee *Facconetta.*
Fac. I thinke I coold his grave concupiſcence.
Vic. And therefore, doubt not, carefull *Borgio*,
Unleſſe I meet a husband by the way
I will not ſtoope this moneth at a leſſe rate,
Then the propoſed ſum and your conſent.
Pau. I thanke you more then if you had poſſeſs'd
Me of the value of that ſum propos'd.
Fac. He meanes her Maydenhead! Ifaith good ſir,
The mark's grown out of your old chaps, or elſe
Hang me if I believ'd you, by that little
I know of man.
Vic. So now about our buſineſſe.
Some of my viſitants I know are neare,
Wayt circumſpectly *Borgio.*
Pau. You need not doubt me. *Exit.*
Vic. There is ſome hidden vertue in this fellow,
Or dangerous ill: but whether let it be;
As was my Birth my purpoſe ſhall be free.
Make fit my Chamber *Faconet.* But firſt
Give me my Lute; and ſet me for the ſigne
Of what I meane to be, the fam'd *Novella.*

Song.

Whilſt ſhe playes and ſings above, Paulo *waits below. Many Gallants paſſe over the ſtage gazing at her.* Piſo *is received in by* Paulo, *after him a French Cavalier, then a brave Spaniard, and after him a glorious German.* Paulo *takes fees of all as they enter the houſe.*

The Song ended, *Paulo* appeares above with *Victoria.*

Vic. Now *Borgio*, how ſpeakes your muſter roll?
What? are you full?
Pau. I have an army royall

Of Princely ſpirits, ready for incounter.
Vic. But one at once good *Borgio.*
Pau. I have encamp'd them each in ſeverall quarter.
Here lies the no leſſe politick then ſtout
Italian force, and there your ſprightly *French*;
Here the brave *Spaniard*, there the *German* bold;
Here the *Polonian*, and *Sclavonian* there;
Perſian and *Grecian* ——
Vic. Pray thee hold. No more.
Pau. 'Tis not your houſe can hold, (would I admit 'em)
One of each ſeverall nation would throng in
To make his battery on your virgin Fort.
The rich *Piazza*, on her greateſt Mart
Boaſts not more Nations; nor *St. Marke* himſelfe
The underſtanding of more Languages
Then I (could I find houſe-roome) could receave,
To be made one by your interpretation.
O what a Daring glaſſe is ſparkling beauty;
Fetching ambition from above the pitch
Of towring Eagles, or Sky-touching Larks
Down with a glance into the Nets of Love!
Vic. Praythee ſpeake nearer home, who haſt thou hous'd?
Pau. I have cull'd from the pack a ſpeciall prince;
Foure glittering Gallants; one of *Italy*,
For our deare Countries ſake; But then a *Monſieur*,
A joviall French-man, all of flame and ſpirit.
Vic. I ſhall not dare to meddle with his glory
For feare I fall with *Semele*, who next?
Pau. A *Spaniard* next, that, to adorne his pride,
Weares an Epitome of both the *Indies*.
Vic. I ſaw his punctuality paſſe by.
Pau. And did you note his ſtiffe reſervedneſſe?
He dares not cough for breaking of his chaine,
But then there is a *Dutchman*, *(Cargo luſtick!)*

A jolly ſtrong chind *German*, princely borne;
A *Landsgrave* at the leaſt; whoſe very bluntneſſe
Promiſes more then the ſharp-ſet *Italian*,
The fiery *Frenchman*, or the doughty *Diego*
In all their eager purſuit.
Vic. That man *Burgio*!
You have beſtowd them all in ſeverall Roomes?
Pau. O like fierce Beaſts, from ſent of one another.
Vic. Then firſt, in faire requitall of the Muſick,
I doe imagine ſome of them beſtowd
On me, this morning e're my Love appeares
To feed their eyes, let Muſick feaſt their eares.
Exeunt Om.

ACT III. *SCENE* I.

Piſo, Victoria.

Pi. WHy not me, Lady? ſtand not I as faire,
And fit for your embraces as any man?
Vic. Yes ſir, tis granted; and as acceptable
I yeild to none.
Pi. Tis but to try my Courtſhip, I preſume,
That you put on this coyneſſe, and to draw
More ample teſtimony of affection,
By Proteſtation, Prayers, Compliments;
The weakeſt ceremonies due to love;
Meere noyſe and Lip-labour, with loſſe of time.
I thinke with ſcorne upon ſuch poore expreſſions,
And am above the art of *Amoriſts*,
That cringe and creepe by weake degrees of *Love*;
To Kiſſe the hand, the Cheek, the Lip, then cry
O Divine touch! then ſmirk, and then embrace,
Then nuzzle in the *Elizium* of your boſome,

And be entranc'd! meanes fit for duller ſpirits,
To gather heat and ſtrength of appetite.
My deſire ſpeakes in *Loves* true dialect;
And, from my heart inflam'd, you may perceive
Loves fire rage in mine eyes, enough
To melt to yeildingnes a frozen breaſt.
In this I talke too much. I finde you yeilding.

Vic. And I my ſelfe too blame——

Pi. Let us retire then.

Vic. Miſtake me not good Signior. Keep your diſtance:
I blame my ſelfe to let you overweene
By my long ſilence, that immodeſty
To be in me, that might embolden you
To your and my diſhonor. Pray deſiſt,
And let the friendly welcome you have found
Perſwade your faire conſtruction.

Pi. Is this earneſt?

Vic. Yes in ſooth is it.

Pi. I'le be playner then,
What make you here i'th' *Smock-Faire*, precious Miſtris?
Or why theſe dreſſings, theſe perfumes and paintings?
Doe you weare the habit of our *Curtezans*,
And, by their art, call Gazers to your beauty,
Full of high hopes and flames of ardent Love,
Thus to delude, and make them witneſſes
Of a cold ſeeming *Chaſtity*? what new Art
Is this? it cannot be to get a husband!

Vic. Nor a child neither ſir, that's leſſe.

Pi. That's ſoone believ'd, yet, no diſparagement
To your expert ſufficiency in the trade:
For the beſt Carpenters make feweſt chips,
There's very few of all your function fruitfull:
Yet ſome there be approved men at armes
Famous in publique ſervice: and a many

Good

Good handy craftſmen in the *Arſenall*
Bred by this bounteous City from ſuch mothers
That nere could boaſt their fathers ; and as many
Daughters (if they prove worthy in their feature)
Succeed their active Mothers in their fortunes.
Vic. You are better read then I ſir.
Pi. Tis common knowledge Lady. Nor do I
Read this t'informe your ſelfe, who were inſtructed
(I make no doubt) before your price was ſet,
By all examples to your preſent practiſe.
Vic. Sir, I muſt tell you now, you grow too laviſh;
So, as I feare foule language ; to'avoyd which
Let me intreat a faire departure hence.
Pi. Lady, this overacted State might fit
The wife of a *Clariſſimo*, or the baſhfull
Daughter of ſome *Patrician* : but in you,
A piece ſet out to ſale, it but appeares
Affected ſingularity, more unſutable
To the temptations you weare about you
Then th'holy ſeeming pictures in your Chamber.
Vic. Why ſhould it trouble you ſir ?
Pi. It dos, to thinke what new and ſecret aime
You may intend by this ; in taking on you
The habit, and the name of *Curtezan* :
And, firſt, to ſet a price ſo far beyond
The ſtrength of any ordinary meanes ;
And then to ſhew a carriage that may ſtrike
Luſt out of countenance ! O the Knot's diſſolv'd !
O *Oedipus* ! O *Sphynx* ! I now have found it
You fiſh for Fiſhermen (tis pregnant truth)
Shee claps a Cardinall aboord at leaſt :
Tis not a Lay-mans purſe, or Learning can,
Or purchace, or confute you, iſt not ſo ?
Vic. Now you are foule indeed, and I muſt plead
My priviledge againſt you ſir, you know
I have a freedome grounded upon cuſtome
Here in this City, for a moneth to make

Choyce of my Lodging, ſet what price I pleaſe
Upon my ſelfe; admit what viſitants
I ſhall thinke fit; no other, nor no more;
And this without controule, or leaſt exception
Of you or any man; ſecur'd by th' City,
So ſafe from out-rages, that leaſt abuſe
May, on my juſt complaint, be puniſhable
In whomſoever by affront dares grive me.

Pi. I feare ſhee'l prove another creature then
The Beaſt I tooke her for: ſhee knows her ſtrength.

Vic. Yet thus much (for you are a Gentleman)
I'le yeild for ſatisfaction unexacted:
If in this Moneths ſpace, in that honor'd way
(For I deſpaire not of a husband ſir)
Of holy Marriage, I be not promov'd;
Nor, by that time prefix'd, the Great Sum tenderd
(Great as you terme't) for my virginity;
And that I ſtoope for leſſe, here is my hand
I will be yours as freely as mine owne
At your own price.

Pi. Said like a noble Wench,
Onely a word by way of friendly adviſe,
And ſo farewell. This Maydenhead of yours,
By you ſo highly pris'd; now being ripe
(And therein only merchantable ware)
Will, if you overſlip the ſeaſon, grow
Sodainly fulſome, ſtreight way ſtale, then Rotten:
Think upon choyceſt Fruit, or Foule, or Fiſh,
Rich Wines, or any Rarity; how ſoone
Their vertue's loſt.

Vic. I am enough inſtructed.

Pi. Once more farewell—pray ponder on thefe things.

Vic. Feare not I ſhall.

Pi Could you conſider how 'twould grieve a ſoule
Indued with Reaſon, Knowing, the true uſe

Of

Of *Nature's* delicates, to ſee 'hem loſt,
Or ſpoil'd for want of ſeaſonable taking,
I know you would, and thanke me for my counſell.
Vic. Indeed and ſo I doe.
Pi. Indeed farwell then. *Exit.*
Vic. Hee's gone, at laſt the tedious ſtorme is over.
I ſhall want day, as well as patience
T' indure and anſwer all the reſt ſo largely.
See my ſprightly *Frenchman!* I muſt looke
For a hot Onſet now, though a ſhort Skirmiſh.
Enter Horatio, like a French cavalier, Paulo preſents him.
Hor. Let me in my approach admire that Object
That vindicates the voyce of Fame, in proving
Shee was no Lyer in the lowd reports,
That blaz'd it for the Beauty of the World!
Vic. Good ſir beware idolatry.
Hor. The *Egiptians*,
Would they forbeare their wonted heatheniſh worſhip,
And fall in adoration of this face——
Vic. Indeed i'le heare no more.
Hor. Lady you muſt,
You are ſo farre above the pitch of flattery
That higheſt courtſhip in our beſt of Language
Wants due expreſſion of your ſupreame graces:
And not to tender you the heighth of prayſe
Were mere Ruſticity, rather prophanation.
Vic. Yet. Let me ſtay you there, and let me tell you
You have worded well your high conceipt of me,
But in a way ſo low, ſo undeſerving
A courtiers art, that I have found you none.
Hor. No Courtier Lady?
Vic. No, no Courtier ſir,
How can it fall in courtly underſtanding

That beauty can be conquerd by it's praiſe?
It breeds but leſſe reſpect, and oft times ſcorne
From thoſe that are ambitious of praiſe
On ſuch praiſe-givers. And if you came onely
Thus to pronounce my praiſe, you have ſaid enough.

Hor. Nay deareſt Lady, ſaving your diſplea-
ſure ——
I muſt come cloſer to her, ſhee'l forget *Aſide.*
Shee is a whore elſe.

Vic. Sir, your further pleaſure.

Hor. To tell you, Lady, now I like your wit
Equally with your beauty; briefly of which
A word or two, and ſo unto our buſineſſe.
(You tax me with the loſſe of time already)
You doe conſider fitly, that to praiſe
What we would purchace makes the value higher:
It is the chapmans rule to diſcommend.

Vic. Right ſir, were you to buy a Horſe or Jewell,
You would not praiſe it paſt the price propounded.

Hor. Yes, where I finde the worth exceed the
price.

Vic. (I am betray'd. Hee brings the Money
ſure.) *Aſide.*

Hor. And, that you know I doe eſteeme your
worth
Above all Salary, I yeild my ſelfe,
Fraught with unvaluable Love and Honor
To be the due reward of your embraces.

Vic. What's this ſir, to a thouſand double
Duccatts?

Hor. You cannot thinke ſo poorely, or if ſo,
Perceive them in a taſte of my endowments.
Firſt ſee my late compoſure; where the flame
Of the ſoule-raviſhing art of *Poeſy*
May light your judgement 'bove the love of money.

Vic. You'l ſay my ſoule is noble, then if I
(As I proteſt I doe) complaine the wants

Of

Of even the beſt profeſſors of that art.
The words are ſet.
Hor. To notes my voyce can maſter?
Vic. Pleaſe you to read 'hem ſir, and in requitall
Of ſuch a debt, my mayd ſhall ſing 'hem for you.

Enter Facconetta.

Facconetta, obſerve this Dity.

Hee Reades the Song.

Let not the corrupted ſteame
Of invective breach blaſpheme,
Ladies for thoſe artfull graces
Which they lay upon their Faces:
Ceruſe *and* Vermillion *there*
As aptly may be layd,
As (*to cover* Nature *bare*)
All other parts be clad.

Be wee ſick in any part,
Pain'd, or Lame, we ſeeke to Art,
(Nature's Rector) to reſtore
Us, the ſtrength we had before.
Who can ſay a Ladies Face
Leſſe meriteth the coſt,
Or the priviledge, or grace
Her other parts may boaſt?

Ladyes no, ſince Time may ſteale
Natures bounty, learne to heale;
And with nimble hand repaire
Teeth and Lips, Cheeks, Eyes and Haire;
Filling wrinkles, purling veynes:
That unperceav'd may be
Upon your lookes, the ſtroakes and paines
Of Age and Caſualty.

Vic.

Vic. Now try your voyce, Maide.

Jac. Sings.

Hor. However 'twas well Sung, you ſeeme to
ſlight
In ſuch requitall, my eſteeme of you:
But yet there reſts in me a quality,
I may ſuppoſe not ſo to be requited.
Pleaſe you command your Muſick, I will Dance,
To what you firſt ſhall name of lateſt practiſe.

Vic. Your skill hath made you confident; and I
Do ſo much honour theſe endowments in you,
That I my ſelfe will anſwer you in this.
Name you the Dance ſir.

Hor. To come the cloſer to you, the *Novella*.

Vic. I am but weakly practis'd yet in that.

Hor. Some other then.

Vic. No let it be the ſame.
Goe play it *Jacconetta*, the *Novella*. *Exit Jac.*

Hor. I doe begin to doubt my qualities
Will not paſſe here in payment at the rate
My ſchooling coſt me, when ſhee repayes all
I can beſtow, in the ſame coyne againe:
But ſince I'm in, i'le on, and make the beſt
Both Face and Legs I can in't.

Dance.

Hor. How like you it Lady?

Vic. For ſo much ſir as you have excell'd me
I crave your kind acceptance of my thanks.

Hor. I ſtill had rather you were pleas'd to accept
Me and my whole deſervings. I come to you.
If you eſteeme of Courtſhip, Language, Quality,
Sorting a Gentleman of beſt degree,
The Mixture of whoſe knowledge with his practiſe
Coſt thrice your golden Sum; let me and thoſe
Be made the meed of your moſt ſweet enjoying.

Vic. I will not make you ſuch a loſer ſir,
But rather wiſh you had your money againe

Thoſe

Thoſe excellencies coſt.
Hor. You doe not flout me Lady ?
Vic. No, i'le ſpeake plainly ſir, theſe qualities
Might on ſome thriving Stage, and lucky legs
Bring you your money againe, winning, perhaps,
The love of ſome old Lady, by ſtirring up
The embers of affection, rather luſt.
Hor. Did ever woman talke ſo ?
Vic. But certes here
They will not paſſe for ready money ſir.
Hor. I dreampt as much. Shee has a devilliſh wit.
Vic. My curteſie ſir forbids me bid you hence ;
But having private buſineſſe of my own
I muſt crave leave to leave you to the thought
Of what two thouſand Duccats are. *Exit.*
Hor. Be hand'd.

Enter Paulo.

Pau. Is it perform'd ſir ? have you done the feat?
Hor. Pox o' your Feates,
Pau. Juſt as the Muſick playd I warrant you
Sir, 'twas a moving Leſſon ; playd to th'life.
We ſtruck it home, that you might do ſo too.
Hor. The Rogue, too, jeeres me ! ſir I ſhould doe well
To ſtrike, or beat your undeſerv'd Fee
Out of your bawdy Pocket.
Pau. As if you had not done the doe you came for !
What pretty wayes can Gentlemen find out
To ſave their moneys ! 'Tis worth praiſe in ſome,
That have but little, or come hardly by't,
By travaile, ſtudy, or laborious toyle,
Deare ſhifts ſometimes, and dangerous wayes with hazard ——
Hor. Very good !
Pau. But for you Gallants, that have, as it were
Wealth above wit borne with you, and ſtill growing

Up

Up with you, paſt the reach of your expences ;
And never ſweat, but for your exerciſe,
Or what your exerciſes bring you to !
For you to thinke your pleaſures coſtly ; faine
Excuſe for petty fees, now the great charge
Is paid, and your deſire ſatisfied ——
Hor. No more.
Pau. Alas ſir, what is a poore Duccatoun
After a thouſand Duccats ?——
Hor. Ha' you done ?
Pau. Would you had not ; 'leſſe my reward were better.
See, ſee, the bed made ſmoth againe and all !
(O precious craft !) as here had nothing been !
Well would yee were all as wiſe in greater matters.
Hor. Tis the Rogues humor : I will give him ſomething
For abuſing me. There's your Duccatoun
To worke more affability in your Miſtris
Againſt my next approach.
Pau. It ſeemes then yet
You are not cloyd with her deliciouſneſſe.
Hor. Nor had one taſt (I ſweare by life and honour)
Of all my hopes, more then her Hand and Lips.
Pau. Have you not in that a double meaning ſir ?
Hor. I vow, for ought I know ſhee is a virgin.
Pau. Y'have ſatisfied me, and perhaps my art
May in your abſence worke a little for you.
Hor. Thinke of me then.
Pau. My profit pricks me to it.
Hor. Reſpect it then, Adieu. *Exit.*
Pau. Serviteur Monſieur.
The feare of thee is paſt. I was almoſt
In a cold ſweat : but all the danger now,
Lyes on the tother ſide o'th'houſe ; my Don
My hot Goat-liver'd *Diego*, ſhould he now

Diſ-

Diſcharge his Piſtols on her, they would prove
More forcible then Cannon-ſhot on me.
Enter Pedro, Victoria.
Faith quit me of ſuſpect. How big hee lookes!
As if he ſcorn'd repulſe. If he grow violent
I'le bring the Duchman in to coole his pride,
And ſet them by the eares for our *Low Countries.*
Exit.

Ped. I have not in all *Spaine* (where Majeſty
Enthroned ſits upon the brow of beauty,
And crowne the Ladies with prerogative
'Bove all the women of the Earth) incountred
With ſuch a ſcorne, as here. Diſcourteous woman,
Worthleſſe and ignorant of the weighty truſt
Was tenderd to thee in my blood and honour.

Vic. Your blood and honour, will not feed or cloath mee.

Ped. I will not change a word more with a mouth
So full of rudenes, and mechanick baſeneſſe.

Vic. Not upon my ſubmiſſion ſir?

Ped. It muſt be great and ſodaine if it move me.

Vic. Hee lookes that I ſhould kneele and beg a Kiſſe.

Ped. Why ſeeke you not to expiate your treſpaſſe
By tender of your ſelfe to my embraces?

Vic. I cannot doe't; My virgin Modeſty
Denyes that freedome.

Ped. I'le no more delay,
I ſee tis only force muſt conquer you.

Vic. You will not raviſh me! within there! help!
Enter Paulo, Facconetta.

Pau. What! is the great ſome tender'd?
Doe you want hands to tell your money Miſtris?

Vic. No, to take off the hands of Rape and Outrage
This proud imperious Spaniard grip'd me with.

Pau. Signior you muſt not gripe nor grope here

Under the ſum prefix'd ; two thouſand Duccats.
We have arithmetique to receave them by
In your own Piſtolets, or peeces of Eight
In Rialls, if you pleaſe ; but not one ſingle one
To be abated, my moſt thrifty *Don* ;
Whom I cannot abuſe enough me thinks,
I have ſeene one in your ſhape ſo well preſented.
Ped. Villaine, i'le have thee whipp'd for this
Thy fault is puniſhable by the Law. (affront,
Pau. Not in defence of honour deare *Don Tar-*
Preventing Rape and Murder. (*quin.*
Ped. Villaine die. *He drawes*
Pau. Not at this diſtance ſir, *Piſtoll.*
Beſides here's ayd.

Enter Swatzenburgh.

Swa. Hence you Muskitta. Give a look more this way
I'le force thee take thy wings out at the window.
Ped. Borne down by *Bravoes* ! let the place protect ye,
By my few minutes patience. My revenge
Shall ſhortly ſpeake in thunder.
Swa. Hold your peace ;
And vent not here your lowd *Rodomontadoes*
Left I ſpit lightning.
Ped. Well ſir I am ſilent. (ſnapt her ;
Pau. Be ſo my politique *Don.* This *Hans* has
The Dutch man carries her from your great claime :
And this may be an ominous portent
Againſt your title to the *Netherlands*,
It may hold in the great worke ſir, as well
As in this ſmall aſſay.
Ped. Abus'd and Jeer'd !
Pau. Nor they heare me not my noble *Signior*,
I'le tell you for your ſatisfaction
This *Alinanie* is a younker that would marry her,
And ſhee nor I durſt beare it otherwiſe,

(Knowing

(Knowing by chance he ſlipp'd into the houſe,
And overheard us) when you come againe
I will informe you further, you ſhall finde
My information worthy of a fee.
Ped. Take from my hand a peece of foure Gazetts.
Pau. That's three pence ſterling, you are bounteous ſir,
So, now, looke bigge and vaniſh. *Exit Pedro.*
Vic. I have not ſir, in my ſhort ſtory ſtrayd
In the leaſt ſillable from truth, and were
The eyes of all the world fix'd upon
My ſeeming Levity, my mind ſhould be
Still conſtant as the center to that end
Reſerv'd in my free thoughts.
Swa. Why was the ſum, then, of two thouſand duccats
Proclaim'd the price of your virginity?
Vic. To keep the fleſh flies off, you know my aime ſir.
Swa. I find the noble Lady; nor can I
Further attempt a breach upon your honor.
Vic. Upon thoſe termes I pray ſir be my Gueſt,
I have by this time a ſlight Dinner ſtaying.
Swa. Your favours make me bold.
Vic. See all in readineſſe *Facconet.* *Exit Fac.*
Swa. I'le drinke a frolick Lady;
Mirth and good wine take me: My looſe deſire
Is to chaſt love refin'd by *Veſta's* fire. *Exit.*
Pau. Am I a prophet? ſure the Dutchman's tane
In a chaſt ſnare indeed. I did but forge it
For an excuſe to calme and rid the Spaniard,
And he ſeemes to prevent my fiction: yet
Preſumption ſhall not ſway me. Womans wiles
Are oft times paſt prevention, and men catch
Sence of the wrongs, which to prevent they watch.
Exeunt Omnes.

A C T.

ACT IV. *SCENE* I.

Flavia, Aſtutta with a Letter.

Aſt. IF this move him not, nay prevaile not with him
To the accompliſhment of your deſire,
Would I were a man, both for your ſake and his.
Fla. What wouldſt thou do?
Aſt. Firſt take away the cauſe
Of your Greene-ſickneſſe by killing him; then
Cure you my ſelfe.
Fla. What wonders thou wouldſt doe!
Aſt. I, if I were a Man and able to doe what I
Now deſire (for I would have mine own deſire ſtill)
I would doe wonders indeed. Believe it Miſtris,
An able man that has but a weake womans deſire
Has an unknown thing; and may doe any unknowne thing, for ought I know ——
Fla. I pray thee leave thy idle pratle, and let
Me heare thy moving Letter.
Aſt. Heare it then,
As your own Act and Deed, and quickly ſigne it.

MY deare Franciſco, *If you intend not my death, helpe me to breake Priſon this Night: Elſe tho' my Execution be appointed to morrow morning by a forc'd Marriage, I will prevent it by a ſpeedier way, and by my own hand die,*

Yours and Love's Martyr.

Here, write your name.
Fla. But thou haſt ſet him down no meanes.

Aſt.

Aſt. That's in the Poſtcript, marke,
The laſt minute that I will expect you ſhall be three in the morning, when from the back Window I will either fall into your Armes, or on my Death.
Fla. I thank thee good *Aſtutta.* O that the meſſenger
Would be as true to mee!
Aſt. If we cannot win her to't, tis but a Letter loſt,
How doe they that have whole pockets full of 'hem
In readineſſe, to borrow money?
Fla. I pray thee peace.
Aſt. Why I doe not thinke there's any of 'hem within hearing,
Fla. Thou dallieſt with my feares.
Aſt. Fear it not Miſtris, ſhe is as ſure at ſuch a lift——
And ſo ſhee's come already.
Enter Nanulo, Franciſco, like a Pedler Woman with her Box.
Nan. Look you Lady, I told you true, here is the Party, that has the Knacks and things; come
Open, open, and ſhew all.
Fra. Not before you good ſir.
Nan. Are you ſo coy of your toyes?
Fra. Your diligence were better ſomewhere elſe:
This prying into womens buſineſſes
Is ill ſir for your eye-ſight, and perhaps
May ſpoile your growth. Good Sir, I crave your abſence.
Nan. I muſt give way. Shee has a deviliſh tongue. *Exit.*
Aſt. Miſtris, ſhee's for our turne I warrant you
I finde it by her aptnes to abuſe him. (one,
Fra. Come Miſtris Bride,—Nay bluſh not, pretty
To take the name one day before your time.
Fla. I hate the Name, on thoſe accurſed termes,

That have prefix'd the time. Good *Aſtutta*,
Breake with her by your ſelfes; I cannot ſpeake:
My teares forbid me.
Aſt. I hope you will not offer it. (one?
Fra. Come Miſtris, ſee. What weep you, pretty
What! and the great good turne ſo near you? ha!
What will ſhe doe to morrow night?
Aſt. Even cry out right perhaps.
Fra. Perhaps ſo too; and laugh as faſt e're morning,
Come Lady, come, hear me, and ſee my ware:
Tis from *Fabritio*, he, that noble Gentleman,
Dos not your heart leap now? Now but ſuppoſe
French chaines here of five hundred crowns a peece;
A rich Pearle Neck-lace, Saphire and Ruby Bracelets;
Variety of Jewells, and a Diamond work ——
Fra. I hate their price and them, the Sender
Aſt. Pray peace. (more.
Fla. I cannot: let mee goe.
Fra. Pray ſtay ſweet Lady.
I doe not ſay *Fabritio* ſent ſuch things,
I ſaid I came from him, that noble Gentleman.
Fla. He is not noble.
Fra. Judge him by his preſents,
And ſee the things he ſends.
Fla. I would not heare
A mention of him; much leſſe would I ſee
The leaſt relation from his hated hands.
Aſt. Pray Miſtris ſee 'hem! Open your Box! pray. (coales,
Fla. Had ſhe there *Lucrece'* Knife, or *Portias*
Or *Cleopatra's* aſhes I could embrace 'em.
Fra. Look you how near I fit you. See what's here (*A Halter, a Knife, a Viall.*
What a choyce chaine is this! and here's a Knife,
As ſharpe as that of *Lucrece*. And, for coales,

Here

Here is a poiſonous juice, whoſe every drop
Would eat through Iron. Theſe *Fabritio* ſends you.
Fla. I doe accept them.
Fra. Stay ; conditionally
If you refuſe another preſent here.
Fla. I muſt reject any from him but theſe.
Aſt. What a ſcorne's this ! This Bawd nere ſcapes alive
Out of theſe doors. Pray what's your other preſent?
Fra. Here Lady, look on't pray ; examine't well.
And take or this or thoſe. (*A Picture.*
Fla. Ha ! look here *Aſtutta* ;
The lively image of my love *Franciſco* ! (troe ?
Aſt. It is exceeding like him ! what's the plot
Fla. A thouſand kiſſes ſhall thy welcome be,
Happy reſemblance of my hapleſſe love ;
As many thanks to you, good, vertuous Woman,
O let me fall and bleſſe the ground that beares thee,
And aske forgiveneſſe for my late rude treſpaſſe.
Fra. Recall your ſelfe, ſweet Lady, tender heart !
Fla. And could *Fabritio* (I can name him now)
Shew me ſuch Kindneſſe, and himſelfe ſo noble,
To ſend mee this ?
Fra. On this condition (as I was to ſay)
That you embrace it in the memory
Of him your Love, namely his friend *Franciſco*,
And that you ever love, and onely him.
Fla. Ever and onely (though I thanke him for't)
He need not have urg'd that.
Aſt. Nor threatned theſe ;
(Your Rope here, and the reſt) had ſhe refuſ'd,
And to expreſſe their needleſſes the better
I pray returne them to him with great thanks.
Fra. 'Twas his great care to worke mee to this Meſſage,
Fla. Let then the charge be mine. Here's forty duccats.

And could you but convey a Letter for me
To my *Franciſco*, take a hundred more.
Fra. Knew you but my deſire to further Lovers
You need not bid ſo much. Give me the Letter.
Fla. Seale it *Aſtutta.*
Fra. Then you know me not;
I muſt be privy unto all I carry,
Where I meet doubts I never undertooke.
Fla. Nay I dare truſt you (Read it if you pleaſe).
Fra. Indeed you may. To wrong an innocence
So ſweet as yours were ſin inexpiable. (*Reads it.*
Fla. But will you gi't him Faith? I never ſwore
Nor urg'd a body to an oath before.
Fra. Tis given already *Flavia.* Hence diſguiſe,
More yet? nay all ſhall off. Doe you know me yet?
Fla. O my *Franciſco*! *Shee ſwounds.*
Fra. Curs'd be this idle habit
In which my impious curioſity,
To make a tryall of her conſtancy
Hath wounded her ſo deepe with jealouſy
Of a miſtruſt in me, that now ſhee faints
Under the paſſion; and herhaps may die ſo,
Flavia! my Love! O ——
Aſt. Slight what meane you ſir?
Fra. By all the bliſſe that a true Lover wiſhes —
Aſt. Will you hold your peace?
Fra. By all the oathes and practiſes of Lovers —
Aſt. Will you undoe all now?
Fra. I was not jealous of thy conſtancy,
Flavia! my Love, my Life! my *Flavia.*
Aſt. Will you loſe all you came for with your clamor?
Fra. Help me; for Love's ſake helpe to make her ſpeak,
Or but looke up. (not feare
Aſt. Would you could old your peace;
Whilſt I looke down to ſcape diſcovery,
Shee'l come to her ſelfe againe, and you too;
Tis

Tis but a qualme of kindnes, this.
Fla. Franciſco——
Aſt. Shee comes already.
Fra. Speake my *Flavia.*
Aſt. Pray doe you peace. Handle her handſomly,
And then all ſhall be well I warrant you,
You doe not know the danger, noyſe and nakedneſſe
May pull upon you, ſhould the Rogue
Dwarfe overheare you, we were all blowne up,
Which to prevent, all huſht while I goe down. *Exit.*
Fra. Be cheard my Love, I came to reſcue thee;
And hir'd this habit and the Pedlers craft;
Prayd for her abſence, and her ſilence too,
And caus'd a *Gondalo* wait at the back dore
In caſe I might ſurpriſe thee. Pray take comfort.
Fla. You need not bid, nor wiſh it in theſe armes,
Who ever praye's for thoſe in Paradiſe? *Bell rings.*
Ay me! How ſoon my feares controule my bliſſe?
I have blaſphem'd in my ſecurity,
And terror threats my downfall into torment.

Enter Aſtutta.

Aſt. Out, out alas my Maſter in all haſt——
Fra. What ſhall we doe?
Aſt. It is too late to aske,
Or now to d'on your Pedlers weeds againe:
Gather'em up and fly into your cloſet,
Dreſſe him up there. Stay not to look about ye.
(*Exit Fra. Fla.*
I'le doe my beſt to keepe him back a little.

Enter Guadagni, and Nanulo.

Gua. None elſe to ſpeake with mee?
Nan. None but the merchanteſſe to fit my Miſtris,
Signior *Fabritio* ſent.
Gua. I thanke his care.
I ſee that all goes well. No croſſe but one,
That I forgot a writing, which in haſt

I am conſtrain'd to fetch. Now where's my Girle ?
Aſt. Above ſir, buſy with the daintieſt things,
That e're allur'd a virgin into wedlock.
Out with your purſe ſir, for you cannot see 'hem,
But they will raviſh you to large expence :
Beſides ſir, 'twill be fit you give her ſomething.
Coming so jumpe as 'twere into the Market.
Gua. I will not ſee 'em. Put the woman by
Into the Gallery, or ſomewhere remote,
Quick, quick, diſpatch.
Aſt. You ſhall not need to urge it. *Exit.*
Gua. No no : my coſt is amply ſhown already :
And will be more, before the Wedding's over.
Without a needleſſe waſt in Gawds and Trifles,
(*One rings*
See who's at doore. *Exit Nan.*
A fathers care conſiſts not in expence
That is not qualified with providence.
Enter Nanulo.
Nan. Signior *Pantaloni*, ſir ſends after you
He and your advocates expect you in haſt
To bring away the Writing.
Gua. Say I am comming. *Exit.*
Aſt. What have you done with him ?
Enter Flavia, and Aſtutta above.
Fla. Our haſt and feares could not find time to dreſſ him
But I have lock'd him up into that preſſe.
Aſt. Your Father's coming up to ſeek a writing,
Pray Love it be not there.
Fla. I am undone then.
Aſt. Well hold you peace, looke bold and chearfully,
And be you ſilent, youth : nor cough, nor ſtink ;
Nor let your feare run forth in ſtreams of urine
To make him thinke his *Aqua vitæ* ſpilt.
Gua. Where are you *Flavia* ? *Within.*

Fla.

Fla. O me he comes!
Aſt. Why ſpeake you not?
Gua. Flavia.
Aſt. You were beſt betray all with your fillineſſe.
Gua. Why *Flavia* I ſay?
Aſt. Here father, here ſir,
You will not I ſhall anſwer for you when hee's here?
Come, look as nothing were, all will be nought elſe.
Beare up hee comes.

Enter Guadagni above.

Gua. Tis here that I would have thee *Flavia.*
Give me the Key of this preſſe here.
Fla. O Father, Father—— *Shee falls.*
Gua. What's the matter? ha!
Aſt. Alas poore heart! you know ſir, in her in-
You beat her once for loſing of a Key: (fancy,
For which ſhee trembles ſtill, being ask'd in haſt.
Are you a child ſtill in your feares, and muſt
Be wed to morrow? Fy, fy upon you,
Shee thinks ſhee has loſt it, but I ſaw her look it
Togither with a writing which you dropt
Out of this preſſe this morning, ſafe enough
Here in her Cabinet.
Gua. Tis like I let it fall.
Aſt. Where is your Key of this? Give mee't, give mee't.
How haſt and feare perplexes her! I could
Have pickt it open.
Gua. Doe, or break it open. (*Shee lets the*
Aſt. Ay me the fruits of raſhnes? See, (*Cabinet*
tis fallen (*fall out of the*
With all her Jewells and your writing too (*Window.*
Into the ſtreet. O my unlucky hand!
Gua. Peace giddy headed harlot, watch that none
Take it away, while I runne to recover't, *Nanulo,*
Nanulo. *Exit.*
Aſt. Will you be nimble yet to finde a way

By the back-dore into the *Gondalo.*
While I lock him and's man into the ſtreet ?
I know their haſt will leave the Keyes i'th'dore.
Quickly unpreſſe him ; and take as much gold
As you can carry, i'le along wy'e too.
Stay not to think, or thank me for my wit.

Fla. What ſhall we ſay ?

Aſt. Do as you are bidden, and ſay nothing.

Fra. Lovers ſhall ſaint thee ; and this day ſhall be
For ever callenderd to *Love* and thee. *Exit.*

Enter a Zaffie, taking up the Cabinet, to him Nicolo in a Zaffies habit.

Gua. Nanulo ! The Key to let me forth. *Within.*

Zaff. St. *Marke* and fortune make it a good prize.

Nic. Hands off Sir, that's not yours.

Zaff. Nor yours I am ſure.

Nic. Halfe part then brother *Zaffi.*

Gua. The Key I ſaw.

Zaff. Sir you are none oth' *Zaffi.*

Gua. Villaine, ſlave ! come open the dore.

Zaff. How came you by this habit ?

Nic. Perhaps to trie ſir how it will become me
When I have a minde to be as very a Knave
In office as your ſelfe. But ſhall we ſlip
Aſide, and ſhare, before the dog that ownes it
Take the bone from us both ?

Enter Guadagni, Nanulo.

Gua. I feare you can be quicker in my abſence.

Nan. The fault was in your haſt ſir.

Gua. Took you not up a Cabinet, friends ?

Nic. Zaff. Not we ſir, we ſaw none.

Gua. O you watch well above there.

Nan. This fellow has it under his coat ſir.

Zaff. But who ſhall know't for yours ſir ?

Nic. May we be bold to aske what marks it has,
Or what's within it ?

Gua.

Gua. I'le have you ear-mark'd Villaines for your (theft,
Know you not me?
Zaff. I cry your worſhip mercy, and am glad
I was your inſtrument to preſerve this treaſure
From this falſe counterfet.
Nic. Fortune has ſent my maſter to relieve me.
Enter Pantaloni, Checquino, Proſpero.
Pan. Signior *Guadagni* our Councell have
thought fit,
For better confirmation of our act,
That it be paſt here in your Daughters preſence
Together with my Son, whom I have ſent for,
Why doe you ſeeme thus mov'd?
Gua. An accident hath croſt me. Look you ſir,
You have authority; Here's a Counterfet
(Deſerves examination) would have rob'd me.
Nic. I ſav'd you ſir from being rob'd. Heare
me aſide
Sir——*Nicolo whiſpers Pant.*
Gua. Carry this in; and ſend away the woman.
(*He gives the Cabinet to Nan. who knocks at dore.*
Nic. Now do you know me, I have done the feat.
Pan. Haſt treated with the Hangman *Nicolo*?
Nic. The *Carnifex* is fitted for your ſervice,
In a moſt gorgeous habit of a Dutchman,
And about five i'th' evening will be with her.
Nan. Aſtutta! Madona *Flavia*! *Aſtutta*!
Gua. What's the matter there?
Pan. The beſt jeſt, ha, ha, ha.
Nan. You'l open the dore?
Gua. What's that?
Pan. It will be mirth to morrow at our feaſt
To laugh our bellies full.
Nan. I am ſure you heare me
Foole me, but not my maſter: he is here.
Gua. Why ſtay you there ſirrah?
Pan. I let him goe: a merry harmleſſe fellow.

I'le

I'le anſwer for him. Hence, away, and ſhift you,
And quickly ſend my Son. *Exit. Nic.*

Nan. The dore is faſt ſir, and they will not heare mee.

Gua. I feare I am undone. *Flavia*, *Aſtutta*, hoe!
Tis ſo, tis ſo, ſome Robbers are ſlipt in,
And now make havock of my goods and Daughter.

Pan. It is no dallying. Run and fetch a Smith
To force the Lock. (*Ex. Nan.*

Gua. Aſtutta, *Flavia*! O this curſed chance
I feare will ruine me and all my hopes.

Enter Pedler woman.

How came you hither?

Ped. Sir by good appointment
To bring Bride-laces, Gloves, and curious Dreſſings
To deck your Daughter on her Brideale-day,
To morrow as I weene, holds it I pray?

Gua. Were you not here before, and in the houſe?

Ped. If you could put it off ſir one day longer
I could ſo fit her with new faſhiond tires
That ſhee ſhould thanke me.

Gua. I fear a new, and further ſecret miſchief.

Nan. Hence let me fall to earth; I (*Nanulo*
may not ſee *above.*
My Maſters fury rife out of his ruine.

Gua. How gotſt thou thither?

Nan. By the back-dore which I found widely
O ſir your Daughter —— (open.

Gua. Raviſh'd or murderd is ſhee?

Nan. Worſe, worſe, by far ſir, ſhee is conveyd hence,
The Neighbours from the windowes o're the way
Saw her, the Mayd, and a young Man take boat.
They gueſſe it was *Franciſco.*

Pan. How, how, how!

Nan. Loaden with Caskets ſir. Here's his *Deceptio viſus*, The

The curſed cloak, that charm'd my honeſt care;
(*Nan. ſhows the habit, the cord, &c.*
And here's his jugling Box. What toyes are theſe!
Gua. O me accurſed wretch.
Enter Nicolo.
Nic. O ſir, your Sonne!
Pan. Where is he? ſpeake.
Nic. Sir, no where to be found
In private let me tell you, he ſlipt forth
At four i'th' Morning; ſir, when you and I
Were you know where. He caſt forth doubtfull words
Of a vagary he would fetch at *Rome.*
Pan. We both are wrought upon by helliſh Magick.
Gua. Devills are in this plot.
Chec. Prof. Thinke you of Devills?
Pan. Though you ſirs, being Lawyers, think there's none
We may both thinke there are, and fear 'em.
Chec. Forbear ſuch talke; and think upon the mirth,
The jeſt you have in hand againſt to morrow.
Pan. Sir, uſe your jerks and quillets at the bar.
Gua. Caſt there your petulant wit on miſery.
Chec. Sir, you miſtake, my counſell is to comfort,
Be not dejected, but ſeeke ſpeedy way
To circumvent the wit has wrought upon you.
Gua. Good ſir, your beſt adviſe.
Chec. Firſt charge this officer
Here, with this woman; who by'examination
May make diſcovery——
Ped. I can diſcover nothing but my ware ſir,
Nor part with that for leſſe then ready money.
Pan. Take her to cuſtody.
Zaff. Miſtris come with me.
Ped. Whither? for what?
Zaff. You ſhall know that hereafter.

Ped.

Ped. What can I diſcover?
Pan. Away with her.
Ped. What can I diſcover? *Exit Zaff. Ped.*
Chec. Into your houſe ſir now, and ſecure that;
Come, recollect your ſelfes, call home the ſtrength
Of your approved judgements, wee'l aſſiſt you.
Proſ. You muſt be ſoddaine too in this your purſuit;
Adviſe and do at once, uſe no delay; (*Om.*
The ſpeedieſt courſe is now the ſafeſt way: *Exeunt*

ACT IV. *SCENE* II.

Fabritio like the glorious Dutchman, Horatio, Piſo.

Fab. FOund you the Fort, then, ſo impregnable?
Hor. Againſt all force of armes, or braines.
Pi. No way but by the down-right compoſition
Of the two thouſand Duccats to be enter'd.
Fab. Sure tis ſome noble wench then you imagine,
But my diſguiſe ſhall put her to the teſt. (*ſhip.*
Hor. I'm ſure ſhe jeerd me out of my *Monſieur-*
Fab. Did ſhe, and all thy fine French qualities?
Piſ. And is as like to make a skitter brooke
Of you in your Dutch ſlops. For if ſhe be not,
After all this, a cunning whore, i'me couzen'd.
Hor. Shee lives at a good rate how ere maintaind.
Pi. The ſecret way, man, by her commings in
Too common among women for their livings,
I'le not believe her wit and feature are
Allyed to honeſty.
Fab. Thou art no worſhipper of faire women
Pi. No, If I worſhip any of 'hem more (*Piſo.*

Then

Then in the Knee-trick, that is neceſſary
In their true uſe let me be eunuchiz'd.
Looke here's your fathers Pimpe againe.
Hor. Now *Nicolo*?
Nic. Saw you my young Maſter Gentlemen?
Hor. Yes, there he ſtands, tranſlated out of ſober
Italian into high Dutch.
Nic. I ſweare he was paſt my reading,
Slight, he appeares as like the noted *Almaine*
Late come to town, if he had but his beard——
Fab. How like you this for a beard?
Nic. Moſt excellent!
But pray take heed your ſtay ſpoyle not the purpoſe
Of your diſguiſe.
Fab. Why what news *Nicolo*?
Nic. Your Father is in buſy queſt of you.
Fab. Then he dos miſſe me?
Nic. Pray *Phœbus* he miſſe as much of Madneſſe,
He and his vertuous brother old *Guadagni*,
Who miſſes too his Daughter. *Franciſco* has her.
Hor. Has he got her off?
Nic. And ſhee has got him on by this time: they
Are ſilly fooles elſe.
Pi. Hymen be their ſpeed.
Hor. But how I pray thee ſcap'd they?
Nic. Firſt, ſir, know
There's a ſtrange fellow without deſires to ſpeake
w'yee
I gueſſe hee is ſome *Bravo.*
Hor. A *Bravo* ſpeake with me?
Nic. Yes, and inquires here for my Maſter too,
And Signior *Piſo*, you are all known it ſeemes.
Pi. Come leave your fooling.
Nic. By mine Eares tis true.
Hor. Goe call him in, I feare no Knavery.
Pi. Your lodging protects me.
Fab. My diſguiſe me. *Puts on his falſe beard.*

Enter

Enter Nicolo, Paulo.

Nic. This is the Gentleman.
Pi. Tis the proud Braches whiske!
Pau. I cry you mercy ſir, are you Signior *Horatio*?
I tooke you ſir this morning for a Monſieur.
I thanke you for my Duccatoun.
Hor. What! Is ſhee come about? Has ſhee ſent (ſir,
for mee?
Pau. Good ſir! are you here too? I thank you
You payd me your entrance, but no parting fee.
Pi. Prithee deſerve no beating till thou haſt done
Thy errand. What doſt come for?
Pau. Sir, to intreat this Gentleman to bring
With him one Signior *Piſo*, and *Fabritio* ——
Beyond my hopes! Good ſir, are you here too?
Fab. This is a Devill! could he know me elſe
That nere ſaw him before; in this diſguiſe?
Pau. Cry'mercy ſir: you would not theſe ſhould know
Nor ſhall they (I feare it not) but hark you ſir.
Nic. What Familiars theſe Bawds are. They'l talke yee
Thus to Lords in private.
Pi. Sure he takes him for the Dutch loggerhead
We ſaw to day in the *Piazzo*.
Hor. So would any man: Hee has hit his ſhape (you
ſo right.
Pau. I am ſure I rejoyce in theſe Dollors, that
Give me to day, and are as certaine, that
My Miſtris wiſh'd a better dinner for you
For frighting of the Spaniard with your fireworks.
But, by your ſtrangers it ſeemes you repent
The Marriage offer that you made my Miſtres.
Fortune direct you to no worſe a wife,
And ſo I leave you to your choyce.
Fab. I have found the error, and will make good uſe on't.

Hor.

Hor. Your buſineſſe then is to that ſtrangers ſir——

Pau. Only your ſelfe, and briefly from *Franciſco.*

Hor. *Franciſco*! where?

Pau. Where but at our houſe ſir? he and his Bride

Craving your company and thoſe Gentlemen
I nam'd unto you.

Pau. For no diſparagement unto their worths, ſir,
But private reaſons yet unknown to me
Wherein you ſhall be ſatisfied at your comming.

Hor. But are they Married?

Pau. I brought the Prieſt to'em;
And ſaw them lawfully coupled, and before
Sufficient witneſſes, that ſaw 'em chamberd,
Shee was his own Church-ſure before I left'em,
And he has made her Cock-ſure, ſir by this time,
Or elſe he is a Bungler.

Hor. Goe i'le follow thee.
Piſo is here.

Pau. But where is that *Fabritio*?

Pi. Wee'l finde him too. Jog you ſir on before:
You are no ſtreet companion for us.

Pau. I am gone ſir——*Exit.*

Hor. You have heard all *Fabritio*; what dee thinke on't?

Fab. Nothing; nor nothing will till I arrive
There at the full knowledge of all together.

Pi. But prithee hang thy Hangmans project now,
And beare us company in thine own ſhape.

Fab. Not for the price of the *Novella Piſo*,
I'le try her to the quick. You'l give me leave
To make prize of her if I can, I croſt not you.

Hor. We wiſh you ſafe aboard ſir.

Fab. On before then. *Exit Hor. Piſo.*
Now *Nicolo*; your diſguiſe againe oth *Zaffi*.

Nic. O, it is ready; and I know my quue.

Fab.

Fab. Who ſee me, in this ſtraine, ſeeme to outſtrip
The bounds of filiall duty, let (withall)
Their obſervation, by my juſt ends, gather,
Tis not to loſe, but to recall a father.

ACT V. *SCENE* I.

Victoria, Franciſco, Flavia, Aſtutta, Facconetta.

Vic. NOw Lady, has your entertainment pleas'd you
In the *Novella's* houſe? is all well yet?
Fla. So well, that now come Father, Friends, and all
The friendly Foes that did oppoſe my bliſſe
I can maintaine my cauſe in theſe ſafe armes
'Gainſt all their Frownes and Furies.
Vic. And your Miſtris is over, too, I hope ſir
The place is not ſo dangerous as it was.
Fra. Lady your nobleneſſe ſhown in this great bounty,
Hath not alone wip'd off my foule ſuſpition:
But ſcor'd upon my breaſt an endleſſe ſumme
Of thanks; which I, unable to diſcharge,
Muſt not preſume to live, but as your Creature;
Nor will I further dare to tempt your goodneſſe
In deeper ſearch of what your reaſon was
(Paſt all my hopes and wiſhes) to provide
For me; I will not ſum in ſuch a ſcruple:
For ſure, I hold you for a power Divine
(Paſt all the fictions of the fabulous times
Faſhioning out the Gods in earthly formes)
Sent by the higheſt providence to helpe me.
Vic. You take too deepe a ſenſe of curteſie!
But ſee, are theſe your friends?

Enter

Enter Paulo, with Horatio, and Piſo.

Fra. And let me beg
Your ſuffrage Lady, I may bid them welcome.
Vic. Your Bride and I will both ſupply you in it.
Neither of theſe is he they call *Fabritio*?
Pau. No, but hee's ſent for; and comes inſtantly.
(*Exit.*
Fra. This is the Lady I am bound to ſerve.
Hor. And I to honour.
Vic. Setting aſide your ſuit ſir.
Hor. I cannot promiſe that.
Vic. And I doe wiſh
I had her double price in ready Duccats,
For what ſhe has done, and tother doe beſides.
Vic. You ſtill ſtand in your good conceit of me.
Pi. Yes, and I would ſo ſtand to't, ha ——
Vic. You are a merry Gentleman.
Fra. I will not whiſper it, *Horatio*,
The woman that I dealt with for diſguiſe
Was wrought before by this moſt matchleſſe Lady
To croſſe the Match twixt *Flavia* and *Fabritio*;
And had undone it though I had done nothing,
And ere ſhe would condition with me,
Oblig'd me; by an oath, (in caſe we ſcap'd)
To bring her hither to this Ladies houſe.
I kept that oath, and here you find us welcom'd.
Pi. Then thou haſt done't, would I had ſtill the Duccats
To pledge thee here.

Enter Paulo, whiſpers with Victoria.

Vic. Wee'l talke of that hereafter.
Pi. What acted you, *Tit*, in this Comedy?
Act. The Chambermayde, a kind of putter forwards,
Sir, to the buſineſſe.
Fra. Shee has done ſo well,
That, if a Match in *Venice* may be found

By my beſt care, i'le helpe her to a Husband,
For ſhee deſerves a good one.
Aſt. And if he prove not ſo, I am like to prove
A good one my ſelfe, and make him ſomething.
Pi. Thou wilt, I find it in a villanous caſt
Of that eye there.
Hor. And what thinke you of this? *By Jacco-*
Pi. Even ſuch another, of another hue, *(netta.*
Shee has a deviliſh gloat too.
Vic. Gallants, I find you merry, y'are more welcome:
My man acquaints me with a preſent buſineſſe
Requiring privacy. Pleaſe you, with your friends
Goe up to the Bride-chamber, There is muſick.
Waite you reſpectively. *To Jac.*
Hor. Wee'l all obſerve you Lady. *Exeunt.*
Pi. But Lady, if you receive the Duccats
Before you come to us, pray bring our ſhares,
Wee all connive you know.
Vic. Pray be not jealous.
Follow your Friends, i'le follow you ſtreight way. *(Ex. Pi.*
How dreames he of this money? he knows nothing,
An Engliſh Factor, ſay you *Borgio?*
Pau. Yes Miſtris, a brave fellow.
Vic. And is he ſo well money'd as to ſpare
Out of his Maſters truſt ſo great a ſumme?
Pau. Oh hee's a maſter here himſelfe. They are
Abroad, the royalliſt Nation of the World.
What rich Venetian Rarity has not
The Engliſh Money-maſters purchac'd from
Princes and States, to beare home as their triumphs?
And for their pleaſures ——but i'le ſay no more;
Hee thinks I ſtay too long for him to wait
Without, with ſo much money.
Vic. Didſt thou ſee't?
Pau. Moſt brightly ſhining! Hee's now telling it

In

In the next roome! He comes not to tender
The value of it in fine qualities
Like your ſuppos'd *Monſieur*: but in caſh!
Caſh! caſh of Gold! Oh tis a tempting ſight;
Able to damne a Noble womans honour. (tion:
What's your deſcent? But poore I make no queſ-
Why, this will ſet you up and make you noble.
Vic. This way of his might ſerve to turn the blood
That has but any tincture of good in it
From touching ſuch a bait, yet he thinks now
He ſpurres me to it. But *Bravo* I will fit you.
Goe call him in goe.
Pau. Now my Blood and Braine,
Be ſtrong and ſodaine, ſtay,
Vic. Why ſtop you *Borgio*?
Pau. To ſee him weigh his gold. Oh dainty ſight!
He brought his weights in's pocket: juſt Gentleman
He will be ſure you ſhall not want a graine
Of your full price of ſweet damnation.
Vic. Hee's doing no ſuch thing.
Pau. No, no, I have it now.
Vic. I pray thee goe, thou knowſt not how the thought
Of ſo much gold, and the conceit o'th' Maydenhead
Loſt i' the houſe to day ſets my virginity
On edge now to be a going.
Pau. Are you ſo ready? then I fly.
Enter above, Piſo, Horatio.
Vic. What ayles the fellow troe!
Pi. I muſt yet have an eye upon this female
To quit my jealouſy, or catch her i'th' nick.
Hor. Here we may ſee, and heare all undiſcover'd.
Pi. Watch cloſe, he comes.
Enter Swatzenburg, like a Merchant with a full Bagge.
Swa. By your leave Lady, I come not a pure Sutor
(With ſtudyed Oratory; nor addreſſe a Sonnet,

Or trifling Love-toyes to perſwade admittance
By ſlow degrees into your inmoſt favour)
But a rich purchacer, that brings, at once,
The golden Summe, and Price of your enjoying.
Here precious *Beauty*, made by this more precious!
Take your full due, and render readily
The full tuition of my wealthy purchace.
Vic. Now vertue guard me.
Pi. What's that?
Hor. Shee invokes vertue.
Swa. Ha! why this delay?
Let not the glorious ſight of this amaze you,
Though it be granted, ſodaine apprehenſion
Of ſuch bright bleſſings may tranſport a ſoule
Into high raptures, when it is conſiderd,
The Ornament of youth, the ſtrength of age,
Lifes great maintainer, Lady, let not this
At all tranſmute you. For i'le bring ſupplies
That ſhall ſo frequently acquaint you with
Such ſights as theſe, that you ſhall grow regardleſſe
Even of the care to keepe them, in reſpect
Of the delicious pleaſure brings them in:
Delay not therefore that high purchac'd pleaſure,
That brings this to you, by a Minutes loſſe
To make it fully yours.
Vic. Sir I have heard you.
Enter Paulo behinde with piſtolls.
And now muſt let you know, tis not the ſight
Of that your glorious ſumme can take my wonder;
Much leſſe my love or perſon: my amazement
Is, that a man, that beares his Makers ſhape,
Indued with reaſon, to direct and governe
That goodly fortune; and has ſuch treaſure given
him
(Beſides his greater bleſſings of the mind
By well deſpoſing of it) to advance
This worth in deeds of vertue, ſhould deſcend

Below

Below the ſenſe of Beaſts, to part with that,
Allotted for his livelyhood and honour
To waſt it, and himſelfe in beaſtiall Luſt.
Swa. How's this?
Pi. I know not what to make o'this wench.
Shee preaches me thinks.
Vic. Beſides ſir, were it well examin'd,
The golden ſumme you tender is, perhaps,
None of your proper own: I underſtand
You are anothers Factor, I preſume
In all your Catalogue of Merchandiſe
You finde no warrant to buy Maydenheads.
Is ſuch a thing in all your bills of Lading?
They are no way tranſportable, tho' you allow
For fraught and leakage halfe the worth; and leſſe
Returnable by way of exchange. How can
You take up a virginity in *Venice*,
And make a *London*-payment of it, on
Sight of your bill, or ſix or ten dayes after?
Pi. Good!
Swa. Nay then you dally with me, and I muſt
Deale plaine and briefly with you. Here's the price,
And either render me my juſt demand,
Or I ſhall take for your diſgrace an order
Shall ſpue you forth the City.
Vic. Now I feare
I am inſnar'd. I have but one way left
To fly from ſhame, or fall to utter Ruine.
Pi. I begin to ſuſpect her honeſt.
Swa. Your anſwer Gentlewoman.
Vic. Gentle ſir.
The Law hath made me yours. And I have now
No Court but Conſcience to relieve me in. *Kneels.*
Swa. What may this meane?
Vic. If the ſtrong paſſion of a Virgin ſoule,
Expreſt in bitterſt teares, move not your pitty,

This ſhall prevent your cruelty. *A Knife*
Pi. Shee'l prove honeſt o' my life.
Swa. What meane you Lady?
Vic. Keepe at that diſtance ſir, and you ſhall know:
Come nearer, and I will not live to tell you.
Swa. Pray riſe and ſpeak your ſtory: yet I tell you,
I hold it very ſtrange, that ſo much money
And ſuch a one as I (none of th'unhandſomſt)
Should not goe down with a young wench, and one
Of the profeſſion you pretend to be of
Before cold Iron! Me thinks moſt unnaturall.
Thinke better yet before you utter further.
Vic. Indeed I may not.
Swa. Well, well, on then.
Vic. Tis true, I am indeed a meere pretender
To the profeſſion you ſuppos'd me of;
A ſpotleſſe Virgin (by my utmoſt hopes)
And will remaine ſo till I am a Bride.
Pi. Too honeſt to be a woman!
Swa. Why tooke you this deceiving habit then?
Vic. I am about to tell you for your pitty.
I am a *Romane* borne, of good diſcent;
My father noble (of the *Candiani*)
How ere decay'd in fortune, ere he dyed;
Which drew on my Misfortune: For, being betroth'd
Unto a wealthy heire, here, of this City,
Who ſojourn'd then in *Rome*, his covetous Father
Raviſh'd his faith from me, to give't another;
And calld him haſtily from *Rome* to *Venice*.
I followd him, in hope to croſſe the Match,
And ſo regaine him; towards which already,
I have done ſomething.
Pi. Fabritio's wench my life on't.
Swa. What in this habit, as a *Curtezan*?

Vic.

Vic. Not without good adviſe: For, by this meanes
I draw the eyes of all the youthfull Gentry,
Not without hope to gaine a ſight of him.
My price and port keepe back inferiour perſons.
Nor loſe I honour by it: For the ſtrictnes
Of our *Italian* cenſure gives a virgin,
That held familiarity with any Man,
By way of Marriage treaty, and then forſaken,
Loſt in repute; ſhee is no honeſt woman
Untill that man doe vindicate her honor.

Swa. But ſhould hee finde you here, what were his cenſure?

Vic. Here he ſhould find what his diſloyalty
Had wrought me to; and ſhould reſtore me firme
On my firſt baſis, or exchange a life
For mine ere we would part.

Swa. This ſounds yet well.

Pau. I'le truſt thee now. Thou art a noble wench,
Thou hadſt kiſs'd Death by this elſe. Now i'le truſt thee. *Exit.*

Vic. If he were loſt by Marriage of another,
I would remove with ſuch a teſtimony
Of my reſerved honour (in deſpight
Of this my outward carriage, for my ends;
Maugre the ſterne conſtruction of my countrey)
That ſtrangers ſhould receive me; and ſome one
More noble then himſelfe——

Swa. Take you to wife?

Vic. I ſhould not doubt.

Swa. Tis done, and I am he that does it.

Vic. I cannot ſir, but kindly take your offer:
But, if my firſt love faile me, there is one,
A noble *German*, that commenc'd his ſuit
To me this day.

Swa. I am he too Lady—Looke well upon me

That in this ſhift, reducing of my beard,
With this ſupply of money came to try you,
I finde you noble, and above it, honeſt.
Pi. This is the *German* that *Fabritio* apes.
Hor. And he ſhould come now.
Enter Jacomo to them above.
Jac. Gentlemen forbeare;
Indeed it is not civill in you to pry beyond
Your hoſpitable uſage, pray forbeare.
Hor. Tis timely chidden wench, we will obey thee.
Jac. Beſides the Bridegroome, and the Bride expect you. (*Hor. Pi.*
Pi. O ha they done, we come, we come. *Exit*
Vic. This jealous tryall now of yours (how ere
You have expreſt ſtrong arguments of love)
Has not augmented you in my affection.
Swa. O ſay not ſo ſweete Lady, i'le redeeme it.
Vic. I cannot yet believe you are the Man,
You are ſo chang'd from what you ſeem'd to day,
Muſt the minde alter with the outward habit?
Enter Paulo.
Pau. Miſtris the *German* ——
Vic. Here he is man, he ſayes.
Pau. I ſay he is without, and craves to ſee you.
Vic. How can this be? or who can I believe?
Pau. Good ſir depart and make roome for your ſelfe
Your proper ſelfe to enter the Dutch Prince.
Swa. I tell thee I am he, and here already,
I am *Swatzenberg.*
Pau. Yes in your tother beard ſir.
Hans Snortanfart, are you not? well I can but warn you,
If you will needs ſtand to the taking off
A mans good name from him before his face,
Then take what followes, I will fetch him in

Miſtris

Miſtris, you were beſt be out of ſight a while;
Your preſence with this ſtranger may whet up his
fury
To cut all our throats elſe.
Vic. I'le take your councell. *Exit.*
Pau. For ſir i'le tell you, if you had but ſeene
How he worried a *Spaniard* to day, you would
Have beene able at your returne to make
As many of your Countreymen, as thrive
By ſerving of the *States* to laugh ifaith.
Swa. I tell thee I am he; 'twas I that chac'd
The *Spaniard* hence.
Pau. I tell you yet againe
You were beſt be gone before the He indeed
Come in to chace you after him.
Swa. I'le ſtand the hazard.
Pau. See his impatience pulls him in already.
Enter Fabritio in the Germans habit.
Fab. Where is this Lady? Dos her beauty flie
me?
Pau. Shee is at hand, but firſt here is a ſtranger,
A moſt ſtrange ſtranger that ſayes he is you ſir.
Swa. Was oder wer biſtu? Biſtu ein Deutſcher?
Sag mihr in was ort Du gelebſt haſt?
Fab. Who's this?
Swa. Ich denke du biſt ein heuchler; biſtu aber
ein Deutſcher ſo anwort mihr in deutſcher ſprach.
Fab. Good ſir ſpeake in the proper language of
The Nation we are in, though it come brokenly
From you that this good fellow here may under-
ſtand us.
Swa. Thou ſon of impudence, and impoſture,
ſpeake;
What is thy end in this?
Fab. Thinke what thine owne muſt be, thou ſon
of ſlander.
Swa. Precious counterfeit!

But

But I am weaponleſſe, and muſt fetch ſtrength
Of officers to right me. *Exit.*

Fab. What dos your ſhame remove you ſir?

Pau. What can this Raſcall meane?

Swa. I care not honeſt fellow, where's thy Miſtris?

Good Angells guard me.

Enter Victoria.

Pau. Dos ſhee fright you ſir?

Fab. I aske thee for thy Miſtris, the *Novella.*

Pau. What appeares ſhee to you?

Fab. Thou powerfull man in *Magick*, I will tell thee.

Th' haſt rays'd an apparition, that has damn'd thee
Blacker, then thy black art; nay hell it ſelfe.

Pau. Bleſſe us! more madneſſe yet!

Fab. The heavenly ſpirit, that inſpir'd this forme,
(When the unworthy world enjoyd her being,
Which thou haſt conjur'd into this lewd habit)
Has, at this inſtant won the powers above
To ſinke thee and thy ſorcerers.

Pau. What may you meane? Here is no ſorcery,
This woman's Fleſh and Blood.

Fab. I would not dare to try to be the Duke.

Pau. You may depart, pray hinder not the houſe.

Fab. Hadſt thou but ſeen, as I have, one like her,
And noted the divinity in her lookes
(Although in thoſe adulterate incitements
Shee ſeemes to wear) ſhe would have ſtruck thy ſoule
With fervent adoration, not baſe luſt.

Pau. I know not what to ſay to 'him. *Bell rings.*

Vic. See who rings. *Exit Paulo.*

What divine creature, ſir, was that you mention'd?

Fab. I dare to name her to thee, though thou be
Her incens'd Ghoſt, to worke me to deſpaire,
It was *Victoria.*

Vic.

Vic. This ſounds moſt ſtrangely! Have you beene at *Rome* ſir?

Fab. 'Twas there I ſaw and lov'd her.

Vic. Anſwer me pray ſir, why could not this fall
In your diſcourſe to day, when I related
My Life and Fortune to you? why do you ſtart?
I am no ſhadow; but ſuſpect you rather,
To be not as you ſeeme, the noble *German*
That vowd me love, dos that too ſtartle you?
See ſir, to prove I am no aery ſpirit,
I'le truſt your hand (if you be mortall ſubſtance)
With ſo much fleſh and blood as may reſolve you.

Fab. I find tis ſhe, and having found her thus
Shee's loſt for ever, and my ſelfe no leſſe.
That was the cauſe of this her deſperate fortune.

Vic. What's that you ſay? what aile you ſir?
how iſt?
And what moves thy deſtraction? *Borgio*, ſpeak.

Enter Paulo.

Pau. Horror and ſhame invades us, all the houſe
Is round beſet with officers. The Magiſtrates
Are entering now, for what, or whom they ſearch
I cannot gueſſe, unleſſe this be ſome Murderer
Slipt in, to draw our lives in queſtion.

Vic. Deale plainly ſir, what are you? hee's ſtupified!

Pau. The Spanyard's with 'hem too that took
th'affront
By the ſuppoſed Dutchman here to day;
And he that fain'd himſelfe to be that Dutchman
Deſires their aid againſt this unknown perſon.

Enter Pantaloni, Pedro, Guadagni, Swatz. Proſpero, Checquino, Zaffi, Pedler-woman.

Gua. This is the houſe you ſay.

Ped. And this is the Gentlewoman.

Gua. Give me my Daughter, Harlot.

Vic. Here's no ſuch creature, here ſir, if ſhe be

Your

Your Daughter, this woman directed hither,
Shee is no Harlot, but an honeſt Bride;
Lawfully wed and bedded; as may appeare
By the ſtrong teſtimony of divers friends:
Call them all downe. *Exit Paulo.*

Pant. Unheard-of impudence! Are Bawdes, and Whores
Fit Matchmakers for *Magnificoe's* Daughters?

Vic. Speake lower, or at home ſir, you know not What we are: Harke you ſir—your laſt nights (triall
Did not enough informe you.

Pant. We ſhall know more anon;
I'th' meane time what are you?

Fab. A ſtranger ſir.

Pant. We ſhall know more of that anon too.

Ped. This is the ſtranger, that affronted me;
'Gainſt whom I crave your Juſtice.

Pant. You ſhall know more anon too.

Swat. And this is my Abuſer.

Pant. You alſo ſhall know more anon.

Gua. You are well met Gentle-woman —— I gave you loſt.

Enter Paulo, Franciſco, Piſo, Horat, Flavia, Aſtutta, Jacconetta.

Aſt. What will you whimper now? will not marriage
Make you bold, that makes ſo many impudent?
Shee was not loſt ſir; nor in danger of loſing,
Shee was but miſlayd a little, as your Writing was to day.

Pi. Well ſaid my chattring Magpy. I will ſide thee.

Gua. Audacious ſtrumpet that ſeduces my Daughter.

Pi. You are Miſtaken, ſhee did but wait upon her.

Aſt. Right ſir, and did but duty i'le be ſworne.

Ped. Nor I, I will be ſworne.

Gua.

Gua. Not, in conſenting to the ſtealth ?
Ped. It was my duty ſir for the reward,
Wee all would live you know.
Gua. Will you be gone ?
Ped. I hope I am diſcharg'd : for looke you ſir,
I brought you where you finde your Daughter ſafe.
Gua. Begone I ſay.
Ped. No whit the worſe for wearing, as they ſay.
Gua. Goe thruſt her out of dores.
Ped. At my owne liberty I hope.
Gua. How thou wilt to be rid of thee.
Ped. May you ſee your Childrens, Childrens,
Childrens, Children. *Exit.* (of thee.
Pant. And thou miſledſt my Sonne, I aske him
Pi. You ſhall know more of that anon ſir.
Pant. Out-brav'd and ſcornd by Strumpets,
Bawds, and Bravoes !
Call in the Officers.
Pi. And call the common Hangman if you pleaſe,
And end all 'mong your ſelfes, if your grave wiſ-
domes,
And Lawyers, here, can find one guilty perſon
Horatia and Franciſco, &c., talke aſide with Fabritio and Victoria.
Wee'l all ſubmit our necks to you.
Gua. Tis boldly ſpoken.
Pi. I will ſpeake but truth.
And you, oppoſing it, ſhall wrong the dignity
You beare i'th' City, to your utter ſhames.
This Gentleman and your Daughter were con-
tracted,
Your ſelfe a willing witneſſe ; your Son likewiſe
Unto a noble virgin (Sir of whom
You ſhall know more anon)
It pleas'd diviner providence to take
From eithers choſen mate their earthly fortunes ;
Yet each had perſon, blood, and vertue left

Above the value of a Princes dowry.
Would you ſo Kick at heaven then, in deſpight,
Of its great Ordinance, as to force your children,
To forfeit both their faiths, thereby to loſe
The never-fayling hope of future bleſſings,
To pull withall a curſe on your own heads,
That could no leſſe then ruine your eſtates,
And render you moſt wretched in your dotage,
Paſt helpe or hope how to relieve your ſelfes:
Your conſciences ſtill groaning underneath
The laſhes that your Childrens baſtard iſſue
Should lay upon you? more, you may conſider——
Pant. We doe conſider ſir, this place and people
No fit receipt for warrantable buſineſſe.
Pi. This was no bawdy talke ſir, nor have I
Heard worſe from any mouth in this free place
Till your arrivall here.
Vic. I cannot be ſo happy.
Fran. Let her ſee your face. } *Aſide.*
Vic. O my *Fabritio*——
Pau. You ſee the worſt of us, I ſhould be loath
Any unwarrantable act ſhould paſſe among us.
Gua. Thou lookſt like one indeed of upright
Conſcience!
Pau. And for the Marriage ſir, it is as lawfull
As if your ſelfe had given her in *St. Marks.*
I'le fetch the Prieſt t'avouch it.
Gua. Fetch that Prieſt. (*Paulo joynes*
Pan. But i'le be ſo reveng'd (*in conference*
Upon this inſtrument, this un- (*with Victoria*
knowne Trull here——— (*and Fabritio.*
Hor. Our Eares and Eyes, *Fabritio*, witneſſe for
her.
Fab. You have told me wonders,
Yet with ſuch faith as I ſhall ever wiſh
Lockt in this heavenly Cabinet I take all.
Pi. You may *Fabritio*, for as I prize Life;

Honour

Honour 'bove that ; and above both thy friendſhip,
My ſoule is not aſſur'd of firmer truth,
Let thy Dutch habit drinke off jealouſy,
And take her to thee.

Fab. 'Tis done my *Piſo.*

Vic. And I made happy paſt my height of hopes.
(*Kiſs.*

Pant. Good, you ſhall ſee how I ſhall coole thoſe Kiſſes.

Pau. May I ſay boldly you are man and wife ?

Fab. Vic. We are moſt faithfully till death ;
I'le fetch a Prieſt ſhall ſtreight pronounce yee ſo.
Exit.

Pant. You ſay that is a Dutchman ſir, that wrong'd you.

Ped. Right, worthy *Signior*, that's the man I Challenge.

Pant. You ſay you are the man confronted *Don* here.

Swat. Yes, and will ſtill mayntain't, for violence He offerd to that noble vertuous Lady.

Pant. Good ! vertuous Lady ? Let mee joyne your Friendſhips.

Ped. Swa. You have done it ſir.

Ped. That is the man I challenge.

Swa. The ſame man I. He has not left the houſe Since my abuſe ; I feare to her much wrong :
For he is ſome diſguis'd Knave on my life.

Pant. Now you are in the right.

Swa. Hee could not weare thoſe Cloathes and ſpeake no *Dutch* elſe.

Pant. Still i' the right ; i'le ſhew you what he is,
And out of him, what ſhee is, whom you call
So vertuous and ſo noble ! and you ſir,
That mentioned the Hangman, come all and ſee
The commendable port this Lady beares.
It ſeems, ſir, you affect this Gentlewoman.

Fab.

Fab. The beſt of any living.
Pant. And you him Lady?
Vic. Yes, he is my husband.
Pant. Would that were true ifaith. The rogue your man
Sayd he would fetch a Prieſt——

Enter Paulo in Friers habit.

Pau. No verier Rogue then my ſelfe ſir.
Pant. Thou art a mad fellow for a Prieſt indeed;
But ſuch a Prieſt, ſuch a Marriage,
Put 'em together.
Pau. I doe pronounce them lawfull man and wife.
Pant. The Bridegroome thankes you, but you Miſtris Bride
For the fine trick you put on me laſt night,
Looke now upon your husband,
Who would you ſpeake with fellow?

Enter Nicolo, as the Zaffi.

Nic. With Signior *Raſtrofico* here, the Hangman,
I come to call him to State-buſineſſe ſir.
Pant. Can this be he? (you ſaid he was a counterfeit)
I ſaw him ride the Wooden-horſe, laſt day
With leſſe then halfe this beard, unbeard him ſirrah.
I'le beare you out. So reſt you Gentlemen
With your ſo vertuous Lady, and her husband.
Hor. Pi. &c. Fabritio!
Vic. Sir I muſt crave your pardon, This is he,
My firſt love that I told you of.
Swa. You have it freely Lady.
Pant. I am abus'd and couzend. (me
Vic. I thanke you ſir for all the harme you did
In your Revenge——And harke you, be at peace,
And i'le be ſilent for your laſt nights worke.
Gua. Forbeare mee, I am off againe.
Fran. Good ſir,

Stop

Stop not the bleſſing you were about to give us.
Gua. I am off againe. The pandare was the
Prieſt,
The Match is no Match, you no more my Children,
But Knave and ſtrumpet.
Pant. I'le not be ſo couzend.
This is no Prieſt; and all that's paſt unlawfull.
Pi. You will know more anon. (*Paulo.*
Pau. Then caſt your eyes on me, who dare (*caſts*
maintaine (*off his Perruk*
My Prieſt-hood lawfull; it being deriv'd (*and Beard.*
From th'holy Order of St. *Auguſtine*?
Vic. Let me not ſurfet with exceſſe of joy?
My brother *Paulo*!
Pau. Thy brother and thy father, vertuous ſiſter:
Be ever ſubject of my deareſt care;
And pardon me, who (jealous of thine honour
Inflam'd by the ſame heart, of the ſame blood:
For we are all the Relicts of our Parents)
Watch'd nearely, and purſu'd thy ſcape from *Rome*.
For which I had good warrant, Gentlemen
See there my diſpenſation with th' allowance
Of all the holy brotherhood of my *Covent*.
My ends were faire, though in this uncouth way
Tho' (heaven I beg thy pardon) as my care
Was to preſerve her life and more her honour;
Fearing her violent and abuſed ſpirit,
Might have made wrack of either, or of both,
I once had ſecret purpoſe to have ta'ne
Her Life, in caſe ſhee had forſooke her honour;
And with her cut off *Candianies* Line,
Which now branch'd here, may touch the worlds end
With faire ſucceſſion! Be you bleſt for ever.
And now, grave ſirs, let me intreat your likings,
And cheerefull reconcilement to your Children:
That ſo you may your Childrens, Children ſee,
Crownd by the prayers of your proſperity.

Gua. I am content.
Pant. And I, but for one ſcruple.
Cleare me this point, how had you ſav'd your honor
If the old youth, laſt night (who ſhall be nameleſſe)
Had but miſ-ſpent his time upon your moore here?
Vic. 'Tis eaſily done ſir, ſee my lov'd *Fabritio*
The Eunuch moore you gave me.
Fab. My boy *Jacomo*, turn'd Chambermayd!
Has thy Miſtris us'd thee well?
Vic. Not without much deſert.
Jac. Shee meanes for your deare ſake ſir.
Fab. I ſee, ſweete Heart, you have an honeſt Family.
Vic. Here you ſee all, and all that came i'th' houſe;
(Since it was made mine) in this Convention,
I dare them not; but give them freeſt leave
To ſpeake the worſt they found in the *Novella*.
Omnes. Wee all conclude y'are noble.
Pau. All's well accorded then. Wee all are Friends,
And may Prieſts travaile never to worſe ends.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

CAuſe 'tis the Cuſtome, By the Poet, Sirs,
I'm ſent to crave a Plaudit, and the Spurrs
That prick him on to't, is, his promis'd Pay
May chance to faile, if you diſlike the Play,
But don't if you be wiſe; for hee has vow'd
To write farre worſe if this be not allow'd.

FINIS.

THE COURT BEGGER.

A

COMEDIE.

Acted at the *Cock-pit*, by his MAJESTIES Servants,

Anno 1632.

WRITTEN

By

RICHARD BROME.

MART.

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus.

LONDON.

Printed for RICHARD MARRIOT, and THO. DRING, and are to be fold at their Shops in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1653.

ЗАПИСКИ ОБЩЕСТВА ИСТОРИИ ПОЛЬСКОЙ

ВЪ

МОСКВѢ

Drammatis Perſonæ.

SIR *Andrew Mendicant*, an old Knight, turnd a projector.
Mr. *Courtwit*, a Complementer.
Mr. *Swaynwit*, a blunt Countrey Gentleman.
Mr. *Citwit*, a Citizens Son that ſuppoſes himſelfe a wit.
Mr. *Daynty*, a ſuppoſed Picturedrawer, but a Pick-pocket.
Sir *Raphael*, an old Knight that talkes much and would be thought wiſe.
Sir *Ferdinand*, a Knight diſtracted for love of the Lady *Strangelove*.
Frederick, in love with *Chariſſa*.
Gabriel, ſervant to *Mendicant*.
Doctor of Phyſick.
Three poore Projectors.
A Sowgelder.
A Boy.

Lady *Strangelove*, a humerous widow, that loved to be courted.
Philomel her Chambermaide.
Chariſſa, *Mendicants* Daughter.

PROLOGUE.

WEe've cauſe to fear yours, or the Poets frowne
For of late day's (he know's not (how) y'are grown,
Deeply in love with a new ſtrayne of wit
Which he condemns, at leaſt diſliketh it,
And ſolemnely proteſts you are to blame
If at his hands you doe expect the ſame;
Hee'l tread his uſuall way, no gaudy Sceane
Shall give inſtructions, what his plot doth meane;
No handſome Love-toy ſhall your time beguile
Forcing your pitty to a ſigh or ſmile,
But a ſlight piece of mirth, yet ſuch were writ
By our great Maſters of the Stage and Wit,
Whom you approv'd: let not your ſuffrage then
Condemne't in him, and prayſe't in other men.
Troth Gentlemen let me adviſe yee, ſpare
To vex the Poet full of age and care,
How he might ſtrive to pleaſe yee and beguile
His humerous expectation with a ſmile,
As if you would be ſatisfy'd, although
His Comedy containes no antique ſhow.
Yet you to him your favour may expreſſe
As well as unto thoſe whoſe forwardneſſe
Make's them your Creatures thought, who in a way
To purchace fame give money with their Play,
Yet you ſometimes pay deare for't, ſince they write
Leſſe for your pleaſure than their own delight.
Which if our Poet fayle in, may he be
A Sceane of Mirth in their next Comedye.

THE

THE COURT BEGGER.

ACT I. *SCENE* I.

Mendicant, Chariſſa.

Men. YO' have given him then his anſwer?
Cha. Forc'd by you,
Heaven knowes with my much ſorrow. Such a Lover
So in all points deſerving of true worth,
And beſt indowments to make up a Man
That I ſhall never ſee ——your pardon ſir,
Though you pulld back, by violence, my hand,
In which my heart was freely given to him,
It is not in your power or ſtrength of art
To beat a ſigh back, or reſtraine a teare
Which I muſt offer to his memory.
Men. Such ſtormes ſoone waſt themſelves in abſent Lovers
When light of Reaſon, and good Counſell ſhall
Breake forth and ſhine upon 'em: and for your part
Daughter, I know it ſhall. And, preſently,

I thus begin to diſſipate your errors,
Yoo love this *Frederick.*
Cha. Love knows I do.
Men. You ſay he is deſerving in all points.
Cha. My love emboldens me to tell you he is.
Men. Chariſſa, take me with you. Is he not
Deficient in that onely abſolute point
That muſt maintaine a Lady, an eſtate?
Cha. Love weighes not that.
Men. What can he ſhew you more
To take you with, then a wild head of hayre;
A very Limebuſh to catch Lady-birds?
A Tiſſue Doublet; and a Riband ſhop
Hung in his Hatbands, might ſet up a Pedler?
Can this maintaine a Lady?
Cha. You but looke
Upon his outſide ſir.
Men. I truſt you have not
Bin over inwardly acquainted with him.
Cha. Sir, he has Valour, Wit, and Honour, you
well know
Hee's of a noble Family extracted. (acquir'd
Men. What's that a yeare? thoſe parts may be
In winning of a ſtrumpet. But what Joincture
Can he propound to you? or, (in caſe he dyes,
Your Dowry being ſpent) what perſonall Eſtate
Iſt like hee'l leave you, but his Powder glaſſe,
His Combe and Beard-bruſh, and perhaps a Trunk-
full
Of Elegies, Raptures, Madrigalls and Sonnets?
No let him goe; diſcard him: and embrace
The hopes that I have for thee in the hopefull,
Exquiſite Cavalier, Courtier and Souldier,
Scholler, (and what not!) brave Sir *Ferdinando:*
There's a Man riſing in the favour Royall,
And may in thee *Chariſſa*, make me happy.
Cha. Sir you have given me liberty of ſpeech;

And

And may be pleas'd to let me tell you now,
You aime at your own fortune, not at mine.
Men. I ſeeke no fortune, but for thy advance-
ment:
All that I ſhall call mine muſt be thine owne.
Cha. I would be playner yet; beſeeching you
I be not thought too loſe in my obedience.
Men. Speake freely Girle.
Cha. Your ayme has bin to raiſe
Your ſtate by Court-ſuits, begging as ſome call it,
And for that end you left your Countrey life,
And Lands too ever ſince my Mother dy'd,
Who while ſhee liv'd with beſt of womans judge-
ment
Which held you from that courſe of ſelling faire
Poſſeſſions to enable you with money
To purchace *wit* at Court. You pardon me?
Men. On, on.
Cha. And for th'Exchange of a faire Manſion-
houſe (paſtures
Large fruitfull Fields, rich Meadowes and ſweet
Well cropt with corne and ſtockd as well with
Cattell, (in't,
A parke well ſtor'd with Deere too, and Fiſhponds
And all this for a lodging in the Strand now——
But doe I not offend?
Men. No, no, on ſtill. (and Poultry
Cha. Your own fed Beefes and Muttons, Fowle
Loaded your long boords then; and you had then
Neighbours could boaſt your hoſpitality,
And poore, that for the remnants prayd for you,
Now all concludes upon a two-diſhd table.
And whereas then you had a numerous Family
Of Servants and Attendants, out of which
For profit or for pleaſure you could call
Your Bayliffe, Groom, your Falconer, or your
Huntſman,

Now

Now ſir, a Varlet Coachman, and Footboy
Are all your Retinue; and for the Hounds
You kept, that made you ſport and Muſick, now
None but your project Beagles, that ſmell out
Where ſuch a forfeiture is to be begg'd;
Where one would purchaſe a Reprieve, another
A Pardon or a leaſe of Life Rope-free
For ready money: Then where Goods or Lands
Are found of men that make away themſelfes,
And ſo of fooles and madmen; All to ſet
Your trade of Begging up, and ſtill you beg:
But your own want of favour holds you back
From reaching any profit by't, becauſe
You beg by Mediators tongues, which you
Call Favorites, who reape the crop of all,
And leave you but the Gleanings; ſome ſmall
pittance
To keepe alive the itch of begging in you ——
Men. Shee ſpeakes home and within me, to the purpoſe,
Cha. Still waſting your own fortunes; till at laſt
You have no hopefull project left to thrive by
But to put me upon this ſuppos'd favorite
To beg for you when it is doubtfull yet
Whether hee'l take me with the Dowry, which
Mine Unkle left me, though you adde your projects.
Men. The noble Gallant loves thee, Girle, and
holds
Thy Perſon and thy vertues Dowry enough.
Cha. He is a wanton Lover, full of change,
And at this inſtant ſingularly devoted
Unto that humorous Lady, the young Widow.
Men. The Lady *Strangelove*?
Cha. Shee is ambitious
To draw all mens affections to her ſervice,
And then abuſes all by ſcornes or ſlightings,
And this (they ſay) has made him almoſt mad.

Men.

Men. He mad! believe it not: his reaſon is
Married to him better then ſo. How now!
Ha' you ſeene the noble Knight from me?
How did he entertaine my Meſſage? ha!
Why ſpeakſt thou not? what anſwer has he ſent?

Enter Gabriel.

Gab. Hee's not Sir to be ſpoken with or ſeene
To any purpoſe, but by his Phiſitians.

Men. So ſodainly and dangerouſly ſick,
Where are my hopes?

Gab. I cannot ſay how ſick
He is; nor can himſelfe give any account
Of his condition: for he is mad ſir.

Men. How! mad?

Gab. Starke ſtaring mad; as mad
As you can thinke a Courtier muſt be
That is more mad then all the reſt.

Men. If this be true I ſinke, what is ſuppos'd
The cauſe?

Gab. That ſir has puzzell'd all the Doctors
In weighing all his ſeverall wild affections;
One findes he was ambitious of Court favour,
And gueſſes he was croſſ'd in ſome great ſuite;
Another takes him as he was a Souldier,
And loſing coſt and travaile in the warre
Muſt loſe his wits for that. A third collects
He was a Poet that drunk too deepe of *Helicon*,
And turnd his braine in clyming of *Parnaſſus*:
A fourth conſidering that he was a Gamſter
Long and much favourd, and uprais'd by fortune
To mountaynous heapes of Gold, conjectures, that
Some late unlucky hand or chance at play
Hath with his money ſwept his wit away.

Men. Fy, theſe can be no cauſes to remove,
Or ſhake his ſettled judgement or his temper.

Gab. Then ſir a fift and youngeſt head among
The learned men (what call you him for a Doctor?

Hay

Hay that affects gay clothes and Flanders Laces,
That trim effeminate Gentleman) he
Has known this noble patient to have beene
An extreame Amoriſt, deſperatly devoted
Unto the ſervice of ſome threeſcore Ladies,
And honord every one the moſt in coſtly preſents,
Banquets and Verſes ; and thinks the diſdaine
Of one or all of them has turnd his braine.

Cha. I told you ſir, the cauſe before ; and nam'd
That humorous Lady for it, whom in heart
I can no leſſe then thanke.

Men. Goe, get you up.
And ſtirre not from my Chamber on my bleſſing
Till my returne, nor admit any one
Unto a conference with you.

Cha. I obey you. *Exit.*

Gab. Some of your project ſearchers wait without ſir,
Loden it ſeemes with new intelligences.

Men. They may come in : but as I feare they (bring
Me little comfort, I am ſure I ſhall
Afford them none. Now ſirs, your buſineſſe ?

Enter 3 Projectors.

1. *Pro.* We wait upon your honour my good Lord
To crave the knowledge of what good ſucceſſe
Your honor finds in our late ſuits my Lord.

Men. Why honor ? why my Lord ?

2. *Pro.* We ſtile you now.

3. *Pro.* As all muſt doe hereafter.

1. *Pro.* Yes, and that
In a ſhort ſpace of time, the world holds no
Proportion elſe, nor ſhall it more be ſayd
That money can buy Land ; or great Eſtates
In Lands and Mannor-houſes be call'd Lordſhips.

1. 2. 3. Or wealth joynd with defert attaine to honor. (full cry.

Gab. So now the Game's afoot. They hunt in

1. *P.* My Lord 'tis moſt apparant.
Men. How you torture me!
2.*P.* Wee'l mak't appeare moſt plainly on our
3.*P.* And credits too. (lives.
Gab. Their Lives and credits, ha, ha, ha.
1.*P.* That in the ſpace of one whole year our
projects
Shall bring in fifty thouſand pounds to us,
And hundred thouſand to your ſelfe; and to
The Coffers Royall for full ſeaven years ſpace
64 Thouſand 783 l. 7s. 9d. *ob. q. per annum,*
Tis here already caſt. Which to make good
Wee'l venture Lives and Goods.
2.*P.* Our Wives and Children. (*Mend. takes*
3.*P.* We can ingage no more. (*the ſcroll and*
Gab. A wondrous ſtrange ingagement (*peruſes it.*
Your lives and goods; your wives and children
gentlemen!
That's too deep ſet, and queſtions the King's Mercy:
Me thinks it were enough, for non-performance
You would ſubmit your bodies to perpetuall
Impriſonment at the Kings charge; and leave
Your wives and children to their ſeverall Pariſhes
You are ſtill faithleſſe ſir, in all projects.
1. But when you ſhall perceive the wealthy ſonnes
Dayly brought in, and be, continually,
Troubled with the Receipts (if you may be truſted
That have ſo little faith) when you ſhall ſoyle
And gall your fingers ends with telling money,
Yet find the lickings of 'em ſweet, you'l then
Sing other Notes.
2. Meane time entreat my Lord
To put you to ſome Tellers Clearke to teach you
Ambo-dexterity in telling money.
Gab. Do you hear ſir? Can you give me two
ſixpences
For a ſhilling——or any ſingle money?
2.*P. Piſh.* *Gab.*

Gab. Cry mercy, you weare none in ready coine,
But all in Bullion lockt up in your brave chefts,
And there you have the treafure of the *Indies* ;
Of deeper value, could it be digg'd out,
Then all the *Hollanders* have waited for
Thefe 7 yeares out of the Spaniſh plate fleets.

3. *Pugh.*

Gab. But put mine eye out (now I dare you to't)
With any ſingle peece of ready money.

1.*P.* My Lord your man abuſes us here ſtrangely
With his old misbeliefe. But ſtill we doubt not
Your honourable good opinion of us.

2.*P.* You have perus'd this weighty paper here.

Men. It weighes not all twelve graines.

1.*P.* No more ?
Nay the whole platforme of a ſtately City,
Or a deſigne to conquer a whole Nation,
But doe you note the grounds, the Rules and Reaſons,
Firſt for the eaſineſſe of the ſeverall grants.

2.*P.* Next for performance of our undertakings.

3.*P.* And then the certainty o' th' propounded
Both to the King and us. (profits

1.*P.* Without all grievance unto the ſubject.

Gab. That's no little marvaile.

1.*P.* Take 'em into particulars my Lord,
Firſt this for Perrukes. The Monopoly
Of making all the Perrukes male and female,
Through Court and Kingdome.

Gab. There's a capitall project.

2.*P.* Note the neceſſity, that they be well made
Of no diſeas'd or infectious ſtuffe, of dead or living,
No verminous or ſluttiſh locks or combings,
But harmleſſe and ſound haire, of innocent,
And wholeſome people.

Gab. They muſt then reape none
From Gallowſes, nor Hoſpitalls ; from whence
They have had great ſupplies.

1.*P.*

1.*P.* You have in that
Said very well; For here's a Reformation
Of that abuſe intended in theſe words
Innocent and wholeſome.

Gab. How if a man or woman ſhall deſire
To weare a friends hayre ſo departed; as
You his; or your wife yours; may't not be had?

1.*P.* Or if your friend or Miſtris dye ſo, you
Procure the haire and bring it from the Gallows
To th'office, and it may be done accordingly.

Gab. You have in that ſaid very well Sir too.

1.*P.* Now out of this proviſion, what an infinite
Profit will riſe i' th' generall uſe of'em,
And multiplicity that will be worne
By people of all ſorts, degrees and ages:
The old to hide their naturall baldneſſe, and
The young and middle-ag'd their artificiall
Or accidentall.

Gab. By the pox or ſo.

1.*P.* They ſhall be brought into that reputation
That none ſhall be eſteem'd ſo ſound or wiſe
As publique wearers of them: which to effectuate
Tis requiſite that you obtaine a Mandat
Unto all Courtiers, that would be thought wiſe
To weare falſe hayre: becauſe clownes have been
noted
To talke like fooles or mad men in their own.

Men. No more of that.

1. What ſay to this my Lord,
Touching new faſhions of apparell; ſutes,
Hats, Boots, Swords, Belts, Ribands, &c.
For every wearer of his firſt o'th' faſhion
To pay a groat to th'King; and every Tradeſman
Two pence on every ſeverall piece he ſells
Of any ſuch new faſhion the firſt yeare?

Gab. And what may this pride money amount
Per annum, can you gueſſe? (unto

Men. I will nòt meddle in it.
2. No my good Lord.
Men. No, nor your Perrukes neither.
3. What ſay to this my Lord of the Balconyes?
Men. Nor that.
1. This then for ſucking out of cornes.
Men. Away with it.
2. This then: that on the birth of every Girle
The Father pay a groat; to hearten men
To live ſoberly and get Souldiers.
Men. Away.
1. This makes amends for all then. A newproject
For buylding a new Theatre or Play-houſe
Upon the *Thames* on Barges or flat boats
To helpe the watermen out of the loſſe
They've ſuffer'd by Sedans; under which project
The ſubject groanes, when for the eaſe of one
Two abler men muſt ſuffer; and not the price,
Or pride of Horſe-fleſh or Coach-hire abated.
This ſhall bring flouds of gaine to th' watermen
Of which they'l give a fourth of every fare
They ſhall boord at the floating Theatre,
Or ſet aſhore from thence, the Poets and Actors
Halfe of their firſt yeares profits.
Men. Fy away.
1. This is a weighty one: For maſſy ſummes
That may be freely given out of the City,
To have but this aſſurance, that hereafter
They may ingroſſe the getting of their own
Children: by order tane that Cavaliers,
And Courtiers may no more invade,
Or mix with Tradeſmèns wives: whereby tis
thought
So many City Prodigalls have been gotten;
Onely the thrifty countrey Gentlemen
To be excepted: for by them 'tis gueſt
So many Citizens grow landed men.

Gab.

Gab. Were not they gotten by Projectors think
you?
3. My Lord your ſervant jeeres us.
Men. To deale plainely
I doe allow't in him——
Gab. Heaven has heard my prayers.
Men. And will heare him or any man oppoſe
All that is put to me by way of project
To put me by all further hopes in 'em:
For (with hearts griefe I ſpeake it) he by whom
I onely hop'd to climbe (alas) is fallen.
1. What out of favour?
Men. No, out of his Reaſon.
2. The noble Cavalier ſir *Ferdinando.*
3. That late ſtood candidate for the favour royall,
Is he now fallen beſides himſelfe?
Men. Even he.
1. What have you then to doe my Lord
In lieu of all your ſervice but beg him?
Men. His greater and his nearer friends at Court
Will prevent me.
2. They ſhall not, never feare it.
1. Come we will make quick worke of this.
My Lord you ſhall diſburſe but twenty pieces.
2. Among us three. 3. And we will inſtantly
Finde his eſtate. 1. And lay you down a way
So plaine that you ſhall ſay All's yours,
Before you ſtir a foot.
Gab. But when he has travell'd
Till he has tir'd himſelfe, he ſhall returne,
And ſay All's loſt, iſt not ſo Gentlemen?
Men. I will not part with any money ſirs.
1. Truſt me you doe not well to put my Lord
Off o' his benefit, by diſheartning him
In this ſmall venture. Will you then be pleas'd
To give us but ten pieces.
Men. Not a penny.

2. Five you ſhall my Lord,
And ſtand no longer thus in your own light.
3. Or but a piece a Man.
Men. Not a denier.
1. A dinner then my Lord, but of one piece.
Men. My anſwers cannot pleaſe you. Anſwer 'em you. (throats
Gab. I wonder how you having ſtretch'd your
With the loud ſounds of thouſands, hundred thouſands
Can, after all, ſo faintly whiſper forth
One piece ; and that as much in vaine, as all
The maſſy ſummes : for all but brings you nothing,
It ſhewes you Gentlemen of reſolute patience ;
And would take thankfully I warrant you
An od halfe crowne amongſt you : and what ſay you
To every man a kick on the condition ?
What ſay you to one with tother ?
1. This abuſe
Shall loſe your Maſter a hundred thouſand pound.
Gab. Goe coine your bullion braines into the money
And come againe. My maſter was
Your Lord even now, as he was Lord of Beggers.
1. I hope to live to ſee him beg of us.
Gab. Out hundreds, thouſands, ten thouſands, hundred thouſands, Millions, ten Millions, Millions upon Millions
Away, i'le ſtamp your buttocks into coyne elſe. (*Ex.*
The Devill ride that hindmoſt of 'em, for (*Projectors.*
A raw bon'd Jade : Sfoot he has lam'd my toes.
Men. I am glad I am ſo rid of 'em, and now
As th'art my Servant and my loving Kinſeman ——
Gab. To follow you in all things but in Projects.
Men. Looke to my Houſe and Daughter, that ſhe
Nor any entrance be allowd to *Fredrick* (ſtart not ;
To re-entangle her in his Love. I know

Thy

Thy vertue and thy valour can make good
My truſt impos'd in thee.
Gab. You need not feare ſir
But, good ſir, no more projects.
Men. I have but one,
On which I'le ſet my reſt. Thoult ſay tis good.
Gab. Except it be the begging of this Madman
It can be nothing.
Men. Tis the very ſame:
By which I will advance my houſe and name. *Exit.*
Gab. The Beggers beſt is that he feeles no ſhame:
Sprecious what meane you? Ha' you forgot ſo ſoone
Your Fathers ſtrict command, and he ſcarce gone yet?

Enter Chariſſa.

Cha. Alas hee'l then meet *Fredrick* and divert him,
I ſaw him at the window making this way.
Gab. He gets no entrance to you. I muſt obay
A maſter though you can neglect a father.
Cha. Be not ſo cruell. Thou mayſt live to love,
And need the pitty of a friend.
Gab. I pitty you,
And will do no more then you know how to aske
For your own good. I underſtand your cauſe
And can relieve you if you'l yeild to councell.
Cha. You are my Kinſman; and have bin my friend,
Though you obſerve my father who, I feare,
Has not a fathers love towards me.
Gab. His love is great and certaine,
And all his travell is for your advancement:
But he goes blindfold on unproſperous wayes
Led by credulity. Projects! pox o'projects
The patron of his projects is (it ſeemes)
Pepper'd with madneſſe. Tis but Juſtice on him,
And now i'le give you a ſecret if you'l promiſe
To be ruld by me.
Cha. You ſhall rule me coſen.

Gab. This *Ferdinand*, your fathers great Court-
godling
Nere ſought you for a wife; but to have whor'd you :
(That is the Engliſh on't) and to appeare
A right great man in th'act, he would ha' made
By hopes and promiſes your credulous Father
The inſtrument of your proſtitution :
Which to effect (though ſtill he undertook
His hopefull projects) cunning Lawyer-like
He croſt or loſt him ſtill in all, on purpoſe
That poverty at length might urge him to
Give you to his diſpoſe.

Cha. This was my feare.

Gab. Away, ſome body comes.

Cha. Tis *Fredrick.* I muſt ſee him.

Gab. You'l never ſee him more then. Go to your
A little patience and he ſhall be yours. (chamber.

Cha. So dos a heart conſume in lingring fire,
When cooling hopes are caſt on hot deſire. *Exit.*

Gab. Poore heart, I pitty her, and will labour
for her.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. O *Gabriel*! I am happy in finding thee,
Thy maſter abſent, whom I ſaw, in haſt
Now paſſing towards the Court. Where's my
Chariſſa?

Gab. You may not ſee her.

Fred. May not ſee her ſir.

Gab. May not! nay muſt not : ſhall not ſee her.

Fred. Y'are very plaine with me.

Gab. Her owne command
Warrants me ſpeake it ſir.

Fred. A villaine ſpeakes it. *Draw.*

Gab. I have a ſword ſpeakes other language for
me. (written here,

Fred. Can ſhe whoſe thoughts are truth, and
Here in this breaſt, giving me ample welcome,

Give

Give thee a countermand to bar me from it ?
Wouldſt thou make her a double hearted monſter ?
Or like another woman ?
Repent thee of thy treſpaſſe yet and live.
Gab. Sir, if you thinke to fight, talke not too much ;
Or, if you needs muſt talke, then heare as well.
Fred. What wouldſt thou ſay ?
Gab. Sir, I have more to ſay
Then fits this place, ſince you are apt to quarrell ;
And this no ground to buſtle on : nor indeed
Where I dare for my honeſty and truſt
Allow you longer ſtay. If therefore you
Will walke, I'le wait upon you ; and direct you
In a more ready way to finde *Chariſſa*.
Fred. Is ſhee not here i' th' houſe ?
Gab. O ſir, a man
May come within his arme-reach of his money
In the Exchequer : but he muſt walke about
To finde due order e're he draw it out.
Fred. The fellow's honeſt, valiant, and diſcreet,
Full man, in whom thoſe three additions meet.
Gab. Sir, dare you truſt me ?
Fred. Yes I dare ; and why ?
Becauſe if thou dar'ſt fight, thou dar'ſt not lie.

ACT II. *SCENE* I.

Enter Philomel, Court-wit, Swayn-wit, Cit-wit.

Phi. HEre in this gallery Gentlemen you may at your pleaſure,
Untill my Lady comes, walk or ſit.
Cou. Or lie down if you pleaſe.

Ph. If you ſo, wrong not my Ladies Couch with your Spurres I pray: take heed you leave not a Rowell there.

Sw. If one ſhould, your Lady has no Lord to call her honour to queſtion, whoſe Knight-hood it belong'd unto.

Phil. You have a good countrey wit ſir.

Sw. My name is *Swayne-wit*; and for all you twit me with the Countrey, I am a Gentleman tho'.

Ph. I honour you the more ſir, for I am a Countrey Maide my ſelfe. (deceiv'd elſe.

Sw. Thou art a baggage, and a bold one, I am I would be further acquainted with you tho'.

Kiſſe long.

Have you done now? You will have time enough Further and better acquaintance. (for Thou art a Jackanapes of the baſeſt tricks that ever I ſaw, for a halfe-penny. Shee's your choyce, is ſhee? Could not you let be tho'? I ha' bin acquainted with thee but two dayes, and forgi' me for ſwearing, I ha' found thee beating ripe a skore o' times at leaſt. Take heede I begin not now, and handſell your Ladies houſe, that is ſo much talkt on, and your Gentlewomans preſence here with a fiſt about your eares.

Cou. Not for a thouſand pound.

Sw. That's a great deale of money. I could find i'my heart to do't tho'.

Cou. Slife we are all undone then.

Sw. He ſets my teeth on edge to looke upon him: He lookes ſo like a wilding crab, good neither for drink nor ſauce.

Ph. Why would you preſſe him then?

Sw. Thou haſt a verjuice wit.

Ph. For my poore ſake forbeare ſir.

Sw. Let him ſtand further then, and looke o'toe ſide.

Cit.

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Sw. Thou haſt a verjuice wit.

Ph. For my poore ſake forbeare ſir.

Sw. Let him ſtand further then, and looke o'roe ſide.

Cit. Well, ſir, this is no cauſe nor place to fight
Sw. What ſayes he? (in, when——
Ph. Nothing, you heare he whiſtles tother way.
Sw. Tother way, what backwards?
Ph. What new gueſt ha' you brought here Mr. *Court-wit* for my Lady to laugh at?
Cou. One for that purpoſe *Phil* you ha' ſpoke the man,
But what company has my Patroneſſe, that ſhee is yet buſy.
Sw. I that! If ſhee be long buſy I will not ſtay, and ſhee were ten great Ladies, or one as big as twenty, for all ſhee is your Patroneſſe, muſt we wait out of our wits, becauſe *Chalivers* ran mad for
Ph. Ha' you heard o' that ſir? (her?
Sw. My Cozen *Court-wit's* queſtion was who's with her?
Ph. O ſweet Mr. *Court-wit*, when will you bring the fine civill Gentleman, that maintaines himſelfe ſo gallantly by picture drawing?
Sw. Here's a new buſineſſe! Fare yee well, pray tell your Lady I came not from Penſans to grow here.
Ph. Nay ſweet ſir ſtay, there is ſir with my Lady none but the grave and witty talking Knight. Some call him the metrapolitane wit of Court; he that loves Ladyes ſociety ſo much, and yet has vow'd virginity.
Cou. As much as in man lies *Phil*; Hee is a perpetuall vowd batchellor indeed, and as conſtant to his vow as to his faſhion in apparrell, which is ever the ſame, ſir *Raphael* Winter-plum.
Cit. That old witherd piece. I know him.
Sw. Thou wilt beare up again.
Cit. He has lick'd up a living with his tongue; makes all great tables his own; and eats for his talke. He may be converſant with women: for
(they

(they ſay) he guelt himſelfe beyond Sea for ſpight one did him ; and now preaches chaſtity to Ladies, and love to their husbands. Hee's a Lay-goſpeller among the married ſort, and an eſpeciall pedant to the youth o' Court.

Cou. Fy, thou ſpeakſt too much.

Sw. There's another humor I could beat thee for with all my heart, thou wilt ſpeake outragiouſly of all men behinde their backs, and darſt not anſwer Ba ——to the face of a ſheep, O I could pommell thee.

Cit. This is not yet a cauſe to fight for, when——

Ph. But will not that fine Gentleman Mr. *Dainty* come, Mr. *Court-wit ?*

Cou. I expect him preſently.

Ph. I'leſee if their conference be ended, or breake it if I can, and haſten my Lady to you. *Exit.*

Sw. This wench has a dainty wit.

Cou. Shee may, living with the prime Lady-wit in towne.

Sw. But what *Dainty* is that ſhee talkes on ſo affectionately ?

Cou. Troth a Gentleman that lives at a good rate ; very civill in converſation, keepes good company ; yet none of his acquaintance that I am acquainted with knowes his beginning, or his (preſent meanes.

Sw. A Gentleman borne.

Cou. I know no more but by his port, and faſhion, you ſaw him with me laſt night.

Sw. Forgi' me for ſwearing, Iſt he ?

Cou. He was at the Play with us too, doe you not remember that ?

Sw. Yes, that I was at the Play, by ſure token and a ſad one.

Cit. I'le ſhew you ſomewhat of him. A Gentleman borne did you aske ?

Sw. Now he beares up againe.

Cit.

Cit. Hee cannot be a Gentleman by birth or place. A fine-handed, and a fine headed fellow he is ; and pretends great skill and practice too in Picture-drawing, Watch-making, and ſuch like finger-workes ; which he ſayes he uſes as a Gentlemans exerciſe, not as a trade to live upon ; when either he does live on't ; or elſe hee has ſome more ſecret way, as perhaps pimping or purſing for ought I know.

Sw. There he is again ! Art thou bound in conſcience to wrong all men in their abſence, till I beate thee into better manners ?

Cou. Hold, hold, I prithee hold.

Cit. Yet ſtill the cauſe is inſufficient, when——

Cou. Here comes the Gentleman.

Enter Dainty.

Cit. Is hee come ? Noble Mr. *Dainty*——The welcomſt in the World. I proteſt I ſuffer'd by your abſence.

Dai. You do me too much honour Mr. *Cit-wit.*

Cit. Oh ſir, your humble ſervant.

Sw. Ha, ha. Forgi' me for ſwearing, what a Spaniell's this ?

Dai. Gentlemen you are well found, I was a little ſtayd by the way upon receipt of monies. Ha' you ſeene the Lady yet ?

Cou. Shee's yet a little buſy. We ſhall a inſtantly take the opportunity together.

Dai. But Gentlemen ; you that have better knowledge of this Lady informe if you pleaſe, why are we ſummond hither ?

Cou. Thou ſpeakſt as if thou hadſt guilt upon thee; fear nothing man.

Sw. I that's the thing that I would underſtand too. And why me of any man ? They ſay indeed ſhee is a humorous Lady, and loves to buſy her ſelfe. But what are we to her ? are there not

greater men, and Lords enough for her to foole away the time with, but we muſt dance attendance on her humors?

Cit. I proteſt Mr. *Swayn-wit*, I admire your ingenuity.

Sw. You will be medling ſtill.

Cit Tis to your queſtion ſir, which I will anſwer.

Sw. I there's another of your cockſcombly tricks, to anſwer any queſtion, that's ask'd another man, out with tho'.

Cit. This Lady ſir, this humorous wity Lady is a wit-ſponge, that ſuckes up wit from ſome, and holds as her own, untill ſhee ſqueeze it out on others. Shee will make uſe of ours, or any courſer wits; and ſearch 'em out to ſift 'em. Shee will collect from market-folkes; and hold conferences with the poore Trades-people that cry their wares about the ſtreets, Shee will rake wit out of a dunghill Ragwoman.

Swa. So there he is againe! dareſt thou abuſe a noble Lady, in her owne houſe too? I dare not now but beat thee.

Cou. Forbeare good coſen.

Cit. Still, ſtill, the cauſe is naught, when ——

Dai. Ods ſo the Ladies comming I think.

Enter Philomel.

Phil. Gentlemen, my Lady cannot yet be rid of the tedious talking Knight. But ſhee will caſt him preſently. He is now following her into this roome, pray paſſe into the next; my Ladies Muſick roome. There you ſhall find a collation of good *Tobacco* and *Sack* and one to attend you, you know the faſhions of the Houſe Mr. *Court-wit.*

Cou. Come away Gentlemen. *Exit Gentlemen.*

Phil. I could even love and looke upon that ſweete Mr. *Dainty* a whole houre methinks.

Enter

Enter Strange-love, and Sir Raphael.

Stra. Goe your wayes down Mayd, and if any aske for Sir *Raphael* here, ſay that I hope he will ha' done anon.

Ra. You would be rid of me: but pardon me Madam, I muſt hold your glaſſe to you.

Stra. That's a poore Chamber-mayds office; and ill becomes your gravity Sir *Raphael.*

Ra. I'le open then the booke to you of your errors.

Str. Now you ſpeake ſcholler-like, and your ſelfe: But have we ſpent all this while in by, and idle talke, and have that volume to be open'd yet? Pray read mee for the firſt Leſſon for this Mornings Exerciſe, and my Edification, the laſt Chapter of my book of errors as you call it.

Ra. You are a mocker of inſtruction, and good counſell.

Str. Begins it ſo? whom is that ſpoken to?

Ra. I ſpeak to onely you; to conjure (if I can) that ſpirit of ſcorne out of you; which you have taken in, and long affected for a humor, your ſingular own humor, till it is grown ſo familiar, ſo inherent in you, that you have wonne the title of the humorous Lady by't; and drawn a ſcorne upon your ſelfe.

Stra. Why then all's paid, and wellcome good Sir *Raphael.*

Ra. I am not gone ſo; nor is all ſo payd:
For there's a greater reckoning yet of Raylings,
Reviling, Curſes by the many that
Y'have ſcornd and ſlighted, ſhot at you in hot vollies.

Str. They hit me not. I am ſure I do not feele 'em.

R. You may in time be ſenſible of their ſuffrings,
Whom you have violently, and willfully abus'd
With ſcorne and pride; if you call to mind

The

The cauſe, bred meerly out of humour; cauſe you
would have it ſo.

Str. You come too neare me ſir, cauſe I would have it ſo?

Ra. Can it be otherwiſe? Has it not ever bin
Your practiſe, ſince your time of widow-hood
To catch all mens affections? Tis indeed
An honour to a Lady to have many ſuitors;
But to lay bait for 'em only to delude 'em——
Is impiouſly diſhonorable.

Str. Have I done ſo?

Ra. Yes, and have gloried in it for your humour
To lead men into brakes with fooliſh fire.

Str. If they will follow it, I cannot helpe it.

Ra. You might though have prevented the miſ-
Of many, by a faire and free reſiſtance (haps
In the beginnings of their ſuits of Courtſhips,
And not to ſet your ſelfe at gaze to draw them on,
And then allure them with aſſured hopes
Of love and favour till you have wound their follies
Into the reach of your diſdaine; and then
To torture 'em, or having ta'ne 'em captives
To ſlave and ſell 'em to the worlds deriſion.

Str. O ſir *Raphael*——

Ra. Shee feeles compunction!
I will purſue it to the quick.

Str. On good Sir *Raphael.*

Ra. Conſider then good Madam, ſince I know,
And your own conſcience knowes, that you have
made
A ſecret vow from your late husbands death
Never to marry, how better and more glorious
It would be for your honor to declare
Your conſtant purpoſe to a ſingle life,
Then to fall into the tranſgreſſion
Of robbing men ſo of their wits and reaſon,
And all by willfull humor: as this late

Unhappy

Unhappy accident of madneſſe in
The hopefull Knight Sir *Ferdinando* cryes
Lowdly to your diſgrace, and the worlds ſorrow.
Str. Halfe the worlds ſorrow is mine own
For that ſad accident, I would I coold redeem't
With halfe my health or life. But let me tell you
(Now you have juſtly chidden me) that you
Have a fault too.
Ra. What iſt in your conſtruction ?
Str. As I conceal'd my vow of ſingle living,
And gave men leave to court me, by which meanes
I won them into hopes, and robd their wits,
You in declaring to the Court and City
Your vow of chaſtity and ſingle life,
Yet dayly, nightly, howerly frequenting
The company of Ladies, with your ſweet,
No leſſe then grave diſcourſe and converſation
Have rob'd (nay I may ſay deflowr'd) more Ladies
Of chaſt and honorable thoughts, then all
The cavalry of Court.
Ra. Who I Madam !
Str. Even you ſir *Raphael* (if unchaſt deſires
Muſt be held ſinfull) I know ſome of them,
And one (I feare) too well, that have bin ſubject
Unto the breach of any vow for you,
Yet you to vow a ſingle and chaſt life ;
And publiſh your intent !
Ra. Tis with intent,
And a religious purpoſe to decline,
And divert womans fond affections from me.
Str. O, but forbidden things are womens longings!
You have read, you have read (ſir *Raphael*) you
have read. (*Falls on her Couch*
Ra. And travell'd too : yet never could diſcover
Such an example.
Str. Pray ſit down by me. (hence.
Ra. Good thoughts poſſeſſe you Madam. I muſt

Str.

Str. I'le not be tedious to you. One word I pray ſir?

Ra. Vertue, be thou my armor. Briefly then Let me intreat you Madam.

Str. Pray refuſe not
To ſit downe by me.

Ra. Sanctity protect me, *Sit.*

Str. Sir, you are famous, and cry'd up by all
For your great wiſdome, Morall and Divine:
You are the *Ipſe dixit* of the Court
As I have heard you ſtil'd by men of learning,
The Court Philoſopher ——

Ra. Madam to the point.

Str. What is our ſtrength, and what is not our frailty?

Ra. Where is ſhee wandering now? Bee playner Madam.

Str. Doe not my bluſhes (which I hope you Deliver you a meſſage from my heart? (pardon)
Which I want words to utter? O theſe vowes!
Theſe raſh and ill-made vowes! dos not your judgement
Read ſomething on this face? pray look upon me.

Ra. I am no good interpreter of looks.

Str. I dare not ſpeake, till you have firſt remov'd
A weighty ſcruple, which doth much perplexe me.

Ra. You muſt firſt ſpeake it Madam.

Str. Whether theſe vowes,
(I meane your own, and mine, for ſingle life)
May ſafely be diſpens'd with or abſolv'd,
And we become a lawfull paire in Marriage?
Pray ſir reſolve and bleſſe me in a Match.

Ra. Madam I'le pray for you. *Starts up.*

Str. You will firſt kill me
With your diſdaine, and then you'l pray for me!
Is that your Charity?

Ra. I dare not heare you.

Str.

Str. Leave me not ſo.
Ra. Who waits upon my Lady here? *Exit.*
Str. I had no other way to ſhift him, would he would make
An errand now to *Rome* to quit my ſcruple;
And rid the Court of an officious foole:
Women ſome times have ſent wiſe men to ſchoole.
Is the Knight gone?

Enter Philomel.

Ph. And bleſſing of himſelfe,
As witch-craft were i'th' houſe.
Str. But where's my favorite *Court-wit*, has he brought his countrey Kinſman and the reſt?
Ph. They are all in your wit-office Madam (as you call the Roome)
Paſſing the time among the Pipes and Bottles,
And ſinging catches. Here you may heare 'em Madam, *A catch.*
Str. Marry, this takes paſt all ſir *Raphaels* Lectures,
Goe call 'em downe. *Exit Phi.*
This Madam troubles me, 'would he were right agen;
Or I quit of the ſcandall.

Enter Court-Swain, and Cit-wit.

O Gentlemen! y'are welcome,
And chiefly you that are the onely ſtranger,
I ha' been ſo troubled with an overtalking ſir, that he
Has wound me into melancholly——
Swa. I wiſh you mirth Madam. I come not as one o' your fooles to make you any though—*Offer* (*to go away.*
Str. Be not ſo briefe with mee, let mee intreat you though.
Sw. Forgi'me for ſwearing doe you mock me tho'?
Str. Miſtake me not ſweet ſir——
Sw. Sweet with a miſchiefe! How ſweet am I?

I come not as a ſuitor to your great Ladyſhip. I am a Gentleman of two hundred a yeare tho'.

Str. Not as a ſuitor to me ſir?

Sw. No you are too great for me. Nor to your Mopſey without, though ſhee be ſnout-faire, and has ſome wit ſhee's too little for me, I underſtand degree and quality, reſpect and difference; and am ſcholler enough to know my *unde* and my *quare.*

Str. You ga' me his true character. You are a compleat Gentleman ſir (if I miſtake not) the Kinſman of my favorite here, who has given me an ample relation of your worth and vertue.

Cou. Yes, Patroneſſe, 'tis he, who though not throughly vers'd, or converſant i'th' Court or City garbe, he underſtands both Men and Manners.

Sw. Prattle for your ſelfe ſir.

Str. But to the buſineſſe Gentlemen.

Sw. I that I would faine know if it be any.

Str. You have heard I doubt not of a diſaſtrous blot lately caſt upon my fame, out of my owne freeneſſe.

Cit. Concerning the Mad-courtier Madam, when 'tis as likely, that his Taylor made him mad as you, for not hitting the faſhion right in his laſt rich ſuit. But tis moſt like he fell from a reaſonable man, by over-ſtudying himſelfe what Lord he ſhould be at the next creation, whether of Gleek, or Cribbidge;
In and in, or Hazard.

Sw. Hearke how this ſhotten headed Cockscombe prates! And how he, that can indure beating, dares ſpeak any thing, or abuſe all men! canſt not give the Lady leave to ſpeake tho'?

Str. Since there is an aſperſion layd upon my freeneſſe in giving entertainment unto perſons of great and noble quality, the world deeming it to be done

done by me meerly for oſtentation, to cry my own humor up, by drawing them into Love-knots, and then to ſlight or ſcorne them: My reſolution is from henceforth, to exclude thoſe great reſorts, and friendly and freely be merry within our ſelfes. I have foure thouſand a yeare to ſpend; and will be huſwife good enough to keepe in compaſſe. I will not entertaine a ſervant, friend or gueſt above your rank or fortunes—— (think of us?

Sw. Why—(forgi'me for ſwearing) what do you

Str. I thinke you Gentlemen of worth and quality: and therefore welcome, I thinke you able to maintaine your ſelfes midle-ſis'd Gent.

Cit. I am Midleſex indeed; borne i' th' City.

Sw. Give the Lady leave to ſpeake tho'.

Str. I'le give acceſſe to none, that the cenſorious world ſhall dare to judge a ſuitor to me,
Or to finde favour further then meat and wine.

Sw. Yes, faith a little money to; and make's your Fidlers.

Cit. Pray give the Lady leave to ſpeak though.
(whew

Str. Mauger the greatneſſe of my former viſitants
I give you my election for the chiefes
Of my familier ſociety.
I may perhaps call in, (at leaſt admit)
People of meaner garbe, without (I hope)
Your grudge or envy. But they ſhall be men
Of Science, Art, and Action.

Sw. Of action Madam? who do you meane? the Players?

Str. Why not? I love their quality and them, and mean to have the uſe of ſome of 'em ſhortly: Beſides Muſitians (Poets in the firſt place) and Painters: In which laſt mention'd art I heare you are excellent, though all this while ſo ſilent.

Dai. I boaſt no ſkill or practiſe Madam: but I

have drawne ſome pieces that have been worth my paines in my Rewards.

Str. I muſt commend their ingenuity for whom you tooke thoſe paines. But (where I left) I muſt make uſe of wits, of arts, and actions.

Sw. Here in your houſe Madam, I would be glad to ſee the Actors, but I ſaw 'em at their own too lately: for I loſt my purſe there, no matter let it go. There was 15. pound in't tho!

Cit. Sprecious! How now! my Fob has been ſubd to day of ſix pieces, and a dozen ſhillings at leaſt. Nothing but a bowd groat left as I hope for my Grannums bleſſing.

Cou. Sure you have been in ſome ill company.

Cit. Pox of ill company I ſay. My watch is gone out of my Pocket too o'th right ſide.

Dai. You roſe o' the wrong ſide to day it ſeemes, were you in no crowd or quarrell?

Cit. I never was in any quarrell i'my life. I alwayes run from 'em.

Cou. I dare ſweare thou doſt.

Cit. I onely ſtood to day at the Coranto-ſhop to read the laſt great news; and I was hoop'd in I remember by ſome that ſeem'd to wonder as much as I.

Dai. Then certainly there was a cut-purſe amongſt 'em.

Cit. I'le go to honeſt *Moll* about it preſently.

Sw. But firſt ſtay and heare my Lady tho'.

Cou. I Madam you were ſpeaking of the uſe you would make of Poet, Painter, Muſick, Actor and the like.

Str. True favorite for a Maſque that I intend to have ſhortly, you ſhall performe the poeticall part, your ſervant *Citwit* the Muſicall. And by your skill and directions the Painters office for the ſcenes. Dancers and ſpeakers I have in ſtore.

Sw.

Sw. I muſt be ſomething too tho', muſt I not Madam?

Str. Marry and thanke you too ſir.

Enter Philomel.

Now your Newes.

Phil. Sir *Andrew Mendicant* deſires to ſee you Madam.

Str. You ſhould have told him I would not be ſeene by him.

Ph. I told him you were buſy. But hee ſayes hee is to ſpeake with you upon a weighty buſineſſe from the Court.

Str. Tis the *Court-begger.* You know him favorite. Goe not away, I'le bring him in amongſt you, And (as you love me) put ſome ridiculous projects to him. *Exit.*

Dai. What's that ſir *Andrew Mendicant*? doe you know him well?

Cour. Thou askeſt ſtill a queſtion like a guilty perſon, with a look reſembling feare upon thy face.

Dai. My countenance is too blame then; not my conſcience.

Cit. I'le tell you what he is.

Sw. Still anſwering others queſtions?

Cit. He is a Knight that hanckers about the Court, ambitious to make himſelfe a Lord by begging. His braine is all Projects, and his ſoule nothing but Court-ſuits. He has begun more knaviſh ſuits at Court, then ever the Kings Taylor honeſtly finiſh'd, but never thriv'd by any: ſo that now hee's almoſt fallen from a Pallace Begger to a ſpittle one. His buſineſſe to my Lady now can be nothing but to borrow money to buy a paire of wheeles to ſet ſome Project a going to Court for a Monopoly.

Sw. Thou wert in haſt eene now to looke after thy money; but and thy Life lay on't thou muſt ſtay to abuſe a man hehinde his back, who is a noble Gentleman thou knowſt, and I have heard, yet (ſpeake in thy conſcience) wouldſt thou not be beaten now?

Cou. Forbeare, they come.

Enter Strangelove, Mendicant.

Str. Sir, ſince it is requeſted by thoſe great ones
Whoſe power cannot command me in this caſe
(For tis my charity and not my duty)
I am content that the mad *Ferdinand*
Shall ſojourne in my houſe for his recovery.

Men. Tis thought you were the ground-work of his frenſy
The Doctors therefore mov'd their honours to it
For that your frequent preſence may be helpfull
Towards his care.

Str. He ſhall have it then
Towards the expiation of the crime
They charge me with. But in caſe ſir *Andrew*
He ſhould be cur'd by this meanes, I ſhould then
Croſſe you in fortune and your future hopes
Of his eſtate; which you have beg'd you ſay
If he recover not.

Men. I muſt leave that to fortune Madam.

Str. Will you be pleas'd ſir to take notice of
Theſe Gentlemen my friends. They may be uſefull
(*Salute.*
For they have all projective braines I tell you.

Men. Pray of what nature are your Projects Gentlemen?

Cou. Sir my affection leanes much to Poetry, eſpecialy the *Drammatick.*

Men. Writing of ſtrange Playes?

Con. I am glad I ſpeake ſir, to your underſtanding.

ing. And my project is that no Playes may be admitted to the Stage, but of their making who Profeſſe or indeavour to live by the quality: That no Courtiers, Divines, Students at Law, Lawyers-clearks, Tradeſmen or Prentiſes be allow'd to write 'em, nor the Works of any lay-Poet whatſoever to be receav'd to the Stage, though freely given unto the Actors, nay though any ſuch Poet ſhould give a ſumme of money with his Play, as with an Apprentice, unleſſe the Author doe alſo become bound that it ſhall doe true and faithfull ſervice for a whole Terme.

Men. Here's a trim buſineſſe towards, and as idle as the Players going to Law with their Poets.

Cou. I have another ſir, to procure a Patent for my ſelfe to have the onely priviledge to give inſtructions to all the actors in the City, (eſpecially the younger ſort) the better to enable them to ſpeake their parts emphatically and to the life.

Men. You were beſt take heede in time then that you well preſerve your own voyce, for feare you doe a ſpoyle among 'em in teaching 'em to utter in unſavory tunes. Doe I come hither to be mock'd?

Sw. Will you heare mine though? I am a Countrey Gentleman, young, healthfull and luſty. I heare complaints of barrenneſſe in the City; and of men that cannot get their wives with child; Get me but a Patent for't I'le undertake by my ſelfe and deputies (provided that the woman be found and handſome) to make them multiply, and upon reaſonable conditions: we will deale with the rich for money, and the poore for charity.

Men. This is fooliſher then tother. Doe you abuſe me Gentlemen?

Sw. Is that a wiſe man's queſtion? you cannot tell th'o.

Cit. We have our projects too Sir.

Men. I would have yours first, you seeme a civill and substantiall Gentleman.

Dai. In more private if you please Sir.

Men. I like well his reservednesse.

Dai. Sir I am a Picture-drawer Limner, or Painter (if you please) and would gladly purchase authority, by my selfe and deputies, for the painting of all the Kings, and Queenes-head signes for Taverns, Innes, Ale houses, and all Houses and Shops of Trade throughout the Kingdome upon this ground that they draw and hang up their royall Images for signes in so hideous manner that men blesse themselves to see't.

Men. I marry this hangs upon some ground. But are you an exquisite workeman in that art sir?

Dai. I am an Artist in that mistery sir, and have drawn some of his Majesties Pictures (by coppy onely but) so to the life, that Gentlemen have kneel'd to 'em for suites, and knight-hoods.

Men. Indeed sir!

Dai. Yes sir, and great Lords I have pictur'd so powerfully, their own followers sodainly rushing into the room have started back, and solemnly stood bare to 'em as they hung o' the walls.

Men. Ist possible!

Dai. I drew a sterne Judge, and a civill Lawyer so to the life, that after their corps were in the Grave, a man durst not looke upon their pictures without a bribe, or double fee in's hand.

Men. I doe admire you!

Dai. I ha' drawn Ladies too, with that alluring beauty, that men have lov'd their dead pictures, for their painted lookes, more then their living persons for all their vertues.

Men. Thou boy! introth you abuse me most merrily Gentlemen. *Goe.* *Str.*

Str. An excellent fellow: I like him for that fancy more then all the reſt.

Cit. Pray heare my project too ſir?

Str. Yes good ſir *Andrew*, you ſhall not part ſo abruptly.

Cit. Mine is a good common wealths buſineſſe, againſt the common Plague, that raignes i' th' City of Pickpockets, and Cut-purſes. I my ſelfe ha' bin robb'd to day, and am going to a good member that deales in private for the recoveries of ſuch goods: One that ſhall undertake if you'l but get a Patent, for a Cutpurſe-hall, or Office, to helpe all men to their owne againe, allowing but the Tithes of their Loſſes, and freeing the offending parties.

Men. Fie, fie. Here's tithing indeed.

Cit. Provided that notice be brought to the Office within foure and twenty houres after any ſuch loſſe.

Men. Enough, enough.

Cit. Wee may by the ſame courſe ſecure the Counties too, and make the hangman hang him-ſelfe.

Men. Let every man be wiſe enough to looke to his purſe, and there will be no Cut-purſes, nor need of your patent.

Sw. As wiſe a man as you may loſe his purſe tho', as I ha' done my ſelfe in a crow'd.

Men. He puts me in mind of a crowd I was in once to day of company I lik'd not —— ha——. For heaven 'tis gone: And I dare not diſcover it for being laught at.

Cou. It ſeemes none of your Projects will paſſe with you ſir *Andrew*.

Str. Come ſir, they are but (as you ſaid) merry with you.

Men. Be you merry with them good Madam, you know the ſerious worke I came about. In

which

which I ſodainly ſhall preſume to give you a reviſite.

Str. Pray do ſir *Andrew*, bring your Mad-man. My garden Lodgings ſhall be his bedlem. Come gentlemen tis Dinner-time.

Cou. We are your waiters Madam. *Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT III. *SCENE* I.

Enter Philomel, Mendicant, Doctor.

Ph. THeſe are the Lodgings, that my Lady
For your diſtracted patient. (appointed

Men. Like you 'em Doctor.

Doct. Exceeding well. Excuſe me Gentlewoman
That now intreat your abſence.

Ph. Willingly. I am not taken with the ſight you bring:
For I ſee mad-folkes enough every day. *Exit.*

Doct. Here ſet him downe. Unbind him, and unblind him. (*Ferdinand brought in a*

Fer. Am I then taken priſoner in the North? (*chaire*
Wounded, diſarm'd and bound? I ſhall (*bound and*
be ranſom'd. (*hooded, &c.*
To which of your rebelliouſly uſurp'd
Caſtles ha' you brought me? you ſir *Presbiter*,
That better can *pugnare* then *orare*,
And ſo abjure all duty and allegiance ——

Men. Hee takes you for a Northerne Paſtor Mr. Doctor.

Doct. No matter what, let him run out his fancy.

Fer. You were beſt to uſe me well; and like a fouldier
Order will elſe be tane (though you know none.)

Doct.

Doct. You ſhall have all beſt uſage ſir.
Fer. And uſe my horſe well too, and let my horſe and armor
Be decently preſerv'd and ſeene forth-comming
At my redemption.
Doct. With all beſt care ſir.
Fer. For I ſhall ſoone be ſent for, or fetch'd off
With ruine of your countrey 'bout your eares.
Doct. You ſhall have all content the countrey yeilds ſir.
Fer. I ſhall have Oat-bread, Ale, and Bag-pipes, ſhall I?
Doct. If you'l be merry ſir.
Fer. Merry! why not? come let's ha' cards; and you and I to cribbidge
For an od hundred pound, I meane not Scotch,
But ſterling Engliſh pieces, where's your money?
All gone in Ammunition, and charge Military.
Doct. I'le finde you money enough.
Fer. O here's a third man, let's then to Gleeke.
Men. Crown Gleeke ſir, if you pleaſe.
Fer. Crown Gleeke! no more?
You ſeeme to be a thrifty Covenanter
To play but at crowne Gleeke, whole piece Gleeke or nothing.
Men. High as you pleaſe ſir, wee'l find money enough,
And pay us but our buyings.
Fer. Sir, you muſt bate me Aces. You will play *Tib* and *Tom.*
Doct. All i' the Cards ſir.
Fer. Away with cards. Bring dice, ſet all at hazard,
And though I loſe all, I have yet a project
That at the end o' th' war, and the great ſitting
Shall fetch all in agen. But O my Muſe!
How dare I ſo neglect thy inſpirations?

Give

Give me Pen, Inke and Paper.

Doct. All's ready.

Fer. Now will I write, nor will I emulate
Ovids ſmoth vaine, or *Petraks* buskind ſtile.
Nor *Laura*, nor *Corinna* did deſerve
To have their prayers written in ſuch Verſe
As i'le beſtow on her that I adore.
Liſten to me you bleſt Intelligences,
And, *Phebus*, ſtay thy courſe to heare me ſing
Her prayſes, for whoſe love th' inamor'd Gods
Would leave their proper ſeates, and in ſtolne ſhapes,
Converſe with mortalls, your ſoule-raviſhing ſpheres
Send forth your ſweeteſt harmony whilſt I ſing ——
But O ſhee is diſdainfull; and her ſcorne
Hath blotted all the glory of her praiſe,
Away, away with all.

Doct. Now ſir, doe you obſerve the roote of his Diſeaſe?

Men. I gueſſe at it, know you the remedy?

Fer. Diſeaſe! what's that? who is diſeas'd? who wants a Remedy?
Are you ſir a Phiſitian?

Men. This Gentleman is, and brings you remedy, be you patient.

Doct. O you will move him.

Fer. You are a brace of Quacks,
That tie your knowledge unto dayes and houres
Mark'd out for good or ill i' th' *Almanack*.
Your beſt Receipts are candy for a cold;
And *Carduus Benedictus* for an ague,
Could you give life as *Æſculapius*
Did to unjuſtly ſlaine *Hippolitus*,
You could preſcribe no remedy for me.
Goe ſtudy *Gallen*, and *Hippocrates*,
And when your rare ſimplicities have found
Simples to cure the Lunacy of Love,

Compoſe

Compoſe a potion, and adminiſter't
Unto the Family at *Amſterdam.*
Doct. I'le Phiſick you to morrow and allay
The heate of this ſtrong fit, or Leach it out.
Enter ſir Raphael.
Ra. I have venter'd to this houſe againe, aſſur'd
That now the humerous Lady is from home
Forgetting not her Love-trick put upon me
Which ſhe already boaſts to my diſgrace
For which I may requite her Ladyſhip,
How dos your patient? a ſleepe! That's well.
Men. No hee's but ſilent ſir, and it is well
That he is ſo, ſo long.
Ra. The Lords in honourable regard unto
His health directed me to viſite him.
Fer. Who's that?
Ra. Do you not know me ſir?
Fre. You are (I tak't) the Ghoſt of *Dioniſius*
The great tirannicall Court-ſchole-maſter.
Ra. Your Friends at Court commend them to
you Sir.
Fer. What hither, unto hell? Extend their loves
So far, to finde me out? Pray let 'em know
That here's a trobled world in want of Stateſmen.
But tell the youthes and beauties there, they never
Shall finde a happier opportunity
To raiſe a new Plantation. They'l drive all
Before 'em here: For pride is at a ſtand;
Faſhions are all worne out, and no invention
For new here to be found: all beauty's loſt;
Nor have the greateſt Ladies here the act
To make ſo much as their poore Chambermayds:
Let 'em come downe, as many of the Gallants
As are made weary of their Wives or Miſtreſſes;
And, of thoſe Wives and Miſtreſſes, as many
As can their husbands, or their ſervants ſpare:
And what a yeare of Holy-dayes, a Jubile

Shall

Shall we have in hell then? Ha' old Lad!

Ra. What a wilde fancie's this!

Doct. Croſſe it not good ſir.

Ra. Pray give mee leave to touch it though, a little.

Fer. But above all, finde out the Lady *Strange-love*
That humorous Madam, and tell her from me,
The many Lovers ſhee has ſent before her
Into theſe ſhades (where we can find no torments
Like thoſe that ſhee inflicted) have prevail'd
With the great Queene *Proſerpina*, that ſhee
Shall be in place next to her royall perſon.

Ra. The Lady *Strangelove*! you are in her houſe ſir,
Where doe you thinke you are? or who you are?
Pray call your ſelfe to mind ſir, are not you
The noble *Cavalier* and hopefull *Courtier*
The moſt accompliſh'd Knight ſir *Ferdinando*?

Doct. Forbeare ſir, you will move him ſtrongly elſe.

Ra. I have authority for what I do ſir,
Can you forget your ſelfe ſir, or neglect
The bounteous fortunes, that the Court and King-dome
Have in ſtore for you, both for paſt Atchievements,
And for the large endowments of court-vertue
Are found ſtill growing in you, ſtudied and practis'd
So to the life, as if you were built up
Vertues own Manſion, on her foure firme pillars?—

Men. I hope he cannot flatter him into's wits
When 'tis the way to foole men out of 'em.

Ra. The Wiſdome, Juſtice, Magnanimity,
And temperance of court you are exactly
Fram'd and compos'd of, and indued with all
The excelencies that may adorne a man
By Nature, Fortune, Art and Induſtry!

And

And all this glorious light to be eclips'd;
And ſuch Divine perfections ſeeme to ſleepe?
Fer. Pray ſir your eare.
Ra. Sir, moſt attentively.
Fer. What do you thinke of Salsbury ſteeple ſir,
For a fit hunting ſpeare t'incounter with
The whore of Babilion? might I not firke her thinke you?
Men. Your Doctrine dos not edify ſir *Raphael.*
Fer. Is Oratour *Demoſtines* growne dumbe
O'th' ſodaine? what! no anſwer? give me a Knife
He is but tongue-tied.
Ra. Guard me Divinity.
Doct. I told you what you would doe.
Men. Patience good ſir.
Fer. Patience in tortures?
Doct. Helpe here ſodainly!

Enter Servants.

Fer. Do you ſally forth in troupes? Have I no troupe?
Give me my horſe and armes, and come a hundred.
Doct. Wee'l arme and horſe you, ſince y'are ſo unruly,
Away with him into his Bed-chamber.
Fer. O doe you make me then your Knight o' th' ſhire
A tun o' Wine for that. Shoulder your Knight, advance your Knight, beare him out. (*Manent Men.*
Al. A *Ferdinand*, a *Ferdinand*, &c. (*ſir Rap.*
Men. This now to me is Muſick, Golden-chimes
That rings all in with an aſſur'd advantage,
How now Sir *Raphael!* Frighted?
Ra. In all my diſputations all my travailes,
And all conſpiracies that have bin had
Againſt me, never met I an incounter
By man, or ſpirit that I feard ſo much,
Yet here's another fury.

Enter

Enter Strangelove.

Str. By what oppreſſion or tiranny (for Law
I'm ſure could never do't) is my houſe here
Confiſcated or uſurp'd, and I become your ſlave?

Men. How Madam?

Str. Your ſlave, lay your commands on mee, what drudgery doe you appoint me to?

Ra. Shee's mad too.

Men. Did not your Ladyſhip give way?

Str. To make my houſe a hell?
The noyſe of Bedlem is ſoft muſick to't.
Could your Projectorſhip find no houſe elſe
To make a mad man madder in but mine?
And me as mad as he too with the trouble.

Men. I was no principle in't good Madam. *Exit.*

Str. Was it your plot then ſir *Philoſophaſter*,
That ſo you might under pretext of reading
Philoſophy to him, to cure his madneſſe
Make your adreſſe to me to proſequte
Your Love-ſuite when I thought I had anſwer'd you,
But if you muſt proceede, o'recome me if you can,
Yet let me warne you to take heede withall
You pull not a diſeaſe unto you, that may
By your ungovern'd haſt poſt into
Your grave: for I ſhall prove a torment to you,
Though you'l take no denyall, take yet a warning.

Ra. I take it to forſake your houſe; and never
More to reſort where madneſſe raignes. Did I
Make love to you?

Str. Pardon mee vertuous ſir, it is my love to you that tortures mee into this wild diſtraction. O ſir *Raphael.*

Ra. Now vertue guide me. I will ſhun this place
More then I would the Spaniſh Inquiſition.

Str. I ſhall in time be rid of all ſuch Gueſts,
And have the liberty of mine owne houſe
With mine own company, and to mine own ends

Where

Where are you *Phil*? I were but dead if I had not
this wench to foole withall ſometimes.

Enter Phil.

Phil. Madam.

Str. I muſt be a little ſerious with you, ſhut the
Phi. Now am I call'd into correction, (dore
When ſhee is vext and wants the company
Shee likes, then come I into queſtion,
'Tis common among Ladies with their women.

Str. Why that down looke, as if you meant to
fetch
An anſwer, or excuſe out of your Apron-ſtrings
Before you are charged or queſtion'd? what new
Has paſt of late? (fault

Phi. Doe you read any Madam
Upon my face or lookes? I never was in love
Much with my face, nor over hated it. But if I
It had upon't, or in it, any treſpaſſe (thought
Againſt your Ladyſhip (my heart being cleare)
Theſe Nayles ſhould *claw* it out. *Teare.*

Str. Nay be not paſſionate *Phil.* I know you
cannot
Forget the care I have had of you; nor ſhould you
Diſtruſt me in the promiſes I have made you,
Bearing your ſelfe according to your covenant *Phil*,
Of which one Article is to laugh with me.

Ph. Go, you are ſuch a Lady, ha, ha, ha.

Str. Now thou comſt to me wench: hadſt forgot?

Phi. You ſaid you would be ſerious.

Str. Doſt not thou know my ſeriouſneſſe is to
laugh in private,
And that thou art bound to ſtir that humour in me?
There's but two things more condition'd in thy
ſervice;
To do what I bid thee, and tell me the truth
In all things that I aske thee. (elfe.

Phi. I Madam, you had never known that ſame

Str. Of the clap thou hadſt i'the Countrey e're I took thee,
But haſt thou faithfully kept thine own e're ſince?
Phi. Yes moſt ſeverely Madam on your promiſe—
Str. Well we will have a husband then to ſolder up the old crack,
I have already made my choyce for you:
Your ſweete-heart *Cit-wit* makes moſt ſuite to you,
And has a good Eſtate, and wit enough
Too for a husband, and a handſome perſon.
Phi. I finde no fault in all that. But he is
So baſe a coward, that he may be ſoone
Beaten out of his wit and money.
Str. But if he ſhould prove valiant!
Phi. If he were valiant now I could ſay ſomething,
But to wait for growing to't were ſuch a loſſe of time.
Str. What ſay to *Swayn-wit*?
Phi. Hee's the others extreme. I might feare him but never love him.
Str. What think you of my ſpeciall favorite Mr. *Courtwit*?
Phi. As of a Courtier Madam, that has taſted
So much of all waters, that when he has a fountaine
Hee'l be too jealous of it. (of his owne
And feard that every man will drink of's cup
When perhaps none dares touch it, were I it.
Str. What ſay to *Dainty* then the curious Limner?
Phi. I am bound from lying. Madam hee's the man.
Str. Well i'le take thy cauſe in hand wench: But yet we are not merry. I am inclin'd moſt jovially to mirth me thinks. Pray *Jove* ſome good be towards. Laugh or i'le pinch you, till you doe.
Phi. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Madam, ha, ha, ha. O the picture-drawer! ha, ha, ha.
Str. I, come, the Picture drawer.

Phi. O, I love drawing and painting, as no Lady better, who for the moſt part are of their occupation that profeſſe it. And ſhall I tell all Madam?

Str. By all meanes *Phil.*——now ſhee's enter'd.

Phil. I hope I am handſome enough too. For I have heard that Limners or Picture-drawers, doe covet to have the faireſt and beſt featur'd wives, (or if not wives, Miſtreſſes) that they can poſſibly purchace, to draw naked Pictures by, as of *Diana*, *Venus*, *Andromeda*, *Leda*, or the like, either vertuous or laſcivious; whom they make to ſit or ſtand naked in all the ſeverall poſtures, and to lie as many wayes to helpe their art in drawing, who knowes how I may ſet his fancy a worke? and with modeſty enough. We were all naked once, and muſt be ſo againe. I could ſit for the naked Shepherdeſſe, with one Leg over the tother Knee, picking the Thorne out of her Foote moſt neatly, to make the Satyre peepe under.

Str. Well thou ſhalt have him.

Boy. Miſtris *Philomel.* *Within.*

Str. Let in the Boy. Now ſir your newes?

Boy. The mad Knights Doctor Madam intreats to ſpeake with you.

Str. Now ſeekes he my aſſiſtance in his cure.

Boy. And Mr. *Court-wit*, and the other Gentlemen are below.

Str. Goe you and entertaine the Gentlemen, while I conſult with the Doctor, let him enter.

Enter Doctor.

Now Mr. Doctor! you come to aske my counſell I know for your impatient Patient. But let me tell you firſt, the moſt learned Authors, that I can turne over; as *Dioſcorides*, *Avicen*, *Galen*, and *Hyppocrates* are much diſcrepant in their opinions concerning the remedies for his diſeaſe.

Doct. Madam——

Str. Therefore I truſt you'l pardon my weakneſſe, if my opinion jumps not altogether with your judgement.

Doc. Madam, my purpoſe was not——

Str. My purpoſe is to adviſe you though, that, if his Frenzie proceed from love as you conjecture, that you adminiſter of the rootes of *Hellebore*, deſtill'd together with *Salt-peter*, and the flowers of blind Netles, I'le give you the proportions, and the quantity is to take.

Doc. Miſtake not me good Madam——

Str. But if his Malady grow out of ambition, and his over weening hopes of greatneſſe (as I conjecture) then he may take a top of Cedar, or an Oake-apple is very ſoveraigne with the ſpirit of Hempſeed.

Do. Madam, I ſeeke no counſell in this caſe, my cunning is——

Str. To let me know, that that part of my houſe which I allow you is too little for you.

Do. Shee's ſurely mad.

Str. But you muſt claime poſſeſſion of the reſt, You are come to warne me out on't; are you not?

Doc. Miſtake not ſo good Madam.

Str. Or do you call my attendance on his perſon, by way of a Nurſe-keeper? I can do little ſervice.

Doc. For my part Madam I am ſorry we are made the trouble of your houſe, and rather wiſh me out on't then your favour. But if your Ladyſhip will bee pleas'd to entertaine with patience the little I have to ſay.

Stra. Come to it quickly then.

Doc. Firſt, let me tell you Madam, as 'tis manifeſt
You were the cauſe of his diſtraction,
Y'are bound in charity to yeild ſuch meanes
(With ſafety of your honor and eſtate)
As you may render for his reſtoration
Which of all the earthly meanes depends on you

If

If I know any thing in my profeſſion.

Str. Come to the point, you'ld have me viſit him.

Doc. True Madam: for a ſight of you, ſhall more
Allure his reaſon to him, then all medicine
Can be preſcrib'd.

Str. By your favour ſir, you ſay
Saving my honor and eſtate I am bound,
But may I with the ſafety of my Life,
And limbes, and a whole skin dare venture.

Doc. My life o'.that.

Str. You might more ſafely lay
Lives of a hundred Patients.

Doc. Now hee's calme,
Now ſhall he ſee you, but at moſt ſecure
And modeſt diſtance.

Str. Come for once i'le truſt you. *Exit.*

Enter Swayn-wit, and Cit-wit.

Sw. Come out into the Garden here; and let them talke within, I ſay he ſhall talke with her; and his belly full, and doe with her too, her belly full, for all thou: an honeſt diſcreet Gentleman, and thou a coward and a cockſcombe. Beſides he has an art and quality to live upon, and maintaine her Lady-like, when all thy money may be gone. And yet thou prat'ſt o' thy two thouſand pound at uſe, when thou and thy money too are but an aſſe and's load tho'.

Cit. Well, you may ſpeake your pleaſure. This is no cauſe to fight for.

Sw. I'le make thee fight, or promiſe to fight with me, or ſomebody elſe before we part, or cut thee into pieces.

Enter Court-wit.

Cou. But tell me ſeriouſly doſt thou love my Ladies woman ſo well as to marry her, and ſuffer the Picture-drawer now to court her privately, and perhaps to draw and carry her from thee?

Cit. Why he here will have it ſo you ſee, and pull'd mee out.

Sw. It is to doe a cure upon thee, coward.

Cit. Coward! piſh! a common Name to men in buffe and feather. I ſcorne to anſwer to't.

Sw. Why doſt thou weare a Sword? only to hurt mens feet that kick thee?

Cou. Nay you are too ſevere.

Sw. Pray hold your peace. I'le jowle your heads together, and ſo beat ton with tother elſe. Why doſt thou were a Sword I ſay?

Cit. To fight when I ſee cauſe.

Cou. Now he ſayes ſomething, yet, and may be curable.

Sw. What is a cauſe to fight for?

Cit. I am not to tell you that ſir. It muſt be found out and given me before I ought to take notice.

Cou. You may ſafely ſay for Religion, King or Countrey.

Sw. Darſt thou fight for Religion? ſay.

Cit. Who that has any Religion will fight I ſay?

Sw. I ſay thou haſt none. Speake, haſt thou any?

Cit. Truly, in this wavering world I know not how to anſwer.

Sw. La you. Hee'l ſay he has no King neither, rather then fight.

Cou. Why if he will not fight for him he is no Subject, and no Subject no King.

Cit. I thanke you ſir, I would ha' ſaid ſo.

Sw. O thou wouldſt make a ſpeciall Souldier now!

Cit. Well ſir, all are not choyce doggs that run, ſome are taken in to make up the cry.

Sw. And for thy Countrey, I dare ſweare thou wouldſt rather run it then fight for't.

Cit. Run my Countrey I cannot, for I was borne i'the City. I am no clown to run my Countrey.

Sw.

Sw. Darſt thou tell me of clowns thou cockney chicken-hearted whelp thou?

Cit. Forbeare good ſir, there are countrey Gentlemen as well as clownes, and for the rank I honour you.

Sw. Sirrah you lie, ſtrike me for that now; or I will beat thee abhominably.

Cou. Up to him man: wilt thou ſuffer all?

Cit. I would——but——

Sw. You lie I ſay againe.

Cit. I thinke I doe, I thinke I doe, and why ſhould I maintaine an evill cauſe?

Sw. The wench thou lov'ſt and doateſt on is a whore.

Cit. Sir, if ſhe be 'tis not my fault, nor hers: ſomebody elſe made her ſo then I warrant you. But ſhould another man tell me ſo!

Sw. What then?

Cit. I would ſay as much to him as to you Nor indeed is any mans report of that a ſufficient cauſe to provoke mee unleſſe ſhee her ſelfe confeſſ'd it, and then it were no cauſe at all.

Sw. Here's a true City wit now.

Cit. I ſhould have wit ſir, and am acounted a wit within the walls; I am ſure my Father was Maſter of his company, and of the wiſeſt company (too i'the city.

Cou. What company's that?

Cit. The Salters ſir. For *ſal ſapit omnia* you know.

Sw. Your Father was a cuckold tho', and you the Son of a whore.

Cou. Fight now or you'l die infamous, was your Mother a whore?

Sw. Deny't and darſt, ſay, was ſhe not?

Cit. Comparatively ſhee might be in reſpect of ſome holy woman, the Lady *Ramſey*, Miſtris *Katherine Stubbs* and ſuch, ha, ha. Is that a cauſe?

Cou. What! not to ſay your Mother was a whore?

Cit. He may ſay his pleaſure. It hurts her not: ſhee is dead and gone. Beſides, at the beſt ſhee was but a woman, and at the worſt ſhee might have her frailties like other women. And is that a cauſe for mee to fight for the dead, when wee are forbidden to pray for'em?

Cou. But were your Mother living now, what would you ſay or doe?

Cit. Why, I would civilly ask her if ſhe were a whore? If ſhe confeſs'd it, then he were in the right, and I ought not to fight againſt him: for my cauſe were naught. If ſhe deny'd it, then he were in an error, and his cauſe were naught, and I would not fight, 'twere better he ſhould live to repent his errour.

Sw. Nay, now if I do not kill thee let me be hang'd for idleneſſe. *Draw.*

Cit. Hold I am unprepar'd.

Sw. I care not——unleſſe thou ſweare preſently, and without all equivocation upon this ſword——

Cit. Scabberd and all I pray ſir, The cover of the book is allowd in courts to ſweare upon.

Sw. Well ſir, now you ſhall ſweare to challenge the next that wrongs you. *ſheathes it.*

Cit. Yes, if the wrong give me ſufficient cauſe.

Cou. Cauſe agen! ſuppoſe that fellow within ſhould take your wench from you? which very likely he has done already: for I left 'em cloſe on a couch together Kiſſing and——

Cit. Gi' me the booke, i'le have her from him, or him from her if he be without her belly, or Kill him if he be within her.

Sw. Tis well a cauſe may be found at laſt tho'.

Cou. I like a man, whom neither Lie, Kick, Battoune, ſcandall, Friends, or Parents, the wrongs of Countrey, King or Religion can move, that will, yet,

yet, fight for his wench. Thou wilt be one of the ſtiffe blades o' the time I ſee.

Sw. A wench is a moving cauſe : *Unſeen*
Str. Helpe, helpe, here helpe——ha—— *Above.*
Sw. Why doſt not draw and run in upon 'em ?
Cit. After you I will ſir.
Sw. A pox upon thee art thou down agen ?
Cit. No ſir, I am drawn you ſee.
Str. Help, help, a rape, a rape, murder, help !
Sw. Cou. Tis time to fly then. (*Draw all*

Enter Dainty (*his ſword drawne*) *and Philomel.*

Cit. I come my *Philomel.*
Cou. What's the matter *Phil* ?
Dai. What cry was that ?
Sw. Was it not you that caus'd it ſir ?
Phi. Was it not here ?
Cit. Was it not you that cry'd ?
Str. Is there helpe, helpe, helpe ? *Above.*
Phi. O tis my Lady in the Madmans chamber. Is her mirth come to this ?
Sw. Where, which way ?
Phi. Here, here the dore's made faſt. (*Exe. omnes*
Sw. I'le breake it open. (*Pret. Cit. his ſword.* (*drawn.*
Doc. Help here, help the Lady ; help the Lady. (*Doctor looks out above.*
Cit. We are a comming, you ſhall have help enough
I warrant, what's the matter ? you ſhall not lack for helpe—— (*Floriſh his ſword.*
Fer. Away *Meduſa.* Hence, thou haſt transformd me. Stone, ſtone, I am all ſtone. Bring morter and make a bul-wark of me. *Above unſeen*
Cit. O that's the Mad-man ! How madly he talkes !
Fer. Hold me not down.

Cit.

Cit. Stones to make a bul-warke quoth a! If he had but to make a brace of Demy-culvering bullets, they were thumpers I thinke.

Fer. Hold me not down, but reare me up, and make me my own ſtatue.

Enter Strangelove, Swain-wit, Court-wit, Dainty, Phil.

Str. Was ever ſuch a practice?

Cou. A meere accident of madneſſe.

Str. I ſay it was a practiſe in the Doctor.

Dai. Yet he calld out for help.

Str. You had broke up the dore firſt. That was but to colour his trechery.

Sw. A new way, and a very learned one I promiſe you; to cure madneſſe with a plaiſter of warme Lady-gutts.

Cit. He would ha'had a mad bout with my Lady it ſeemes. He would ha' vented his madnes into her. And ſhe could ha' drawn better then the Leaches.

Cou. If you believe this Madam, tho' ſir *Ferdinand* be by his madneſſe excuſable in the attempt, you ought to be reveng'd upon the Doctor.

Sw. Let's cut him into pieces Madam.

Str. I'le think upon ſome way to make him a dreadfull example to all the *Pandarean* Doctors i'the Towne. Come in Gentlemen, and helpe mee with your advices.

Cit. You ſhall want no adviſe Madam. No ſtrength, Let's goe ſir. (*He ſnatcheth Phil. from* (*Dainty, who took her by the arm.*

Ph. What mean you Mr. *Cit-wit*?

Cit. I have ſworne. Therefore I ſay no more, but I have ſworne. *Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT

ACT IV. *SCENE* I.

Enter Frederick, Gabriel.

Fre. THou art ſo honeſt, that I am aſham'd
The vice of Anger blinded ſo my Reaſon,
As not to ſee through thy tranſparent breaſt
A true and noble heart: ſuch as becomes
A Kinſman and a friend to her I love;
I can ſee now, and read thy integrity,
And, by the light of that th'inhumane falſe-hood
Of that Court-monſter, that compacted piece
Of Rapine, pride and Luſt.
Gab. Yet this is he
That did aſpire to be a glorious Courtier.
Fre. Courtier? A meere vain glorious impoſture;
Pretending favour, having nothing leſſe.
Witneſſe his want of Merit. Merit only
It is that ſmoothes the brow of Majeſty,
And takes the comfort of thoſe precious beauties
Which ſhine from grace Divine: and hee's a
Traytor
(No way to ſtand a courtier) that to feed
His Luſts, and Riots, works out of his Subjects
The meanes, by forging grants of the Kings favour.
Gab. What my maſter has ſuffer'd by his forgeries
I know to be the Shipwrack even of all
Except his Daughter, and what his ayme at her
Was I thinke appeares to you; And what ſhe might
Have ſuffer'd by't we both may gueſſe: onely we
hope
Her vertue would have bin a guard to her beauty.
Fre. Tis plaine he never lov'd her vertuouſly
That

That is fallen mad for another.

Gab. That madneſſe is his fate; which renders him into my maſters hands to reſtore all agen. I, note the Juſtice of it.

Fre. But as his fortune by the others ruine
Shall be advanc'd, I ſhall be more rejected.

Gab. That foule miſtruſt much misbecomes a Love
Rejected ſir? by whom? *Chariſſa's* conſtant to you,
And time will cleare his frownes: and put you on
Now, the ſame confidence you had before;
His wanting fortune rais'd a ſtorme againſt you,
Your noble friend Sir *Raphael* has already
By learned reaſons and court-oratory
Prevayl'd for you to viſit her: and now
Y'are come within the verge o'th'houſe, do you ſhrinke?
See, a good *Omen*, they iſſue forth to meet you.

Enter Mendicant, ſir Raphael, Chariſſa.

Men. I'le heare no more on't ſir, and am much ſorry
That ſo much Lip-labour is ſpent already
Upon ſo vaine a Subject.
Give me leave then
To wonder at your light inconſtancy,
Your want of reſolution: yea of judgement.

Gab. He is flown off agen.

Ra. Did you not give me leave to ſend for him;
Who, now is come to tender his affection
Unto your Daughter?

Men. Did not you firſt promiſe (*Ferd. Char.*
To give aſſurance of fit joincture for her, (*and Gab.*
Proportionable to her dowry, which (*aſide*
You now are ſtarted from?

Ra. I underſtood not
Nor can yet underſtand more of her dowry
Then a thouſand pound which her Unkle left her,

And

And anſwerably to that I will make good her
joincture.
Men. O you are ſhort ſir,
I meane to make her worth ten thouſand more
Out of my eſtate in the mad *Fedinand.*
Another ten thouſand to redeeme my Land,
Ten thouſand more i'le keep in bank for purchace.
Ra. A judgement's fallen upon him : Hee's mad
too ;
Struck lunatique with his o'er-weening hopes
Sprung from the others miſery.
Men. And ſo ſir, as you came you may depart :
For 'leſſe you bring a thouſand pound *per annum*
T'aſſure upon her, ſhee's no wife for you.
Fre. O ſir, you had better left me in that peace
I lately ſlept in, without any hope
Of ſeeing her againe, then by your ſummons
To ſtartle me back from a quiet death
To Kill me thus with Tantalizing tortures.
Men. Thank then your learned friend, who fail'd
me in
His undertaking for you, and for her
If walls and locks can hold her, ſhee no more
Shall tantalize you.
Ra. Wherein have I fail'd ſir ?
Men. Sir, in aſſuring joincture to her Dowry.
Ra. Sir to no poſſible dowry you can give her,
But you propound the eſtate you have i' th' Moon ;
When ſhall you take poſſeſſion, thinke you, of your
Lordſhip of Lunacy in the *Cynthian* Orbe ?
Men. I ſhall climbe thither ſir without the helpe
Of your Heaven-ſcaling ladder of Philoſophy.
Ra. Nay then ſir heare me.
Men. What in private ſir ?
Fre. Remember, ſweet, your vow.
Cha. Moſt conſtantly. And let me conjure you
by this. *Kiſſe.*

Fre

Fre. And this——
Cha. That you forget not yours.
Gab. Quick, quick! i'le ſtand before you.
Cha. And time at length will point us out a
After a ſhort long-ſeeming ſeparation (meanes
To meet and reunite our vowes and faiths
With greater ſtrength and fervour.
Men. Ha! i'le part you,
Was it for that you whiſper'd politick ſir?
And couldſt thou ſtand their ſcreene? thou trea-
cherous varlet out of my dores.
Gab. For what offence?
Men. Darſt thou expoſtulate?
Thou death deſerving Villaine. *Hurts him.*
And Huſwife get you in: you may depart ſirs
Has your love blinded you? i'le lead you then.
Ra. Madneſſe at heighth.
Men. Will you along!
Cha. O ſir you are unkinde,
Love then a wilfull father is leſſe blind. *Exit.*
Ra. Friend, has he hurt thee?
Gab. I am ſure I bleed for't.
Ra. Why how now *Frederick*? deſpaire not man.
He has vex'd me; and out of my vexation
Shall ſpring thy comfort. I will labour for thee,
I'le ſtudy nothing more then to beguile
This watchfull fury; this *Hisperian* Dragon.
Say to thy ſelfe and boldly ſhee's thine owne,
And for thy meanes (*Baſta*) let me alone.
Fre. You are my noble Patron.
Gab. Turn'd away:
As I was his ſervingman, I am rewarded;
Tis common with us creatures to ſerv'd ſo:
But, as I am no more his ſervant, I
Am free to vindicate my ſelfe out of
The wrong done to my blood (which is the ſame
With his,) by him rejected and deſpis'd.

Enter

Enter Cit-wit.

Cit. Sir *Andrew Mendicant* at home?

Gab. Not to be ſpoken with at this time ſir.

Cit. Pray let him know that the Lady *Strangelove*
Requires him ſodainly to remove his Madman
Out of her houſe; or ſhee muſt take a courſe
Much to his diſadvantage.

Gab. In good time ſir.

Cit. This is a ſurly fellow, and tho' I have ſworn
The humor of fighting is ſcarce warme in me yet,
And ſhe adviſes him to find a better Doctor for him,
For this has taken a wrong courſe.

Gab. Say you ſo ſir?

Cit. I'le tell you as a ſecret. The Phyſitian thought to have cur'd his patient, (who has bin a notable Gameſter at *In* and *In*) between my Ladies legs. If I and two or three more (but chiefly my ſelfe indeed) had not reſcued her, the Doctor had held the Lady-cow to the Mad-bull.

Gab. May I believe this?

Cit. He thinks I lie now. And ſhould he gi' me the lie, the vertue of my Oath were queſtionable.

Gab. Is this upon your knowledge ſir?

Cit. True upon my life. So farewell honeſt friend. *Exit.*

Gab. This may prove ſport and buſineſſe too.

Ra. We will do ſomething ſodainly.

Gab. What if you take me into that ſomething too?
I gueſſe it is ſome ſtratagem to beguile
The cautious father of his injur'd daughter.

Ra. This fellow will betray us.

Fre. I will venter
All that I have, my fortune in *Chariſſa*
On his fidelity, ſir his thoughts are mine.

Ra. *Cupid* and *Mercury* favour our deſigne.

Ex. Om.

ACT IV. *SCENE* II.

Enter Court-wit, and Doctor.

Cou. YOur judgement (by your favour) Mr. Doctor
Much faild you in that caſe.
Doc. Your reaſon yet may plead
Mine innocence, that drew her but to viſit him.
Cou. But that drew on his fury; and though reaſon
May argue much for you, ſhee can heare none,
Nor any underſtand: The ſwift affrightment
Upon her ſtrength of paſſion, ſtruck ſo deepe
A ſenſe into her, that it has depriv'd her
Of all her proper ſenſes. She is even mad ſir.
Doc. Not paſt my cure: and by a preſent meanes
Pray, win her hither to ſee a madder object
Then is her ſelfe, and ſee how that will worke.
Cou. I'le gladly ad my paines unto your skill.
Exit.
Doc. Come forth into the aire. Conduct him gently.

Enter Frederick with the ſervants.

Fre. Into the aire! Set me upon Mount *Lathmos*,
Where I may ſee, and contemplate the beauty
Of my ador'd *Diana*; or carry me
Up to *Hymettus* top, *Cytheron*, *Othris* or *Pindus*
Where ſhee affects to walke and take the ayre;
Or tarry, ſtay, perhaps ſhee hunts to day
I' th' woods of *Merathon*, or *Erymanthus*.
Doc. That's a long journey ſir.
Fre. Y'are a long bearded foole.
Doc. I thought I had been a Phiſitian. But ſir
You ſhall not need t'expoſe your ſelfe to travell,
Your Goddeſſe will deſcend into this Garden,
Paſſe but time here a while and ſhee'l come to you.
Fre. We will have joviall paſtime. Shall we run
At baſe, or leape-frog, or dance naked
To entertaine her, or what do you thinke
Of downe-right drinke and ſinging? *Doct.*

Doc. That's beſt of all.
Fer. Let's have a mad catch then.
Enter Court-Swaine. Strangelove.
Cou. Here Madam may you ſee the Madmans Revels.
Sw. And after that the Doctors Tragicomedy.
Fer. Are not your wind pipes tun'd yet? Sing
A Catch.
So now a Dance, I am all ayre——Ahaigh——
Ahaigh
I thanke thee *Mercury* that haſt lent thy wings
Unto my feete. Play me my Countrey Dance,
Stand all you by. Theſe Laſſes and theſe Swaines
Are for my Company.
He Dances a conceited Countrey Dance, firſt doing his honours, then as leading forth his Laſſe. He danceth both man and womans actions, as if the Dance conſiſted of two or three couples, at laſt as offering to Kiſſe his Laſſe, hee fancies that they are all vaniſh'd, and eſpies *Strangelove.*
How now! all vaniſh'd, ha!
It is no mervaile that the leſſer lights
Become obſcur'd when *Cynthia* appeares,
Let me with Adoration fall before
Thy Deity great Goddeſſe.
Str. Keepe him from me.
Sw. You muſt approach no nearer ſir. The
Is not ſo confident in her Divinity (Goddeſſe
As to truſt you in reach of her.
Cou. Keepe back ſir.
Fer. What *Hydras*, *Gorgons*, and *Chymaras* are
you;
Centaures and *Harpies* that dare interpoſe
Between my hopes, and my felicity!
Cou. Doctor, away with him.
Doc. Carry him to his Chamber,
And hold him down. His raging fit is on him.

Fer. Was Night made to ſurpriſe men at Noon-day?
Or ſhall the charmes of *Heccate* take force
To dimne *Appollo's* brightneſſe? So't muſt be,
When Gods themſelves give way to Deſtine.
Exiunt with Ferd.

Sw. They are enough to hold, and binde him too. *Swa. pulls back the Doctor.* Come you afore the Lady.

Doct. What's her pleaſure?

Sw. Tis to do Juſtice upon thee O Doctor. Stirre or cry out, or give the leaſt reſiſtance, And I will cut thy head off before judgement.

Doct. What outrage doe you intend?

Cou. Outrage! Can you thinke of an outrage above the horror you offered to this Lady. To violate her chaſtity? her honor?

Doct. You cannot ſay ſo.

Sw. Tis ſaid, and you are guilty. Proceed to judgement Madam.

Str. I firſt would heare your cenſures.

Enter Cit-wit.

Cit. And mine among the reſt good Madam. I have taken care that a new Doctor ſhall be brought. Therefore in the firſt place my cenſure is, that this be preſently hang'd out o' the way.

Cou. That's too high ſtraind. What thinke you Madam, if to rectify his judgement, wee pick'd all the errours of his braine; Firſt, opening the *Pericranion*, then take out the *cerebrum;* waſh it in *Albo vino*, till it be throughy clens'd; and then——

Sw. Pox o' your *Albo vino*, and his *cerebrum* taking out, that were a way to kill him. Wee muſt not be guily of the death of a Dogleach, but have him purg'd a ſafer way.

Str. How? Proceed.

Sw. We will fill his belly full of Whey, or Butter-milke,

milke, put him naked into a Hogs-head, then put into the ſame an hundred broken Urinalls, then cloſe up the Veſſell and roll your Garden with it.

Doct. I truſt they cannot meane any ſuch miſchiefe.

Str. Hearke yee Gentlemen. Do you heare? (*A*

Cit. Yes Madam, tis a Sowgelder. (*Guelders horne.*

Str. Fetch in that Miniſter of Juſtice.

Cit. Who Madam? the Sowgelder?

Sw. Wee'l make a Doctor guelder of him tho', and my Lady be ſo minded.

Cit. That will be ſport indeed. *Exit.*

Cou. But will you ſee the execution Madam?

Str. Why not as well as other women have
Seene the diſſections of Anotamies,
And executed men rip'd up and quarter'd?
This ſpectacle will be comicall to thoſe.

Doct. They dare not doe the thing they would have me feare.

Sw. Now Doctor you look heavily methinks,
You ſhall be lighter by two ſtone preſently.

Doct. You will not murder me?

Sw. Stirre not; nor make leaſt noyſe
As you hope ever to be heard agen.

Doct. I would I could pray now to any purpoſe.

Enter Cit-wit, Guelder.

Cit. I have brought him. The rareſt fellow Madam,
And doe you thanke your fortune in him Doctor,
For he can ſing a charme (he ſayes) ſhall make
You feele no paine in your libbing or after it:
No Tooth-drawer, or Corne-cutter did ever worke
With ſo little feeling to a Patient.

Str. Sing then, he ſhall not ſuffer without a Song.

Song.

Sw. What muſt he be ſtript now; or will letting down his breeches be enough?

Doct. You dare not uſe this violence upon me
More rude then rage of Prentices.

Cit. Doctor it is decreed.

Doct. You cannot anſwer it.

Cou. Better by Law then you can the intent
Of rape upon the Lady. (*Guelder whets his*

Doct. That was not to have beene my act, (*knife*
nor was it done. (*and all in preparation,*

Sw. When this is done wee'l talke w'ye, (*Linnen,*
come lay him croſſe this table. Hold each (*Baſon,*
of you a Leg of him, and hold you your peace (*&c.*
Dodipoll. And for his armes let me alone, do you
work Guelder.

Doct. Hold, I have a ſecret to deliver to my Lady.

Sw. You ſhall be deliver'd of your ſecrets preſently.

Doct. If I tell her not that ſhall give her pardon
Then let me ſuffer. Heare me ſweet Madam.

Str. Forbeare him, let him down.

Sw. Sweet ſayſt? Thou art not i'le be ſworne.

Str. Well ſir your weighty ſecret now to ſave your trifles.

Doc. In private I beſeech you Madam: for I dare but whiſper't.

Str. You ſhall allow me ſo much warineſſe as to have one at leaſt to be my Guard, and witneſſe.

Doc. This Gentleman then Madam.

Cit. We are ſhut out of councell.

Sw. No matter. I liſt not be no nearer him: no more would my cozen had he my noſe. But where's Mr. *Dainty* and your finicall Miſtris *Phil* all this while tho'?

Cit. No matter, but I ha' ſworn you know. Therefore I ſay no more, but I have ſworn.

Cou. What a ſtrange tale is this! I can't believe it.

Str. I doe, and did before ſuſpect it: and fram'd this

this counterfet plot upon you, Doctor, to worke out the difcovery: would I ha' feene you guelt dee think? That would have renderd mee more brutifh then the women Barbers. Looke fir this is no Guelder, but one of my houfe Mufick. (Goe, your part is done —— *Exit.* And for th' affright you gave me, Doctor, I am even w'ye.

Sw. The Devill fright him next for a fpurging, skitterbrooke. 'Twere good you would call to burne fome perfumes Madam.

Str. But for the fecret you have told me i'le keepe it fecret yet, I will keepe you fo too; and from your Patient. *Enter Boy.*

There's a new Doctor come already Madam to the madman.

Str. From fir *Andrew Mendicant?*

Boy. His fervant brought him.

Doc. I pray what Doctor is it?

Str. Ingage your felfe with no defire to know,
But, for the good you finde, fit thanks to owe;
So come with me, and come you Gentlemen.

Ex. Omnes.

ACT IV. *SCENE* III.

Enter Frederick in a Doctors habit, Gabriel with two fwords under his cloake, Ferdinand upon a Bed bound, and held down by fervants.

Fer. HEape yet more Mountaines, Mountaines upon
Mountaines, *Pindus* on *Offa*, *Atlas* on *Olympus*,
I'le carry that which carries Heaven, do you
But lay't upon me!

Fre. Forbeare you'l ftifle him,
Take off the needleffe weight of your rude bodies;

Unbind him and ſtand off, to give him ayre.

Ser. Sir though you are a Phiſitian, I am no foole. Take heede what you doe. Hee's more then ſix of us hold when his hot fit's upon him. He would now teare you to pieces ſhould you let him looſe.

Fer. The danger then be mine. Let him ſit up. Is not he civill now?

Ser. I, for how long? do you note that *Hercules* eye there?

Fre. I charge you quit the roome.

Ser. Tis but to come agen when we are call'd.

Fre. Be not within the hearing of a call,
Or if you chance to heare me, though I cry
Murder, I charge you come not at me.

Ser. Tis but a Doctor out o' the way; and that's no loſſe while there are ſo many, the beſt cannot live by the worſt.

Fre. Keep the doore faſt. You are much miſt abroad ſir,
And chiefly by the Ladies, who now want
The Court-ſhips, Banquets, and the coſtly preſents
In which you wonted to abound to 'em.

Ferd. Ha——

Fre. Nay, nay, ſit ſtill ſir. They ſay y'are mad;
Mad with conceit of being a favorite
Before your time, that is, before you had merit
More then a tumour of vaine-glory in you,
And in eſpeciall care for your recovery
I am ſent to adminiſter unto you: but firſt
To let you blood. *Dagger.*

Ferd. Ho! Murder, Murder, Murder.

Fre. Are you ſo ſenſible already? do not ſtirre
Nor cry too loud. Dos the meere apprehenſion
Of blood-letting affright your madneſſe? Then
Reaſon may come agen.

Ferd. The Battaile of *Muſleborough* Field was a (brave one.

Fre. O do you fly out agen? *Ferd.*

Ferd. Sings part of the old Song, and acts it madly.
Fre. This is pretty: but back from the purpoſe.
He ſings agen.
Fre. Will you come to the point ſir?
Ferdinand ſings agen.
Fre. We but loſe time in this ſir: Though it be good teſtimony of your memory in an old Song. But do you know me?
Ferd. Not know my Soveraigne Lord? Curs'd be thoſe Knees, and hearts that fall not proſtrate at his Feete.
Fre. This wild ſubmiſſion no way mittigates
My wrongs, or alters reſolution in me
To Cure or Kill you quickly. Do you know me now ſir?
Or have you known *Chariſſa*? do you ſtart ſir? (*Off his beard*
There's ſigne of reaſon in you then: But bee't (*& gown.*
By reaſon or by chance, that you awake
Out of your frantick ſlumber, to perceive me,
My cauſe and my Revenge is ſtill the ſame,
Which I will proſecute according to
My certaine wrong, and not your doubtfull reaſon,
Since reaſonleſſe you layd thoſe wrongs upon me
When you were counted wiſe, great, valiant, and what not
That cryes a Courtier up, and gives him power
To trample on his betters.
Ferd. Who talkes this mortall to? I am a ſpirit.
Fre. Sure I ſhall finde you fleſh, and penetrable.
Ferd. I would but live to ſubdue the *Piſidians*,
And ſo to bring the *Lydians* under tribute ——
Fre. You would but live t'abuſe more credulous fathers
With courtly promiſes, and golden hopes
For your own luſtfull ends upon their Daughters.
Thinke (if you can thinke now) upon *Chariſſa*.

Chariſſa who was mine, in faith and honour
Till you ignobly (which is damnably)
By a falſe promiſe with intent to whore her
Diverted her weake Father from the Match
To my eternall loſſe. Now whether you
Have wit or no wit to deny't, or ſtand to't,
Or whether you have one, or ten mens ſtrength,
Or all, or none at all i'le fight or Kill you
Yet like a Gentleman, i'le call upon you (*Throw*
Give me the Swords. They are of equall (*away*
length (*his dags.*
Take you free choyce.

Ferd. Piſh. *Run back.*

Fre. I caſt that to you then. Hand it, or die a Madman.

Ferd. O, ho, ho, ho.——

Gab. All this fir to a Madman.

Fre. I have a cauſe to be more mad then he,
And in that cauſe i'le fight.

Gab. He knowes not what you tell him.

Fre. I tell't the Devill in him then to divulge it
When I have diſpoſſeſt him. I have further
Reaſon to kill him yet, to croſſe your Maſter,
Who has beg'd his Eſtate. Now fight or die a Madman.

Ferd. Hold *Frederick* hold. Thou haſt indeed awak'd
Me to ſee thee and my ſelfe.

Gab. Hee's not ſo mad to fight yet I ſee that.

Fre. I'm glad you are your ſelfe ſir, I ſhall fight
Now upon honorable tearmes, and could
Suppoſe before your madneſſe counterfeit.

Ferd. Yet hold. Has *Mendicant* beg'd me?

Fre. During your madneſſe. What ſhould hinder him?

Ferd. Put up thy Sword.

Fre. Upon no tearmes, and you alive.

Ferd.

Ferd. Not to obtaine *Chariſſa* ?
Fre. As your Gueſt ſir.
Ferd. It ſhall be by meanes if gold can win
Her Fathers grant.
Fre. That's moſt unqueſtionable.
Ferd. Not that I dare not fight, doe I urge this,
But that the other is your ſafer way.
Fre. Your gold's too light. I will accept of
nothing
From you while you dare tell me you dare fight,
Perhaps you doubt of ods, goe forth. Nay I
Will lock him out.
Gab. You may : For I dare truſt you while I go
call the Lady. *Exit.*
Fre. Now are you pleas'd, or dare you now to
fight ſir ?
Ferd. I neither will nor dare fight in this cauſe.
Fre. This is a daring Courtier !
How durſt you wind your ſelfe in ſo much danger ?
And why take madneſſe in you, to be bound,
And grapled with ſo rudely ?
Ferd. Keepe my councell,
And take *Chariſſa.*
Fre. Tis a faire condition.
Ferd. Firſt, for the wrong I did thee, noble youth
In my deſigne againſt *Chariſſa's* honour,
It is confeſs'd, repented ; and her ſelfe
For ſatisfaction to be given to thee,
I'le fall upon thy Sword elſe, or be poſted,
And Ballated with all diſgrace.
Fre. Well yet.
Ferd. And for my ſhew of madneſſe ; 'twas put
on
For my revenge on this impetuous Lady
To coole theſe flames (as much of anger as
Deſire) with her diſdaine, and tempting malice
Had rais'd within mee.

Fre.

Fre. You would have raviſh'd her.
Ferd. I rather thought, ſhe like a cunning Lady
Would have conſented to a Madman, who
She might preſume could not impeach her honor
By leaſt detection. Monkeyes, Fooles, and Madmen,
That cannot blab, or muſt not be believ'd
Receave ſtrange favours.
Fre. And on that preſumption
You fain'd your madneſſe.
Ferd. True.
Fre. But rather then to faile, (her :
With your bawd Doctors helpe you would ha' forc'd
And that's the councell you would have me keep
On your aſſurance of *Chariſſa* to me :
That your proceeding in your madneſſe here,
May yet finde meanes and opportunity
To exerciſe your violence.
Ferd. Suppoſe ſo.
Fre. Thou art not worth my Killing now.
Juſtice will marke thee for the Hangmans Office :
Nor, were *Chariſſa* in thy gift, were ſhee,
In that, worth mine or any good acceptance,
And for your councell, had within there Madam.
Ferd. Frederick ——
Fre. The Lady of the houſe ! where are you ?
Will you be pleas'd to heare a ſecret Madam ?
Strangely diſcover'd ?

Enter Strangelove, Gabriel, Doctor.

Str. I doe not ſlight your act in the diſcovery,
But your impoſture ſir, and beaſtly practiſe
Was before whiſper'd to me by your Doctor
To ſave his *Epididamies.*
Doct. O your pardon.
Ferd. I am diſgrac'd, undone.
Str. Tis in my power
To make you the perpetuall ſhame of Court ;
And will aſſuredly doe't, if you comply not

With

With me to make this injur'd Gentlemans fortune
In his belov'd *Chariſſa.*

Ferd. Madam moſt readily, I have offer'd it.

Sw. I have forecaſt the way and meanes already :
Which we muſt proſecute with art and ſpeed.
Good ends oft times doe bad intents ſucceede.

Ferd. I'le be directed by you.

Fre. Nobleſt Lady. *Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT V. *SCENE* I.

Enter Swayn-wit, Court-wit, Cit-wit.

Sw. COme Sir, muſt I take you in hand agen ?

Cit. My Lady will convery her Madman to ſir *Andrew Mendicants* it ſeemes.

Sw. Tell me that I know not ; and anſwer my queſtions.

Cit. Shee and the Doctor, and the tother Doctor's gone with him too.

Sw Leave you by flim flams, and ſpeake to the purpoſe.

Cit. You know I ha' ſworne. Doe you not know I ha' ſworne ?

Sw. To live and die a beaten Aſſe ; a coward haſt thou not ?

Cou. Prethee forbeare him : Hee's not worth thy anger.

Sw. Anger ! Is every Schoole-maſter angry that gives
Diſcipline with correction ?

Cit. Would he were at *Penſans* agen.

Sw. Didſt not thou tell my Lady that I was a coward in my own Countrey, and Kick'd out of Cornewall ?

Cit.

Cit. Comparatively I thinke I did in reſpect of *Corineus*, that wraſtled and threw *Giant* after *Giant* over the cliffs into the Sea.

Sw. Pox o' your comparative lies; And didſt not thou ſay that he here was pepper'd ſo full o' the whatſha callums, that his ſpittle would poyſon a Dog or a Rat?

Cit. That was comparatively too in reſpect of a pure Virgin; a chriſome child or ſo.

Cou. He never ſhall move me, I forgive him.

Cit. Meerly comparatively I ſpeake it.

Sw. Forgi' mee for ſwearing i'le make thee ſpeake poſitively, or beat thee ſuperlatively before I ha' done with thee.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Gentlemen, my Lady ———

Sw. Hold a little. Didſt thou not ſay this child here was a Pickpocket? and that he pickt thine of thy money, and thy watch, when he was ſinging betweene thy Leggs to day?

Boy. Who I a Pick-pocket? *Flies at him.*

Cit. Forbeare good Lady it was comparatively.

Boy. A pick-pocket?

Cou. Forbeare and hear him *Hercules.*

Boy. Lend me a ſword i'le kill him, and heare him afterwards.

Cou. Nay I muſt hold you then. How was hee comparatively your Pick-pocket?

Cit. That is as much as any man I know; That is I accuſe nobody; that is all are as innocent as the child, and hee as the innocent unborne. And let that ſatisfy you.

Boy. Live. I am ſatisfied. Now Gentlemen my Lady prayes you to follow her to ſir *Andrew Mendicants.*

Cou. I know the buſineſſe, 'Tis about our Revells.

Sw.

Sw. Suffer a child to beat thee!

Cou. His cauſe was bad you know.

Sw. Incorrigible coward! Say now; art not thou thy ſelfe a pick-pocket, and a cut-purſe? ſay.

Cit. Comparatively it may be ſaid, I am to a Churchwarden, a Collector for the poore or ſuch.

Sw. The concluſion is, that if ever I heare thou mentionſt my name agen in any ſenſe whatſoever, i'le beat thee out of reaſon.

Cit. In my good wiſhes, and prayers I may: Heaven forbid elſe.

Sw. Not in your prayers ſir, ſhall you mention me, you were better never pray.

Cit. Heaven forbid I ſhould then!

Sw. And make thine Oath good on that ſlie fellow that has taine away thy wench, or ——

Cit. He has not tane her yet.

Cou. You ha' not ſeene her or him theſe two houres; has not my Lady call'd too, and ſhee not to be found?

Cit. True, true: and if I be not reveng'd.

Sw. Do't then now, while thou art hot. Shee comes, here take, and keepe her while thou art hot and haſt her.

Enter Philomel and Dainty.

Phi. Is ſhe at your diſpoſe ſir? (*Court takes*

Cit. Your Lady gave you me. (*aſide with*

Phi. Or am in her gift? (*Dainty.*

Cit. You are in my poſſeſſion, nor ſhall *Lucifer* diſpoſſeſſe me of her.

Phi. So valiant on a ſodaine!

Cit. Have I not cauſe?

Phi. You'l have me with all faults?

Cit. Yes, and a match forever. *Kiſſe.*

Sw. How meanes ſhee by all faults?

Cit. A word ſhee alwayes uſes in waggery.

Cou.

Cou. By all meanes take her from him. What ! affraid of a coward ?

Sw. You muſt do't or take the ſhare, hee ſhould ha' had a down-right beating. Forgi' me for ſwearing, hee's a veryer coward then tother.

Cou. Hee will ſerve the betrer to fleſh him. And do but note his tiranicall rage that is the vanquiſher.

Sw. You will on.

Dai. Sir ſhee is mine by promiſe.

Cit. Shee's mine by act and deed ſir according to the fleſh, let her deny't and ſhe can.

Dai. That ſhall be try'd by Law.

Cit. By Law of armes and hands it ſhall, take that, and let her goe.

Dai. Beare witneſſe Gentlemen he ſtruck me.

Phi. O pittifull Picture-drawer !

Cit. Will you not draw ? I will then. *Draw.*

Dai. What would you have ſir ? If ſhee be yours take her.

Cit. That's not enough, I will make thee fight, what blindneſſe have I liv'd in ! I would not but be valiant to be *Cæſar.*

Cou. O brave *Cit*, O brave *Cit.*

Sw. Why doſt not draw thou fellow thou ?

Dai. Shee's his he ſayes ; and ſhe denies it not, ſhall I fight againſt him for his own.

Cit. I'le make thee fight, or cut thee into pieces.

Cou. He turnes your words over to him.

Cit. Why doſt thou weare a ſword ? onely to hurt mens feet that Kick thee ? *Kick.*

Cou. Doe you obſerve ? Nay thou art too ſevere.

Cit. Pray hold your peace, i'le jowle your heads together and ſo beat ton with tother elſe.

Sw. Forgi' me for ſwearing. Hee'l beat's all anon.

Cit. Why doſt thou weare a Sword I ſay ?

Dai. Some other time ſir, and in fitter place.

Cit.

Cit. Sirrah you lie, ſtrike me for that, or I will beat thee abominably.

Dai. You ſee this Gentlemen.

Phi. And I ſee't too, was ever poor wench ſo couzend in a man ?

Cit. The wench thou lov'ſt and doat'ſt on is a whore.

Phi. How's that ?

Cit. No, no, That was not right, your father was a cuckold tho', and you the ſonne of a whore.

Sw. Good, I ſhall love this fellow.

Dai. I can take all this upon account.

Cit. You count all this is true then. Incorrigible coward! what was the laſt vile name you call'd mee Mr. *Swain-wit?* O I remember, ſirrah thou art a Pick-pocket and a Cut-purſe; And gi' me my money agen, and him his or I will cut thy throat.

Dai. I am diſcover'd. (upon't ?

Cit. Doe you anſwer nothing, doe you demurre

Dai. Hold ſir I pray; Gentlemen ſo you will grant me pardon, and forbeare the Law i'le anſwer you.

Cou. Sw. Agreed, agreed.

Dai. It is confeſs'd; I am a Cut-purſe.

Cit. Comparatively or poſitively doe you ſpeake ? Speake poſitively, or I will beat thee ſuperlatively.

Sw. Forgi' me for ſwearing a brave Boy.

Dai. Here is your Watch, and Money; And here is yours. Now as you are Gentlemen uſe no extremity.

Cou. Beyond all expectation!

Sw. All thought.

Cit. Miraculous! O the effects of valour!

Phi. Was ever woman ſo miſtaken o' both ſides ?

Sw. But doſt thou thinke thou art valiant for all this tho' ?

Cit. You were beſt try ; or you, or both, or come all three.

Sw. I ſweare thou ſhalt have it to keepe up while thou art up.

Cit. Is this your picture-drawing? are you the Kings Picture-drawer? A neat denomination for a Cut-purſe, that drawes the Kings Pictures out of mens Pockets.

Cou. Come ſir, come in with us.

Dai. Pray uſe me Kindly Gentlemen.

Cit. Yes, wee will uſe you in your kind ſir.

Takes Phil. by the hand. *Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT V. *SCENE* II.

Enter Mendicant, a Letter in his hand.

Men. THis is the day of my felicity,
And is the ſame with that the Poet Sings
Is better then an Age. Come forth *Chariſſa*.

Enter Chariſſa.

Now you appeare my comfort ; and I can
No leſſe then thanke thy ſweet obedience
That haſt comply'd with my directions,
Bride-like and glorious to meet a fortune,
So great as ſhall beget the preſent envy
Of all the Virgin Ladies of the Court,
And a poſterity, that through all ages,
Shall praiſe and magnify thy act.

Cha. Your acceptation of my duty ſir
Is all that I can glory in.

Men. How are we bound unto this noble Lady
That ſent us our inſtructions.

Cha. Sure I am. If this be a true Coppy.

Men.

Men. Let *Muſick* in her ſoft but ſweeteſt notes
Uſher their welcome, whilſt unto my thoughts
The lowdeſt harmony reſounds my triumph. *Muſick.*
Enter Doctor, and Fred. in Doctors habit, Strange.
Prieſt, Ferd. in the chair as before borne by ſervants,
Fab. as one of the ſervants.
Madam moſt welcome.
Str. In feweſt and the ſofteſt words ſir *Andrew.*
(He ſleepes) and let him gently be convey'd
Onely with thoſe about him to his Chamber.
Men. Chariſſa, go: be you his conduct, ſoftly,
ſoftly,
I ſee y'ave brought a Prieſt Madam. *Ext.Om.Pret.*
Str. By all beſt reaſon, *Mend. & Strang.*
For when we found he us'd *Chariſſa's* Name,
When he was calme and gentle, calling ſtill
Chariſſa! where's *Chariſſa*? a good ſpace
Before he ſlept, and being then demanded
What would he with *Chariſſa*? He moſt readily
Reply'd, Fetch me *Chariſſa* and a Prieſt.
The Doctors in their judgements (unto which
My full opinion aſſented) might
Foreſee, that in removing him, where ſhe
Might be his immediat object, when he wakes,
That freſher flames to inſtant marriage
Would then ariſe.
Men. Incomparably judicious Madam.
Str. Yet not without your leave would I attempt
it;
Without your leave, knowing your watchfull care
Over your Daughter.
Men. And that care of mine
Was (Madam) by your favour
Principall motive to this great effect.
Str. Take all unto your ſelfe, I am content.
Men. I'd faine ſteale in and watch th' event of
things.

Str. But have you heard ſir *Andrew* the miſ-
chance
Of the unfortunate Lover, diſtracted *Frederick?*
Men. How! what of him?
Str. H'has made himſelfe away.
Men. Iſt poſſible?
Str. (Hee has by this time, or the Prieſt is tongue-ty'd.)
Men. He has left no eſtate worth begging, that's the worſt of't. (ſee.
My joyes come flowing on me ——yet I would
Str. And heare me good Sir *Andrew*, for the Love I bring to ad unto your joyes: for I
Foreſeeing the event of this nights happineſſe
Have warn'd ſome friends to follow me with Revells
To celebrate the Marriage of your fortunes.
See they are come. Pray entertaine 'em ſir.
Enter Court. Swayn. Cit-wit, Dainty, Phil. Boy.
Men. The Gallants that were to day ſo merry with mee.
Str. The ſame: but very harmleſſe.
Cit. All but one ſir. Did you not loſe your purſe to-day?
Str. What's the meaning?
Cou. Sw. Wee'l tell you Madam.
Men. My purſe? (I miſt it at my Lady *Strange-loves.*)
Cit. This Picture-drawer drew it, and has drawne more of the Kings-pictures then all the Limners in the Towne. Reſtore it ſirrah.
Men. I will not take it, 'twas my neglect that loſt it, not he that ſtole it. This is my day of fortune; it comes home to me; more then I dare receive. O my joyes, let me be able to containe you.
Cit. Ha' you another purſe to loſe?
Men. I have a purſe; which if I loſe, i'le blame my ſelfe, none elſe.

Cit.

Cit. Let him but come ſo neare you as to aske forgiveneſſe for the laſt, and if he doe not take the next, though it be ſix fadome deepe i' your pocket i'le hang for him when his time comes.

Men. I'le watch his fingers for that. *Sit.*

Cou. Obſerve good Madam.

Dai. Sir at your feet I beg your pardon

Men. It needs not, prithee riſe.

Dai. Never, till you pronounce that happy word
I pardon thee: or let me have ſome token
Of ſweet aſſurance that I am forgiven
Which I beſeech you —— I beſeech you grant.

Men. In ſooth thou haſt it. Heaven pardon thee as I doe.

Dai. I have it ſir indeed, and as your gift i'le keepe it, promiſing before all theſe witneſſes, i'le never venter for another.

Men. Fore me an expert fellow; Pitty he ſhould be hang'd before we have more of his breed.

Cit. Did not I tell you ſir? And theſe are but his ſhort armes; i'le undertake, when he makes a long arme, he ſhall take a purſe twelve skore off.

Men. I doe not like Thieves handſell though, This may preſage ſome greater loſſe at hand.

Sw. Now Gentlemen you know your taske, be expeditious in't.

Cou. I have caſt the deſigne for't already Madam. My inventions are all flame and ſpirit. But you can expect no great matter to be done *extempore* or in ſix minutes.

Sw. What matter iſt ſo wee skip up and downe? our friend *Jack Dainty* here, Mr Cut-purſe dances daintily tho'.

Str. And Mr. *Cit-wit*, you have worthily wonne my woman ſir.

Cit. I have her Madam, ſhe is mine.

Str. I'le make her worth a thouſand pound to you, beſides all ſhe has of her own. (that.

Cit. Her faults and all Madam, we are agreed o'

Phi. Suppoſe this Boy be mine.

Cit. I would he were elſe, that I might have him under lawfull correction, and the cauſe o' my ſide: for he beat me not long ſince.

Boy. And you be my father, and do not make much of me and give me fine things, i'le beat you agen ſo I will; and my mother ſhall helpe me.

Cit. Agree'd *Billy*, agreed *Philly*. Never was man ſo ſodainly, ſo rich; Nay never looke Gentlemen, ſhee is mine, and hee's mine own, I am ſure I ha' got him now; And all faults are ſalv'd.

Sw. Her word in waggery is made good in earneſt now tho'.

Str. To your buſines Gentlemen; if you (*They* have a ſhort ſpeech or two, the boy's a prety (*con-*
Actor; and his mother can play her part; (*ſult.*
women-Actors now grow in requeſt. Sir *Andrew*!
melancholly?

Men. I was thinking on the *omen* of my (*Court*
purſe. (*draws his*

Str. Fear no further miſhap ſir; tis (*Tables and*
ominous to feare. (*retires to Phil.*

Men. Pray let's go in and ſee how (*writes & ſome-*
things proceed. (*times ſhewes her.*

Str. Pray give mee leave to make the firſt diſcovery;
Walke downe into the Garden, i'le come to you;
And here are ſome would ſpeak with you. (*Ex. ſe-*
Enter two Projectors. (*verally.*

1. Into the Garden, good, let's follow him.

2. Tis not the repulſe he gave us in the morning ſhall quit him of us.

1. No now his ſuperintendent's turn'd away, wee'l once more fill his head with millions. *Exit.*

Dai.

Dai. I'le make the Dance, and give you (*Practiſe* all the footing. (*footing.*

Siw. Stand further off o' my Pocket tho'.

Cit. No matter if we loſe any thing, and he within ten miles of us i'le make him anſwer't.

Dai. I want a fift man, I would have an od.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. The Marriage is perform'd. The Prieſt has done his office ——

Siw. Doctor can you dance?

Doc. And ſing too, I ha' forgot much elſe.

Phi. I'le ſpeak the Speech: Ha' not I forgot my Actors tone tro? I ſhal remember't, I could have acted 'em all ore. (call you Mother now?

Boy. I can ſpeak a Speech too Mother, muſt I

Phi. I my Boy, now I dare vouch thee.

Doc. What think you of this tune ſir for your dance? Tay dee, dee, *&c.*

Dai. I'le borrow a Violl and take it of you inſtantly. *Ex.*

Enter ſir Raphael.

Pray ſir, is ſir *Andrew Mendicant* i'the houſe.

(*To Court-w.*

Cou. Umh—— { *He writes in his tables, ſometimes ſcratching his head, as pumping his Muſe.* (ſeemes.

Is he within ſir, can you tell? He's too buſie it

Can you tell me ſir I pray, if ſir *Andrew* be within? { *To Cit-wit as he mov'd toward him, Cit-wit Dances looking on his Feete, &c.*

Very ſtrange! among what Nation am I arriv'd?

Here's one in civill habit ſure will anſwer me,

Sir may I be inform'd by you? ſaw you ſir *Andrew*?

Ra. Te precor domine Doctor. } *He ſings on.* { *The Doctor ſtretches his Throat in the Tune.*

They are no Chriſtians ſure.

Sir may I be inform'd by you? (*To Swayn. He*
Bleſſe me; the people are bewitch'd. (*whiſtels &*
(*Dances Sellingers round, or the like.*
Enter Dainty.
Do you belong to the houſe ſir? { *To Dainty, he fidls to him & the 4 Dancing & ſinging practiſe about him.*
I hope for curteſie here. {
Lady will you be pleas'd ——*To Phil. ſhe ſpeaks in a vile tone like a Player.* (faire,

Phi. O by no meanes, we muſt ſpeake *Charon*
Or hee'l not waft us o're the *Stigian* Floud,
Then muſt we have a ſop for *Cerberus*
To ſtop his yawning Chaps; Let me alone
To be your Convoy to *Elizium.*

Ra. This is moſt heatheniſh of all. (*Dainty playes*
Phi. I'le paſs that ſnarling triple-headed (*ſoftly*
Cur (*& Doctor with him aſide.*
Which keeps the pallace-gate of *Pluto's* Court,
And guide you ſafe through pitchy *Acheron.*

Ra. What Woman Monſter's this? Sweete young Gentleman, let me aske you a queſtion.

Boy. Grim death, why rather didſt thou not approach
My younger dayes; before I knew thy feares?
Thy paines are multiplied by our yeares.

Ra. All Lunatick? or Gentlemen, do you want
Or civility to anſwer me? (leaſure

Cit. Ha' you done the ſpeeches Mr. *Court-wit?*

Cou. I have already from the forked top
Of high *Parnaſſus* fetcht 'em.

Cit. And ſhall my wife and *Billi* boy ſpeake 'em?

Cou. As i'le inſtruct you.

Cit. You write admirably I confeſſe; But you have an ill tone to inſtruct in; I'le read to 'em my ſelfe, you give your words no grace.

Doc. You have the tune right, will you inſtruct the Muſick men?

Dai.

Dai. And you all in the Dance imediately.
Sw. But ſhall we have no ſilken things, no whim whams
To Dance in tho'.
Cit. Perhaps the Bride can furniſh us.
Sw. With ſome of her old Petticotes, can ſhe?
Phi. No, no, my Lady has tane care for all.
Dai. Come, come away to practiſe, and be ready. *Exe. Om.*
Ra. Never was I in ſuch a Wilderneſſe. (*Fidling*,
But my revenge upon Sir *Mendicant* (*Footing*,
Shall anſwer all my patience, in the Jeere (*Singing*,
I meane to put upon him. (*Acting*, *&c.*
I will poſſeſſe him with a braine-trick, now,
A meere invention of mine own (wherein
Heaven pardon me for lying) ſhall ſo nettle him.

Enter Mendicant, and Projecters.

Men. Goe back and be not ſeene till I come to you. *Ex. Pro.*
Ra. Hee's come. Ha' you heard the newes, ſir *Andrew*?
Men. What ſir *Raphael*?
Ra. That *Ferdinana's* reſtor'd to's wits.
Men. I am glad on't.
Ra. Do you take the loſſe of his eſtate ſo mildly Which might ha' bin your own?
Men. I hope you think mee a Chriſtian, ſir, but how ſhould he arrive at ſuch a ſodaine knowledge of it, if it be ſo? I will pretend tis true, yes ſir, he is in's wits.
Ra. I thought I had ly'd when I did propheſie: But ſir my Nephew *Fredrick*——
Men. Has made himſelfe away, I heard o' that too.
Ra. (I hope not ſo) yet there's another accident

Of which you have not heard, may touch you nearer,
And that indeed's my buſineſſe, you ſir, furiouſly
Wounded your Man to day.

Men. Not dangerouſly I hope.

Ra. Flatter not ſo your ſelfe; Hee's on the point of dying.

Men. How!

Ra. Nor be too much dejected,
His life you may get off for (as 'twas done
In heat of blood) marry ſir your eſtate
(You'l pardon me) is beg'd; my ſelfe has don't,
And therein, beg'd the Begger.

Men. Ha!

Ra. Take not too deepe a ſenſe of it: For if you'l yeild
That *Frederick* yet ſhall have it with your Daughter,
I will remit the Eſtate.

Men. O is it ſo?
Do you move this for a dead man?

Ra. No, he lives.

Men. Do you practiſe on me? Madam where are you?

Enter Strange. Ferd. Fred. Chariſſa. Gabriel behind.

Str. Here ſir, and am become your Uſher to ſuch gueſts
As you muſt bid moſt welcome. (*Mend.*

Ra. She here! i'm then agen confounded. (*ſtands*

Str. Nay ſir *Raphael*, I proteſt we will be (*amaz'd* friends notwithſtanding I have outſtript you in your plot of matching your Nephew *Frederick*, here to his love *Chariſſa.*

Ra. But is it ſo?——

Fred. It is, in which I hope ſir you are not offended,
Who gave me leave by any opportunity

To

To take her, I broke no locks nor walls for her.
Cha. I beg your pardon, and your bleſſing ſir.
Ra. And is it ſo with you ſir *Ferdinand?*
Ferd. It is, and ſir in teſtimony of my recovery,
I make demand of my eſtate: of which you thought your ſelfe poſſeſt.
Men. What hopes am I fallen from? and what miſery fallen into; when the little I have is beg'd for Manſlaughter!
Gab. I quit you of that ſir.
Men. How couldſt thou deale ſo with me?
Gab. To ſhew my gratitude.
You overpaid me for all my former ſervices,
For which I juſtly thought I ought you this.
Ferd. Nor thinke your Daughter undervalued ſir,
Three thouſand pound I give him to augment
Her fortune in him.
Men. Dreames, dreames, All theſe are waking Dreames.
Ferd. All reall truth ſir, whither flie you from us?
Men. Am I of all defeated; and by all
Abus'd and mock'd? More roome there: let mee goe.
Ferd. You miſtake ſtrangely. *Floriſh.*
Str. Harke! the Revellers.
Fer. That come to celebrate your joyes, which wilfully
You will not apprehend.
Men. Tis all but ſhew, Let go, and I will do
Something ſhall ad to your delight imediatly. *Exit.*
Str. Let him goe and weare out his fit by himſelfe. *Floriſh.*
Enter Boy, and Philomel, as Cupid and Venus.
Boy. *Venus* and *Cupid*, my Mother and I——
Helpe me. —— I have it now.
Venus and *Cupid*; my Mother and I
Helpe me agen; Noe, no, no.

Venus

Venus and *Cupid*; my Mother and I,
Let me alone.
Venus and *Cupid* my Mother and I.
Ferd. There's an Actor now!
Fre. How doubtfull of himſelfe; and yet how perfect he was!
Ra. A ſelfe miſtruſt is a ſure ſtep to Knowledge.
Str. Sententious ſir *Raphel.*
Ra. Quarrells are ended Madam.
Ferd. Come hither *Cupid.*
Phi. From my *Italian* Mount I did eſpy
(For what is hidden from a Deity?)
How faintly *Hymen* did his Office here
Joyning two Lovers with the hand of feare;
Putting his Torch out for obſcurity;
And made the Chamber (which belongs to me)
His Temple. But from hence let feare remove.
See here, the Champions for the Queene of Love.

2
1. *Courage*, ſent from *Mars*; *The Muſes kill.*
1 *Swain.* 2 *Court.*
From wiſe *Apollo.* And the God, which ſtill
Inſpires with ſubtilty, ſly *Mercury*
3 4 3 *Dainty.*
Sends this his *Agent.* Here's *Activity* 4 *Cit-wit.*
5
From *Jupiter* himſelfe; And from her ſtore 5 *Doctor.*
Of Spies, the Moon ſends *This* to keepe the dore.
With Art of Action, now, make good the place,
In right of Love to give the Nuptialls Grace.
After they have Danc'd a while, Enter Projectors, breakes 'em off.
Pro. Lay by your Jolity, forbeare your Sport,
And heare a ſtory ſhall inforce your pitty.
Fer. What black Tragedian's this?
Ra. Some *Nuntius* ſent from Hell.
Ga. One of my Maſters *Minions*, a *Projector.*

Pro.

Pro. You had a Maſter : But to all I ſpeake.
Your practiſes have ſunk him from the Comforts
Of all his hopes in fortune, to the Gulfe
Of deepe deſpaire ; from whence he roſe inflam'd
With wild diſtraction and phantaſtick fury.

Fer. Hee's mad ; is he ?

Pro. Mad, and has hang'd himſelfe——

Cha. Alas my Father.

La. How ! hang'd himſelfe ?

Pro. All over ſir, with draughts of Projects, Suits,
Petitions, Grants, and Pattents, ſuch as were
The Studies and the Labours of his Life,
And ſo attir'd he thinks himſelfe well arm'd
T'incounter all your ſcornes.

Enter Mendicant attir'd all in Patents ; A Wind-mill on his head, and the other Projector.

Men. Roome here : a Hall for a Monopoliſt,
You, Common-wealths informers lead me on.
Bring me before the great Aſſembly. See,
Fathers Conſcript, I preſent all I have
For you to cancell.

Sw. Here's a brave ſhew, and out-ſhines our deviſe.

Men. This is a Patent for the taking of poor *John* and Barrell-cod alive, and ſo to preſerve 'em in ſalt-water for the benefit of the Fiſhmongers.

Cou. There's ſalt in this.

Sw. I this has ſome ſavour in't.

Men. This is a freſh one sir, For the catching, preſervation, and tranſportation of Butter-flies : whereby they may become a native commodity.

Cou. That's a ſubtle one.

Men. This is for profits out of all the Common-Cryes i' th' City, As of——Oyſters——Codlings—— wood to cleave, Kitching-ſtuffe, and the thouſand more, even to the Matches for your Tinder-box, and all Forrainers to pay double ; And a Fee out of

the

the Link-boyes profits. But no cries to eſcape. Tis for a peace.

Dai. What if ſome ſhould cry Murder, murder ?

Cit. Or Theeves, theeves ?

Cou. Or Fire, fire ?

Sw. Or women cry out five Loves a penny ?

Men. All all ſhould pay. But I ſubmit
My ſelfe to your moſt honorable cenſure.

Cit. What dos he take us for ?

Sw. Powers, Powers ; A lower houſe at leaſt.

Men. And all my patents to be conceal'd.

Sw. Our Projects would not take with you, wee'l take yours tho'.

Dai. He ſhall dance out of 'em : Muſick ! Play out our Dance, we will diſrobe you preſently.

Cit. Yes, and diſmantle his Projectors too.

They all Dance. In the Dance they pull off his Patents ; And the Projectors Clokes, who appeare all ragged. At the end of the Dance the Projectors thruſt forth.

Fer. An excellent Morrall ! The Projects are all cancel'd, and the Projectors turnd out o' dores.

Men. True Gallants, and now I am my ſelfe agen,
I ſaw th'event of all with good eſteeme.
And would as well as you a Madman ſeeme,
And now my bleſſings on your Son and Daughter.

Sw. This Bride, Dame *Venus* here, cooles all this while tho'.

Dai. By Mr. Bride-groomes leave, i'le ſtirre her blood a little for the good meaning ſhee had towards me.

Cit. You may doe ſo. He dare's not pick her pocket, And for her Maidenhead I dare truſt him tho' he ſhould Dance quite out of ſight with her.

Dance. While they Dance

Ra. 'Tis well : And all are friends. *the reſt confer.*

Fer.

Fer. You have my poteſtation: and in that, Madam, my faith before theſe noble friends.

Str. Upon thoſe honourable tearmes ſir *Ferdinando* I will be yours.

Cit. Sheel' have him, it ſeemes at laſt.

Sw. Shee's a wife widdow by't: for ſure enough, ſhe ſaw ſomething in his mad naked fit, when hee put her to't, to chooſe a husband by, wo' not out of her thought yet.

What is there more to ſay now Madam?

Str. You queſtion well.

Sw. But to Supper and to bed?

Str. You conſider well.

Sw. We have had other paſtime enough.

Str. You reaſon well, Would all were pleas'd as well

T' abſolve that doubt, to thoſe we muſt appeale.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Strang. *LAdyes, your ſuffrages I chiefly crave*
For th'humble Poet. Tis in you to ſave
Him, from the rigorous cenſure of the reſt,
May you give grace as y'are with Beauty bleſt.
True: Hee's no dandling on a Courtly lap,
Yet may obtaine a ſmile, if not a clap.

Ferd. *I'm at the Cavaliers. Heroick ſpirits,*
That know both to reward, and atchieve merits,
Do, like the Sun-beames, vertuouſly diſpenſe
Upon the loweſt growths their influence,
As well as on the lofty: our Poet ſo
By your Phebean favours hopes to grow.

Cit-w. *And now you generous ſpirits of the City*
That are no leſſe in money then braine wity,
My ſelfe, my Bride, and pretty Bride-boy too,
Our Poet for a Boun preferres to you.

Phil. *And though you taſt of no ſuch Bride-ale Cup,*
He hopes y' allow the Match to be clapt up.

Boy. *And, if this Play be naught (yes ſo he ſaid)*
That I ſhould gi' yee my Mother for a Mayd.

Swa. And why you now? or you? or you? I'le ſpeak enough for you all, you now would tell the Audients they ſhould not feare to throng hither the next day: for you wil ſecure their Purſes cut-free, and their pockts pick-free. Tis much for you to do

do tho'. And you would ſay that all your projects are put down, and you'l take up no new but what ſhall be (ſpectators) to pleaſe you. And you : Poetick part induces you, t'appologize now for the Poet too, as they ha' done already, you to the Ladies, you to the Cavaliers and Gentry ; you to the City friends, and all for the Poet, Poet, Poet, when alls but begging tho'. I'le ſpeak to 'em all, and to my Countrey folkes too if here be any o'em : and yet not beg for the Poet tho', why ſhould we ? has not he money for his doings ? and the beſt price too ? becauſe we would ha' the beſt : And if it be not, why ſo ? The Poet has ſhewd his wit and we our manners. But to ſtand beg, beg for reputation for one that has no countenance to carry it, and muſt ha' money is ſuch a Paſtime !—If it were for one of the great and curious Poets that give theſe Playes as the Prologue ſaid, and money too, to have 'em acted ; For them, indeed, we are bound to ply for an applauſe. Becauſe they look for nothing elſe, and ſcorn to beg for themſelves. But then you'l ſay thoſe Playes are not given to you ; you pay as much for your ſeats at them as at theſe, though you ſit nere the merrier, nor riſe the wiſer, they are ſo above common underſtanding ; and tho' you ſee for your love you will judge for your money, why ſo for that too, you may. But take heed you diſpleaſe not the Ladies tho' who are their partiall judges, being brib'd by flattering verſes to commend their Playes ; for whoſe faire cauſe, and by their powerfull voyces to be cry'd up wits o' Court, the right worſhipfull Poets boaſt to have made thoſe enterludes, when for ought you know they bought 'em of Univerſitie Scholars tho', and onely ſhew their own wits in owning other mens ; and that but as they are like neither. As thus, do you like that Song ? yes. I made it. Is

that

that Scene or that Jeſt good? Yes, Twas mine; and then if all be good 'twas all mine. There's wit in that now. But this ſmall Poet vents none but his own, and his by whoſe care and directions this Stage is govern'd, who has for many yeares both in his fathers dayes, and ſince directed Poets to write and Players to ſpeak till he traind up theſe youths here to what they are now. I ſome of 'em from before they were able to ſay a grace of two lines long to have more parts in their pates then would fill ſo many Dryfats. And to be ſerious with you, if after all this, by the venemous practiſe of ſome, who ſtudy nothing more then his deſtruction, he ſhould faile us, both Poets and Players would be at loſſe in Reputation. But this is from our Poet agen, who tels you plainly all the helps he has or deſires; And let me tell you he has made prety merry Jigges that ha' pleas'd a many. As (le'me ſee) th' *Antipodes*, and (oh I ſhall never forget) *Tom Hoyden* o' *Tanton Deane*. Hee'l bring him hither very ſhortly in a new Motion, and in a new paire o' ſlops and new nether ſtocks as briske as a Body-lowſe in a new Paſture.

Meane while, if you like this, or not, why ſo?
You may be pleas' to clap at parting tho'.

FINIS.

THE

CITY WIT,

OR,

The Woman wears the

BREECHES.

A

COMEDY.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. R.* for *Richard Marriot*, and *Thomas Dring*, and are to be ſold at their Shops in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1653.

The Prologue.

Quotquotadeſtis, ſalvete, ſalvetote.

Gentlemen,

YOu ſee I come unarm'd among you, ſine Virga aut Ferula, *without Rod or Ferular, which are the Pedants weapons.* Id eſt, *that is to ſay, I come not hither to be an Inſtructor to any of you, that were* Aquilam volare docere, aut Delphinum natare, *to teach the Ape, well learned as my ſelfe. Nor came I to inſtruct the Comedians. That were for me to be* Aſinus inter ſimias, *the fool o'the Company*: I dare not undertake them. *I am no* Pædagogus *nor* Hypodidaſcalus *here. I approach not hither* ad erudiendum, nec ad Corrigendum. *Nay I have given my Schollars leave to play, to get a* Vacuum *for my ſelfe to day, to Act a particle here in a Play; an Actor being wanting that could beare it with port and ſtate enough. A Pedant is not eaſily imitated. Therefore in perſon, I for your delight have left my Schoole to tread the Stage. Pray* Jove *the terror of my brow ſpoile not your*

mirth, for you cannot forget the fury of a Tutor, when you have layne under the blazing Comet of his wrath, with quæſo Præceptor te precor da ———— *&c. But, let feare paſſe, nothing but mirth's intended.*

But I had forgot my ſelfe, A Prologue ſhould be in Rhyme, &c. therefore I will begin agen.

Kind Gentlemen, and men of gentle kinde,
There is in that a figure, as you'll finde,
Becauſe weel take your eares as 'twere in Ropes,
Ile nothing ſpeak but figures, ſtrayns & tropes.

Quot quot adeſtis Salvete ſalvetote.
The Schoolemaſter that never yet beſought yee,
Is now become a ſuitor, that you'll ſit,
And exerciſe your Judgement with your wit,
On this our Comedy, which in bold Phraſe,
The Author ſayes has paſt with good applauſe
In former times. For it was written, when
It bore juſt Judgement, and the ſeal of Ben.
Some in this round may have both ſeen't, and heard,
Ere I, that beare its title, wore a Beard.
My ſute is therefore that you will not looke,
To find more in the Title then the Booke.
My part the Pedant, though it ſeem a Columne

Is

The Prologue.

Is but a Page, compar'd to the whole volume.
What bulk have I to bear a Scene to paſſe,
But by your favours multiplying Glaſſe.
In nova fert Animus, *then Ile do my beſt*
To gaine your Plaudite among the reſt.
So with the ſalutation I firſt brought yee,
Quot quot adeſtis, ſalvete ſalvetote.

A 3 *Drama-*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Raſy, a young Citizen, falling into decay.
Jeremy, his Apprentice.
Sarpego, a Pedant.
Sneakup, *Craſyes* Father in Law.
Pyannet, *Sneakup's* Wife.
Ticket, *Rufflit* } two Courtiers.
Lady *Ticket*.
Joſina, *Craſyes* Wife.
Linſy-Wolſey, a thrifty Citizen.
Toby, ſonne to *Sneakup*.
Bridget, *Ioſina's* Maid.
Crack, a Boy that ſings.
Iſabell, *Jone* } two keeping Women.

The

The City Wit.

OR,

The woman wears the Breeches.

ACT. I. *Scene* I.

A Dinner carryed over the Stage in covered Diſhes. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Crasy*, *Jeremy*.

SEt forth that Table *Jer.* Will you not go in and dine, Sir? *Cra.* No: I am of other dyet to day. *Jer.* The whole company expects you. *Cra.* May they ſit merry with their cheer, while I feed on this hard meat. And wait you within: I ſhall not change a trencher. *Jer.* Alas my good Maſter. *Exit.* &c.

A Table ſet forth with empty Mony-bags, Bills, Bonds, & Bookes of accompts, &c.

Cra. Here are the nefts, but all the Birds are flown. *He takes up the bags.*
How eafie a thing it is to be undone,
When credulous Man will truft his 'ftate to others!
Am I drawn dry? Not fo much as the Lees left?
Nothing but empty Cask? have I no refuge
To fly to now? Yes, here, about a groats worth *He takes up the bils*
Of paper it was once. Would I had now *& papers.*
Greens groatf-worth of wit for it. But 'twill ferve
To light tobacco-pipes. Here (let me fee)
Here is three hundred pound, two hundred here,
And here one hundred, and two hundred here.
Fifty; fifty; fifty; and one hundred here,
And here one hundred and fifty. Befides
A many parcells of fmall debts, which make
Two hundred more. I fhall not live to tell it,
But put it up, and take it by the weight. *He puts*
O me! how heavy 'tis! And, doubtlefs, fo 'twould be *the Bills & Bonds*
At fome mans heart. It troubles me a little. *into a Bag.*

Enter *Jeremy.*

Now what newes? *He takes up*
Jer. My miftrifs, and your Mother Sir, *a fcroll.*
Intreats you to come to dinner.
Cra. Thefe they are; My debts,
That ftrike me through. This bag will never pay
Any of thefe.
Jer. Sir, fhall I fay you'l come?
Cra. How well it were, if any of my Creditors
Could once but dream that this were current mony!
Jer. What fhall I fay?
Cra. Even what thou wilt, good *Jeremy.*

Jer.

Jer. Alas you know, this dinner was appointed
A friendly meeting for moſt of your Creditors,
And many of your Debtors.
Cra. But I hope
Few of the laſt appeare.
Jer. None but ſome priviledg'd Courtiers, that dare
Put in at all mens Tables. They're all ſet,
Your Creditors on one ſide, and your Debtors
On t'other ; and do only ſtay for you.
Cra. To feed on ; do they ? Goe. I will not come.
Jer. I feare, Sir, you will overthrow the good
That was intended you. You know this meeting
Was for the Creditors to give longer day,
As they ſhould find your Debtors to acknowledg
The ſummes they owe you. Sir I ſhould be ſorry
To ſee you ſinck, or forc'd to hide your head,
That look'd as high, as any in the City.
Cra. Prithee go in. And if they ſeem to ſtay,
Pray 'em fall too ; tell 'em I take this time
Only to order my Accompts, and that as ſoon
As they are full, and fit to talk, I'le come :
Good *Jeremie* goe.
Jer. Introth I pity him ——*Exit* weeping.
Cra. A right good Boy thou art. I think on thee ;
What muſt I do now ? All I have is loſt,
And what I have not, ſought to be forc'd from me,
I muſt take nimble hold upon Occaſion,
Or lie for ever in the Bankrupt ditch,
Where no man lends a hand to draw one out.
I will leape over it, or fall bravely in't,
Scorning the Bridge of Baſeneſs, Compoſition,
Which doth infect a City like the Plague,
And teach men Knavery, that were never born to't :
Whereby the Rope-deſerving Raſcall gains
Purple and Furrs, Trappings and golden Chaines.

Baſe Compoſition, baſer far then Want,
Then Beggery, Impriſonment, Slavery :
I ſcorn thee, though thou lov'ſt a Tradeſ-man dearly
And mak'ſt a Chandler Lord of thouſands yearly.
I will have other ayd. How now! Againe?

Enter *Ieremy*.

Jer. O, Sir, you are undone.
Cra. Haſt thou no newes, *Jeremie?*
Jer. Alas your Mother Sir ——
Cra. Why what of her?
Is there a Plate loſt, or a 'Poſtle-ſpoon
A China Diſh broke, or an ancient Glaſs,
And ſtain'd with Wine her Damaſque table-cloath?
Or is the Salt faln towards her? What's the matter?
Jer. Her miſchievous tongue has over-thrown the good
Was meant to you.
Cra. What Good, good *Jeremie?*
Jer. Your Creditors were on a reſolution
To do you good, and madly ſhe oppos'd it,
And with a vehement voyce proclaims you a Beggar;
Says, you have undone her Daughter; that no good
Is fit to be done for you: And ſuch a ſtorm
Of wicked breath ——
Cra. She's drunk; Is ſhe not, *Jeremie?*
Jer. No Sir, 'tis nothing but her old diſeaſe,
The Tongue-ague, whoſe fit is now got up
To ſuch a height, the Devil cannot lay it.
The learned School-maſter, Mr. *Sarpego*
Has conjur'd it by all his parts of ſpeech,
His Tropes and Figures; and cannot be heard
I'th furious Tempeſt. All your Creditors
Are gone in Rage; will take their courſe, they ſay.
Some of your Debtors ſtay, I think, to laugh at her.

Enter

Enter *Sarpego.*

Sar. Now deafeneſs ſeize me. I diſclaime my hearing. I defie my audituall part. I renounce mine ears. Miſtris *Pyannet*, a deſperate Palſey is on thy lips, and an everlaſting Feaver on thy Tongue?

Cra. *What raging Rout hath rent thy reſt;*
What Scold hath ſcutch'd thy skonce:
Sar. *I'le breath it to thy bolder breaſt,*
That askst me for the nonce.

You underſtand or know, that here hath been a Feaſt made, to take up a ponderous difference between Maſter *Sneakup*, your Father in Law, and your ſelfe Mr. *Craſy*; and between moſt of your Creditors and Debitors. Food hath been eaten; Wine drunck; Talke paſt; Breath ſpent; Labour loſt: For why? Miſtris *Pyannet* your Mother in Law, Mr. *Sneakups* Wife (though ſhee will be call'd by none but her owne name) that woman of an eternall Tongue; that Creature of an everlaſting noyſe; whoſe perpetuall talke is able to deafen a Miller; whoſe diſcourſe is more tedious then a Juſtices Charge; Shee, that will out-ſcold ten carted Bawds, even when ſhe is ſober; and out-chat fifteen Midwives, though fourteen of them be halfe drunk: this Shee-thing hath burſt all. *Demoſthenes* himſelfe would give her over. Therefore hopeleſs *Sarpego* is ſilent.

Enter *Pyannet, Sneakup*, Sir *Andrew Ticket, Rufflit, La. Ticket, Joſina, Linſy-Wolſy.*

Py. O, are you here Sir! You have ſpun a fair thred.

thred. Here's much ado, and little help. We can make bolt nor ſhaft, find neither head nor foot in your buſineſs. My daughter and I may both curſe the time, that ever we ſaw the eyes of thee.

Cra. Sir, you have the civill vertue of Patience in you. Dear Sir hear me.

Py. He ſayes he heares thee, and is aſham'd to ſee thee. Haſt not undone our Daughter? ſpent her Portion; deceiv'd our hopes; waſted thy fortunes; undone thy credite; prov'd Bankrupt?

Cra. All was but my kind heart in truſting, in truſting, Father.

Pi. Kind heart! What ſhould Citizens do with kind hearts; or truſting in any thing but God, and ready money?

Cra. What would you, dear Father, that I ſhould do now?

Py. Marry depart in peace Sir. Vaniſh in ſilence Sir. I'le take my Daughter home Sir. She ſhall not beg with you Sir. No marry ſhalt thou not; no, 'deed Duck ſhalt thou not.

Cra. Be yet but pleaſed to anſwer me, good Sir. May not an honeſt man ——

Py. Honeſt man! Who the Devill wiſh'd thee to be an honeſt man? Here's my worſhipfull Husband, Mr. *Sneakup*, that from a Graſier is come to be a Juſtice of Peace: And, what, as an honeſt man? Hee grew to be able to give nine hundred pound with my daughter; and, what, by honeſtie? Mr. *Sneakup* and I are come up to live i'th City, and here we have lyen theſe three years; and what? for honeſty? Honeſty! What ſhould the City do with honeſty; when 'tis enough to undoe a whole Corporation? Why are your Wares gumm'd; your Shops dark; your Prizes writ in ſtrange Characters? what, for honeſty? Honeſty? why is hard waxe call'd Merchants waxe; and is ſaid ſeldome or never

never to be rip'd off, but it plucks the skin of a Lordſhip with it? what! for honeſty? Now (mortified my Concupiſcence!) Doſt thou think, that our Neighbour, Maſter *Linſy-Wolſie* here, from the ſonne of a Tripe-wife, and a Rope-maker, could aſpire to be an Aldermans Deputy; to be Worſhipfull Mr. *Linſie-Wolſie*; Venerable Mr. *Linſie-wolſie*; to weare Sattin ſleeves, and whip Beggars? And, what? By honeſty? Have we bought an Office, here, for our towardly and gracious ſon and heire here, young Mr. *Sneakup* ——

Tob. Yes forſooth Mother.

Py. And made him a Courtier, in hope of his honeſty? Nay, (once for all) Did we marry our Daughter, here, to thee; rack'd our Purſes to pay Portion; left Country houſe-keeping to ſave charges, in hope either of thine, or her honeſty? No, we look'd, that thy Ware-houſe ſhould have eaten up Caſtles, and that for thy narrow Walke in a Jewellers ſhop, a whole Countrey ſhould not have ſuffic'd thee.

Cra. If my uncunning Diſpoſition be my only vice, then Father ——

Py. Nay, and thou haſt been married three years to my Daughter, and haſt not got her with Child yet! How do'ſt anſwer that? For a woman to be married to a fruitfull Fool, there is ſome bearing with him yet. (I know it by my ſelf) but a dry barren Fool! How doſt thou ſatisfie that?

Cra. It may be defect in your Daughter, as probable as in me.

Py. O impudent varlet! Defect in my Daughter? O horrible indignity! Defect in my Daughter? Nay, 'tis well known, before ever thou ſaweſt her, there was no defect in my Daughter.

Cra. Well: If to be honeſt, be to be a fool, my utmoſt Ambition is a Coxcomb. Sir, I crave your farewell.

Py.

Py. Marry Sir, and have it with all his heart. My Husband is a man of few words, and hath committed his tongue to me: And I hope I ſhall uſe it to his Worſhip. Fare you well Sir.

Tic. Thanks for your cheer and full bounty of Entertainment, good Mr. *Sneakup.*

Py. He rather thanks you for your patience, and kind viſitation, good Sir *Andrew Ticket.* Yes indeed forſooth does he.

La. Tic. I take my leave Sir, too.

Sneak. Good Madame—

Py. Uds ſo! ther's a trick! you muſt talk, muſt you? And your Wife in preſence, muſt you? As if I could not have ſaid, good Madame. Good Madame! Do you ſee how it becomes you?

La. Tic. Good Miſtris *Sneakup.*

Py. Good Madame, I beſeech your Ladiſhip to excuſe our deficiency of Entertainment. Though our power be not to our wiſh, yet we wiſh that our Power were to your Worth, which merrits better ſervice——

La. Tic. Pardon me.

Py. Then our rudeneſſe———

La. Tic. You wrong your ſelfe.

Py. Can tender, or poſſibly expreſſe by——

La. Tic. I beſeech you forſooth——

Py. Our beſt labour, or utmoſt devoire. Yes I proteſt ſweet Madame. I beſeech you, as you paſſe by in Coach ſometimes, vouchſafe to ſee me; and, if I come to Court, I will preſume to viſite your Ladiſhip, and your worthy Knight, Good *Sir Andrew!* And I pray you Madame, how does your Monckey, your Parrot, and Parraquitoes? I pray commend me to 'em, and to all your little ones. Fare you well, ſweet Creature. *Exit.*

Ruff. Wee'll leave you to take private farewell of your Wife, Mr. *Craſie.*

Tob.

Tob. Wee'l meet you at your Houſe, brother.
Exeunt omnes, præter Craſy, Joſina.

Joſ. Lov'd, my deare heart, my ſweeteſt, my very being, will you needs take your journey? I ſhall fall before your return into a Conſumption. If you did but conceive what your departure will bring upon me, I know (my ſweet) nay I do know —— but goe your ways; ſtrike my finger into mine eye: 'Tis not the firſt true teare a married woman has ſhed.

Cra. Why you heare the noyſe of that woman of Sound, your Mother. I muſt travell down, or not keep up. Yet—

Joſ. Nay, goe I beſeech you; you ſhall never ſay, I undid you. Goe I pray: But never look to ſee me my owne woman again. How long will you ſtay forth?

Cra. A fortnight at the leaſt; and a moneth at the moſt.

Joſ. Well, a fortnight at the leaſt. Never woman took a more heavy departure. Kiſſe me. Farewel. Kiſs me againe. I pray does your Horſe amble, or trot? Do not ride poſt as you come home, I pray. Kiſſe me once more. Farewell. *Exit Cra.*

Hay hoe! How I do gape.

Enter *Bridget, Jeremy.*

Joſ. What's a clock *Bridget.*
Bri. Paſt three forſooth.
Joſ. Tis paſt ſleeping time then, *Bridget.* (means.
Bri. Nothing is paſt to thoſe, that have a mind and
Joſ. That's true and tryed. Go lay my Pillow *Bridget.* *Exit Brid.*
Lord, what a thing a woman is in her Husbands abſence!

Waſt

Waſt thou ever in love, *Jeremy?*

Jer. Who I forſooth? No forſooth.

Joſ. I forſooth, and no forſooth? then I perceive you are forſooth. But I adviſe you to take heed, how you levell your Affection towards me: I am your Miſtris; And I hope you never heard of any Apprentice was ſo bold with his Miſtris.

Jer. No indeed forſooth. I ſhould be ſorry there ſhould be any ſuch.

Joſ. Nay, be not ſorry neither *Jeremy.* Is thy Maſter gone? Look. A pretty youth, this ſame *Jeremy!* And is come of a good Race. I have heard my Mother ſay his Father was a Ferretter ——

Enter *Jeremy.*

Jer. He is gone forſooth.

Joſ. Come hither *Jeremy.* Doſt thou ſee this Handkerchief?

Jer. Yes forſooth.

Joſ. I vow'd this Handkerchief ſhould never touch anybodies face, but ſuch a one, as I would intreat to lie with me.

Jer. Indeed forſooth!

Joſ. Come hither *Jeremy.* There's a ſpot o'thy Cheek, let me wipe it off.

Jer. O Lord forſooth. I'le go waſh it. *Exit Jer.*

Joſ. Heaven made this Boy of a very honeſt Appetite, ſober Ignorance, and modeſt Underſtanding. My old Grandmothers Latine is verified upon him; *Ars non habet Inimicum præter Ignorantem.* Ignorance is womans greateſt Enemy. Who's within? *Bridget.*

Enter Bridget.

Bri. Here forſooth.

Joſ. Go your wayes to Miſtreſſe *Parmiſan*, the Cheeſmongers Wife in old Fiſhſtreet, and commend me

me to her; and intreat her to pray Miſtreſſe *Colli-floore* the Hearb-woman in the Old Change, that ſhe will deſire Miſtris *Piccadell* in Bow-lane, in any hand to beſeech the good old dry Nurſe mother, *et cetera*, ſhee knowes where, to provide me an honeſt, handſome, ſecret young man; that can write, and read written hand. Take your errand with you, that can write and read written hand.

Bri. I warrant you forſooth.

Exit.

Jof. So, now will I meditate, take a nap, and dreame out a few fancies.

ACT I. *Scene* II.

Enter *Craſy*, booted. *Ticket*, *Rufflit*, *Tobias* *Sarpego*, *Linſy woolſy*.

Tic. WEE take our leaves Mr. *Craſy*, and wiſh good Journey to you.

Ruff. Farewell good Mr. *Craſy*.

Tob. Adieu Brother.

Sar. *Iterum iterumque vale.*

Lin. Heartily Godbuy, good Mr. *Craſy*.

Cra. Nay but Gentlemen: A little of your patience, you all know your own Debts, and my almoſt impudent neceſſities, ſatisfie me, that I may diſcharge others. Will you ſuffer me to ſink under my Freenes? ſhall my goodneſſe, and ready Pietie

undoe me? Sir *Andrew Ticket*, you are a Profeſt Courtier, and ſhould have a tender ſenſe of honor. This is your day of payment for two hundred pound.

Tic. Blood of *Bacchus*, tis true, tis my day, what then? Doſt take me for a Cittizen, that thou thinkeſt I'll keep my day? No, thou'ſt find that I am a Courtier, let my day keep me and 'twill. But doſt heare? Come to the Court. I will not ſay what I will do for thee. But come to the Court. I owe thee two hundred pounds: I'll not deny't, if thou ask ſeven years hence for't, farewell. I ſay no more, but come to the Court, and ſee if I will know thee.

Cra. O, Sir, now you are in favour, you will know no body.

Tic. True: tis juſt. Why ſhould we, when we are in favour know any body; when, if we be in diſgrace, no body will know us? Farewell honeſt Tradeſman.

Exit.

Sar. That is Synonima for a fool. An ironicall Epithite, upon my Facunditie.

Cra. O Maſter *Sarpego*! I know you will ſatisfie your own driblet of ten pound, I lent you out of my Purſe.

Sar. Diogenes Laertius on a certaine time, demanding of *Cornelius Tacitus* an Areopagit of *Syracuſa*; what was the moſt Commodious and expediteſt method to kill the Itch, anſwered——

Cra. Anſwer me my moneys I beſeech you.

Sar. Peremptorily, *Careo Supinis*; I want money. I confeſſe, ſome driblets are in the Debet. But, me thinks, that you being a Man of Wit, Braine, Forecaſt and Forehead, ſhould not be ſo eaſie, (I will not ſay fooliſh, for that were a figure) as to lend a Philoſopher money, that cryes, when he is naked,

Omnia

Omnia mea mecum porto. Well Sir, I ſhall ever live to wiſh, that your owne Lanthorne may be your direction; and that, where ever you travell, the *Cornu copia* of Abundance may accompany you. Yes ſure ſhall I. *Vive valeque.*

Exit.

Tob. Why look you Brother, It was thought, that I had a tender Pericranion; or, in direct Phraſe, that I was an unthrifty fool. Signior no: you ſhall now find, that I cannot only keep mine own, but other mens. It is rightly ſaid, He that is poor in Appetite, may quickly be rich in Purſe. Deſire little; covet little; no not your own: And you ſhall have enough.

Cra. Enough?

Tob. Yes Brother, little enough. I confeſſe I am your Debtor for the loane of ſome hundred Marks. Now you have need: who has not? you have need to have it. I have need to pay it. Here's need of all hands. But Brother, you ſhall be no looſer by me. Purchaſe Wit; Get wit (look you) wit. And Brother, if you come to the Court, now my Mother and my Father have bought me an Office there, ſo you will bring my Siſter with you, I will make the beſt ſhew of you that I can. It may chance to ſet you up againe, Brother; tis many an honeſt mans fortune, to riſe by a good Wife. Farewell ſweet Brother. Prithee grow rich againe; and weare good Cloaths, that that we may keep our Acquaintance ſtill. Farewell, deare Brother. *Exit.*

Cra. Mr. Rufflit ——

Ruff. What, does thy fiſt gape for mony from me?

Cra. I hope it is not the faſhion, for a Gallant of faſhion, to break for ſo ſmall a Portion as the ſumme of an hundred Angells.

Ruff. For a Gallant of faſhion to break, for a

Gallant of faſhion? Doſt thou know what a Gallant of faſhion is? I'll tell thee. It is a thing that but once in three Moneths has money in his Purſe; A creature made up of Promiſe and Proteſtation: A thing that foules other mens Napkins: towſeth other Mens Sheets, flatters all he feares, contemns all he needs not, ſterves all that ſerve him, and undoes all that truſt him. Doſt ask me mony, as I am a Gallant of faſhion, I do thee Curteſie, I beat thee not.

Cra. I lent it you on your ſingle word.

Ruff. Tis pittie but thou ſhouldeſt looſe thy Freedom for it: you Tradeſmen have a good Order in your Citty, Not to lend a Gentleman money without a Cittizen bound with him: But you forſooth ſcorne Orders! By this light, tis pitty thou looſeſt not thy Freedome for it. Well, when I am fluſh, thou ſhalt feel from mee, Farewell. Prithee learne to have ſome witt. A handſome ſtreight young fellow, grown into a pretty Bear, with a proper bodyed Woman to his Wife, and cannot beare a Braine! Farewell. Doſt heare? Be rul'd by me, Get money, do, Get money and keep it; wouldſt thrive? Be rather a knave then a Fool. How much doſt ſay I ow thee?

Cra. Fifty pound.

Ruff. Thou art in my Debt. I have given thee Counſell worth threeskore, Dog-cheap, well I'll rent the odde mony. *Exit.*

Lin. Strange mad fellows theſe ſame, Mr. *Craſie*, me thinks to deale withall.

Cra. You are right Mr. *Linſie wolſie*? I would my Genius had directed me, to deale alwayes with ſuch honeſt neighbourly men as your ſelfe. I hope you will not deny me a Curteſie.

Linſ. Not I, I proteſt, what is it?

Cra. You took once a Jewell of me, which you fold

ſold for thirty pound, for which I have your Bond for ſixty, at your day of mariage. If you will now, becauſe I want preſent money, give me but twenty pound, I'll acquit you.

Lin. My good friend Mr. *Craſie*, I have no tricks and Jerks to come over you as the witty Gentleman had ere while: But I know a plaine bargaine is a plaine bargaine: and wit is never good till it be bought. If twentie pound will pleaſure you, upon good ſecurity I will procure it you. A hundred if you pleaſe, do you mark Mr. *Craſie*? On good ſecurity. Otherwiſe you muſt pardon me, Mr. *Craſie*. I am a poore Tradeſman Mr. *Craſie*, keep both a Linnen and a Wollen Drapers ſhop, Mr. *Craſie*, according to my name, Mr. *Craſie*, and would be loth to lend my money, Mr. *Craſie*, to be laught at among my Neighbours, Mr. *Craſie*, as you are Mr. *Craſie*. And ſo fare you wel, Mr. *Craſie*. *Exit.*

Cra. Is this the end of unſuſpicious Freeneſſe?
Are open hands of Chearfull Pietie,
A helpfull bounty, and moſt eaſie Goodneſſe,
Rewarded thus?
Is, to be honeſt, term'd to be a fool?
Reſpect it Heaven. Beare up ſtill merry heart.
Droop not: But ſcorne the worlds unjuſt deſpiſing.
Who through Goodneſſe ſinks, his fall's his Riſing.

Enter Jeremy.

O Maſter, Maſter, upon my knowledge, my Miſtres is forced ſince your departure to be

Cra. What *Jeremy*?

Ier. Honeſt Sir. Get up your Debts as faſt as you can abroad: For on my underſtanding (which great *Iove* knowes is but little) ſhee will take up more then your due at home eaſily.

Cra. Boy. Didſt never obſerve at the Court gate,

that the Lord was no ſooner off from his Horſe-back but the Lackey got up into the Saddle and rode home.

Jer. Yes Sir, tis common.

Cra. I ſcorne not my Betters Fortune. And what is not my ſinne, shall never be my ſhame.

Jer. Introth I was faine to make my ſelfe an Aſſe, or elſe I had been tempted to have been a knave.

Cra. Boy, thou art now my Prentice. From hence be free. Poverty shall ſerve it ſelfe. Yet do one thing for me.

Jer. If it be in the power of my poore Sconce.

Car. If ever it be in thy poſſible ability, wrong all Men, uſe thy wit, to abuſe all things, that have but ſence of wrong. For without mercie, all men have injur'd thy miſtruſtles Maſter, Milk'd my thoughts from my heart, and money from my Purſe, and, laſt, laught at my Credulity. Cheat, choſen, live by thy Wits: Tis moſt manly, therefore moſt noble. Horſes get their living by their Backs, Oxen by their necks, Swine and Women by their Fleſh. Only man by his Braine. In briefe be a knave and proſper: For honeſty has beggerd me.

Ier. Farewell Maſter. And if I put tricks upon ſome of them, let the end of the Comedie demonſtrate. *Exit.*

Cra. I am reſolv'd I will revenge. I never provok'd my braine yet. But now if I clap not fire in the tayles of ſome of theſe Samſons Foxes —— ſeems my defect of Fortune want of wit? Noe. The ſenſe of our ſlight ſports confeſſ'd ſhall have, That any may be rich, will be a knave.

ACT

ACT. II. *Scene* I.

Sarpego, Tobias.

A Purſe

Sar. EGregious and moſt great of Expectation, my right dignified and truly *Ciceronian Pupill*, now that I have brought you into the Amœne fields with my ready thankfullneſſe for the loane of this ten pound, I commit you to the grace of Court.

Tob. I ſhall expect that money ſhortly. Care to ſend it; For I purchaſ'd my place at a rack'd recompence.

Sar. Your *Sarpego* is no ſlipperie Companion. You know I am to marry, and this money ſhall provide me Complements.
Sis bonus o fælixque tuis. I pede fauſto.

Exit Tob.

Enter Craſy like a lame Souldier.

Cra. Belov'd of *Phœbus*, Minion of the Muſes, deare Water Bayley of *Helicon*, let it not be diſtaſtfull to thy Divine eares, to receive the humble Petition of a poore Creature, made miſerable by the policie of Providence. That thy rare and abſolute Munificence might ſupply what fortune had left defective: I kiſſe thy learned toes.

Sar. I tell thee, by the Axiomes of the Peripateticall *Ariſtotle*, thou art a Monſter. My reward ſhall be therefore like thy ſelfe, monſtrouſly lame. This is a figure in Eloquution call'd *Apoxegeſis.*

Cra. I am not fed with Figures Sir.

Sar. You are an idle vagabond, and lye in wait for the blood of the learned. Labour, and live.

Cra. Right eloquent and well-phraſed Sir, my education has been liberall. I ſometimes fed my flock on horned Parnaſſus: But my wants forc'd me to my Sword. *He ſhews his blade halfe way.*

Sar. You did peradventure ſip on the top of Science, *Primoribus labijs*, or ſo, but did not convert it in *Succum & ſanguinem.*

Cra. That I may ever remaine a true man.—Extend. *He drawes.* The Sun, Moon and the ſeven Planets are my invoked witneſſes, I should be grieved, that neceſſity should make me grow violent on ſo adored, adorned Grammaticall Diſciplinary——Be gracious in Contribution—Sir——

Sar. I will give thee an infinite treaſure. *Sis integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus. Vale* poore Rogue.

Cra. Sir, this Sword can bite ——But, I know you had rather give it freely out of your own Proclivitie.

Sar. Yes I proteſt, as I am Erudite. Here dreadfull *Mavortian*, the poor price of a Dinner.

Car. If I might in modeſty importune the poore price of a Supper too.

Sar. I do ſpeak it in the Optative Mood, I do wish it lay in the modell of my Fortune to give harbour to your shaken ſtate, yet receive this with appeaſed clutch.

Cra. If I might not ſeem audacious even to impudence, I poore Freshman in Literature, would implore of your well-ſalted, & beſt ſeaſon'd vertue, ſome larger allowance to ſupply my defects of Rayment, Books, and other neceſſaries: which magnificence shall ever intitle you, my moſt bounteous *Mecænas.* Be induc'd to it Sir. *Flouriſh Sword over him.*

Sar.

Sar. Yes, yes, yes, that you may know how deare you are to me; Know this is more then uſuall largeſſe —— for *non omnibus dormio* —— There's a Figure too.

Cra. O yes Sir, I underſtand this Figure too very well. Now deare *Mecenas*, let me implore a Purſe to incloſe theſe Monyes in——Nay if you impart not with a chearfull forhead, Sir *Sword againe.*

Sar. Væ miſero mihi! ſweet Purſe adieu. *Iterum iterumque vale.*

Cra. May you be importun'd to do it, Sir. *Sword.*

Sar. You shall have it inſtantly. I will only deprome, or take out a little ſtuffing firſt.

Cra. Tis no matter. As it is, As it is, good Sir, as it is. Ile accept it as it is. Moſt fragrant-phraſed Maſter, ſuffer thy ſelfe to be intreated. Doe——*Sword.*

Sar. You have moſt powerfully perſwaded: Take it.

Cra. Moſt exorbitantly bounteous *Mecenas*, you have given me all this, have you not?

Sar. Yes, yes, and you have taken all that, have you not?

Cra. Yes, yes, but as your gift. *Iove* bleſſe thy browes, and make cleer thy Phiſnomy. *Vale.* Your learned Worſhip ſtincks.

Sar. Now Barbariſme, Incongruity, and falſe Orthography shame thee; *Craſie falls back.* The curſe of *Priſcian* take thee. All the parts of ſpeech defie thee. All the Interjections of ſorrow, as *Heu hei*, of Shunning, as *Apage*; of Diſdaining, as *Hem vah*; of Scorning, as *Hui*; of Exclaiming, as *Proh Deum atque hominum fidem* take thee. My deare Pupils lendings haſt thou lewdly lick'd away: And ſorrowfull *Sarpego* is lick'd dry. There's a figure left yet! But ô thou Caſtalion Traytor, Pick-

Pick-purſe of *Parnaſſus*, and Hang-man of Helicon: *Dives* thirſt in thy Throat; *Ixions* wheel on thy back; *Tantalus* hunger in thy guts; and *Siſyphus* ſtone in thy Bladder. *Exit.*

Cra. O fearfull curſe! Well; I have given my firſt pinch, and a little ſcratch'd my Goat-bearded Grammarian, that Broke jeſts on my uncunning eaſineſs. But he with the reſt ſhall feele, that modeſt Simplicity is not alwayes a defect of wit, but will. What my willing honeſty hath ſeem'd to looſe, my affected deceits shall recover. I'le rid 'em one after another, like Guts, till they ſhall ſtink worſe then Jewes.

And they shall find with moſt ashamed eyes,
The honeſt Breaſt lives only rich and wiſe.

Exit.

ACT.

ACT. II. *Scene* 2.

Joſina, Bridget.

Joſ. Bridget.

Bri. Here forſooth.

Joſ. Bridget, I ſay.

Bri. Here, Lady.

Joſ. That's comfortably ſpoken! Nay bluſh not: We women can never have too much given us. And Madame *Joſina* would ſound well.

Bri. Yes indeed, Madame *Joſina Craſie.*

Joſ. No; not *Craſie*; hang *Craſie*: *Craſie* is my Huſbands name. I wonder why Women muſt be called by their Husbands names, I.

Bri. O, they muſt forſooth.

Ioſ. And why not men by their Wives?

Bri. Marrie forſooth, becauſe that Men, when they marry, become but halfe men: And the other half goes to their Wives. And therefore ſhe is called Woman; where before ſhe was call'd but Mayd.

Ioſ. Is a married Man but halfe a Man? what is his other halfe then?

Bri. Truly, oftentimes, Beaſt. Which part the wife gives to boot, in exchange of her name.

One knocks.

Ioſ. Heark, ſome body knocks; goe ſee. What ſhould any body knock at my Garden door for? I doe not uſe to be viſited in my Garden.

Bri. Yonders a Gentleman craves admittance to converſe with you.

Ioſ. I'le converſe with no Gentleman. What have I to do with Gentlemen?

Bri.

Bri. A fair-ſpoken, comely, modeſt Gentleman he is.

Ioſ. Is he ſo? I'le ſpeak with no modeſt Gentleman: You were beſt be his Bawd. But are you ſure he is a true Gentleman? does he weare clean Linnen, and lack Money?

Bri. Here he comes forſooth.

Enter *Craſy, like a Phyſitian.*

Ioſ. He is very confident, and forward, me thinks.

Cra. Exquiſite; very Elixir of Beauty, vouchſafe to receive the tender of my Faith to you; which I proteſt is zealouſly devoted to your particular ſervice.

Ioſ. You may ſpeak lowder Sir: for I aſſure you, my Mayd is very thick of hearing, and exceeding weake ſighted.

Cra. Then, Lady, let it be ſpoken in bold phraſe, I love you.

Ioſ. I thank you Sir. How ſhould I ſtile you, pray?

Cra. My name is *Pulſe-feel*: A poor Doctor of Phyſick, that weares three-pile velvet in his Cap; has paid a quarters rent of his houſe afore-hand; and as meanly as he ſtands here, was made Doctor beyond the Seas. I vow (as I am right Worſhipfull) the taking of my Degree coſt me twelve French crowns, and five and thirty pound of ſalt Butter in upper *Germany*. I can make your beauty, and preſerve it; Rectifie your Body, and maintain it; perfume your skin; tinct your haire; enliven your Eye; Heighten your Appetite. As for Gellies, Dentifrices, Diets, Minerall Fucuſſes, Pomatums, Fumes, Italian Masks to ſleep in, either to moyſten, or dry the Superficies of your face;

face ; paugh, *Gallen* was a Gooſe, and *Paracelſus* a Patch to Doctor *Pulſe-feel.* Make me then happy, deare ſweeting, in your private favours : The which I vow with as much ſecreſie, conſtancie and Reſolution, to preſerve, as you, with Bounty, ſweetneſſe and Freenes ſhall impart.

Ioſ. I proteſt you ſpeak very farre within me ; I reſpect you moſt affectionatly.

Cra. Then Ile attend you at your Chamber : where the beſt pleaſure, youth, *Cupid* can miniſter ſhall entertaine you.

Ioſ. Entertain me with pleaſure ? what pleaſure I pray you ?

Cra. Nothing but kiſſe you Lady, and ſo forth.

Ioſ. Well, for kiſſing and ſo forth, I care not ; But look for no diſhoneſty at my hands, I charge you.

Cra. I will be provident.

Ioſ. And honeſt, I beſeech you : And ſecret, and reſolute, I adviſe you.

Cra. Good.

Ioſ. And very chaſt I command you. But a kiſſe, and ſo forth.

Cra. I underſtand you. This be my pledg of faith. *Kiſſe.*

Ioſ. And this of mine. —— The thought of me reſt with you. And heare you Doctor ; I prithee procure me ſome young Fellow, that can write : For I am ſo troubled with Letters, that I neither read nor anſwer ——

Cra. Rely upon me. I can fit you rarely. I know a well qualified fellow, that danceth rarely, playes on divers Inſtruments, and withall is cloſe.

Ioſ.

Ioſ. I marry, Cloſe! Pray let me have him. Kiſſe and adiew. *Exit.*

Cra. I will maintain it. He only, that knows it, permits, and procures it, is truly a Cuckold. Some fellow would be divorc'd now. *Craſie*, ſpeak; wilt be divorc'd? why, what and I were? why then thou art an Aſſe, *Craſie.* Why Sir? why Sir! why prithee tell me, what would thy Divorce hurt her? It would but give her more liberty. Shee ſhould have bounteous Cuſtomers; Gallants, that would hoiſt her tires, beſtow deep on her. And ſhe ſhould be paid for't. You ſpeak ſomewhat to the matter Sir. Nay *Craſie*, believe it, though ſhe be not a very modeſt woman for a Wife, thou mayſt force her to be a reaſonable private wench for a Whore. Say you ſo? Birlady, and I'le take your Counſell. 'Tis a pretty Drabb. I know not where to compaſſe ſuch another? troth Sir, I'le follow your advice.

And, if my hopes prove not extreamly ill,
I'le keep her fleſh chaſt, though againſt her will.

Enter Crack ſinging.

Crac. *He tooke her by the middle ſo ſmall*
And laid her on the Plain:
And when he had his will on her,
He took her up againe.

And what was ſhe then the worſe for wearing?
Can you tell Mr. Doctor?

Craſ. What art thou?

Crac. One Sir (I dare tell you in private) that can conduct you to a more lovely Creature, then her you laſt courted.

Craſ. A young Pimpe, a very fucking-pig Pimpe! What

What an Age is this, when children play at ſuch great game! So young, ſo forward!

Crac. Sings.

The young and the old mun too't, mun too't,
The young and the old mun to it;
The young ones will learn to do't, to do't,
And the Old forget not to do it.

Craſ. This Infant piece of Impudence amazes me. Prithee what art thou? or whom doſt thou ſerve, or broke for.

Crac. As delicate a piece of Woman-fleſh as ever Mortall laid lip to. O ſhe is all *Venus!* And, to come cloſe to you, ſhee wants a Phyſician. You are one I take it: I am a foole elſe.

Cras. I am catch'd? This habite will betray me. What is ſhee, I ſay.

Crac. Sings.

O ſhe is, ſhe is a matchleſſe piece,
Though all the world may wooe her;
Nor golden ſhowre, nor golden fleece,
Is price enough to do her.

Cras. For what wants ſhe a Phyſitian?

Crac. For what you pleaſe, when you come to her. Sir, upon my life, ſhee's free from any Diſeaſe, but the Counterfeits. Will you know all Sir? ſhe wants a wiſe mans counſell to aſſiſt her in getting a Husband. I take hold of you for that wiſe man, ſhee relyes upon my Election. Will you go Sir? Tis in an exceeding civill houſe; a preciſe one, indeed. Know you not Mr. *Linſey Woolſey*?

Craſ.

Craſ. Not at his houſe?

Crac. Pardon me Sir. At his very houſe. All the wiſe wenches i'the Town will thwack to ſuch Sanctuaries, when the times are troubleſome, and Troopers trace the ſtreets in terror.

Craſ. Prithee, what call'ſt thy Miſtres?

Crac. There ſhe lies Sir, by the name of Miſtreſſe *Tryman*; a rich young Corniſh Widdow; though ſhe was borne in *Clearken-well*; and was never halfe a dayes Journey from *Bride well* in her life. Her Father was a Pinn-maker——Sings.

Along along, where the Gallants throng
By twenties, away the Widow to carry:
But let them tarry: For ſhee will carry
Twenty, before that one ſhe will Marry.

Will you along Sir?

Craſ. Tis but a weak ingagement: yet Ile goe; Needleſſe are feares, where Fortunes are ſo low.

Exeunt.

ACT II. *Scene* III.

Enter Ticket and Rufflit.

Tic. A Widdow? what is ſhee? or of whence?

Ruff. A luſtie young wench, they ſay: A Corniſh Girle; able to wraſtle downe ſtronger Chines then any of ours.

Tic. But how is ſhe purſ'd *Jack?* Is ſhe ſtrong that way?

Ruff.

Ruff. Prettie well for a younger Brother ; worth 7 or 8 thouſand pound.

Tic. How man !

Ruff. You are a married man, and cannot Rivall me ; I would not elſe be ſo open to you.

Tic. I ſweare Ile help thee all I can. How didſt find her out ?

Ruff. I have intelligence, that never failes me ; ſhee came to town neither but very lately ; and lodg'd at Mr. *Wolſeys.*

Tic. Who, *Linſy wolſie,* the Hermaphroditicall Draper ! That's a precious Nott-headed Raſcall. Hee'll goe neare to ayme at her himſelfe.

Ruff. Like enough. He may aime at her : But ſhee will be hit by none but a Gentleman, that I heare too. Oh ſhee has a fierce Ambition to a Ladyſhip, though her late Husband was a tanner.

Tic. A Tanner, well *Jack,* take heed how thou ventur'ſt on her to make her a Gentlewoman : She will kill thee at her Husbands occupation before thou wilt be able to make her Hide gentle. Thou wilt find a tough peece of Curriers work on her. Look who here is.

Enter Toby, and Linſey-wolſie.

Lin. Truly Mr. *Toby Sneakup,* me thinks I find an alteration in my ſelfe already.

Tob. Nay, I told you ; would you but give your Mind to it, you would be a Gentleman quickly.

Tic. How's this ? let's ſtand aſide a little.

Ruff. Sure, hee's about to turne himſelfe into a Gentleman to winne to the Widdow !

Tic. And what a Tutor he has pickt out to inſtruct him !

Lin. Me thinks I love the name of a Gentleman a great deale better then I did.

Tob. But could you find in your heart to lend a Gentleman a ſcore of Angells, Mr. *Wolſey*, on his word?

Lin. Uhm ——It is not gone ſo farre upon me yet.

Tob. Oh, but it muſt though, I know it. A Cittizen can never be a Gentleman, till he has lent all, or almoſt all his money to Gentlemen. What a while it was ere the rich Joyners ſon was a Gentleman? when I my ſelfe was a Gentleman firſt, my mony did ſo burne in my Pockets, that it coſt me all that ever I had, or could borrow, or ſteal from my Mother.

Lin. But Mr. *Toby*, a man may be a Countrey Gentleman, and keep his money, may he not?

Tob. You ſee Sir, This Widdow is remov'd from the Countrey into the City, to avoyd the multiplicity of Country Gentlemen that were here ſuitors. Nay you muſt be a Citty Gallant; or a Courtier.

Lin. I ſee no Courtiers, but are more apt to borrow, then to lend.

Tob. I, thoſe that were born, or bred Courtiers I grant you, But to come to't at your yeares —

Lin. I can the ſooner learne. Your Courtier Sir, I pray..

Tob. Ile tell you in a briefe character was taught me. Speake nothing that you mean, performe nothing that you promiſe, pay nothing that you owe, flatter all above you, ſcorne all beneath you, deprave all in private, praiſe all in publike; keepe no truth in your mouth, no faith in your heart; no health in your bones, no friendſhip in your mind, no modeſty in your eyes, no Religion in your conſcience; but eſpecially no Money in your Purſe.

Lin. O that Article ſpoyles all.

Tob.

Tob. If you do, take heed of ſpending it on any thing but Panders, Puncks, and Fidlers; for that were moſt unfaſhionable.

Lin. I thank you Sir, for your Courtly and Gentlemanlike inſtructions, and wiſh you grace to follow them: I have ſeen too fearfull an example lately in my neighbour *Craſy*, whoſe ſteps I liſt not trace; nor lend my Money to be laught at among my Neighbours. Fare you well Sir. ——

Tob. Ha ha ha.

Ruff. Mr. *Wolſie!* Well met. How does your faire Gueſt at home, Mrs. *Tryman?* *Ticket talks*

Lin. How ſhould he come to *aſide with*
the knowledge of her? Some of *Toby.*
theſe Gallants will ſnatch her up, if I prevent not ſpeedily.

Ruff. Why ſpeak you not Mr. *Wolſie*? How does the Widow?

Lin. Truly not well Sir. Whether it be wearineſſe of her journey, change of ayre, or dyet, or what I know not; ſomething has diſtemperd her.

Ruff. Or Love, perhaps of you Mr. *Wolſie.*

Lin. Me? Alaſſe, I look like no ſuch Gentleman.

Ruff. You may in a ſhort time. *They two*
Harke hither Mr. *Wolſie.* *go aſide.*

Tic. We overheard you man: And I gueſt as much before.

Tob. Tis very true Sir, ſhee is worth nine thouſand pound: But marry ſhe will not'but a Gentleman: And I think I have beat him off o'th condition, I have put him off o' that ſcent for ever, with a falſe character, Heaven and the Court forgive me.

Tic. Thou haſt introth Boy: And on purpoſe to have her thy ſelfe, I perceive it.

Tob. He does not, He's an Aſſe.

Tic. Well, if I were a Batchelor, I ſhould envy thy wit, and thy fortune. Is ſhe very handſome?

Tob. So ſo: You ſhall ſee wee'll make a ſhift with her.

Ruff. Mr. *Wolſie*, I would you had her with all my heart; you ſhall not want my good word and beſt wiſhes.

Lin. Do you ſpeak this in earneſt Sir, or as you are a Courtier.

Ruff. In earneſt I, and as I am a Gentleman.

Lin. Then in earneſt, and as I am an honeſt man, I do not beleeve you. Mr. *Toby Sneakup* has told me what Gentlemen and Courtiers are, too lately.

Ruff. Mr. *Sneakup* well met.

Tob. Good Mr. *Rufflit.*

Enter Crack *ſinging.*

Now faire Mayds lay downe my Bed,
And draw the Curtaines round:
Tell the World that I am dead,
And who hath given the wound,
Ah me poor Soul!
Alack for love I dye,
Then to the Sexton hie,
And cauſe the Bell to towle.

Crac. O here he is! Mr. *Wolſie*, indeed my Maſter *Wolſie*, if ever you will ſee my Miſtres your Sweetheart alive, you muſt goe home preſently.

Lin. My Sweetheart!

Crac. I thinke ſhee is; and that in death ſhe will be ſo. I ſpeak by what ſhe ſayes, and others think.

Tob. Tis the Widows Boy.

Lin. Is ſhe ſicker then ſhe was.

Crac. O ſhee is even ſpeechleſſe, and calls for you

you exceedingly. I fetcht a Doctor to her, and he can do her no good. Master *Sarpego* has made her Will and all.

Lin. Has shee given me anything?

Crac. Quickly goe and see Sir, you will come too late else, I am going to get the Bell to towle for her.

Lin. Fare ye well Gentlemen.

Tob. Tic. Ruff. Nay, wee'll along with you.

Crac. Sing. *Exeunt*

Did never truer heart
Out of the world depart,
Or cause the Bel to towle. *Exit.*

ACT. III. *Scene* I.

Enter in the Tryman, attended by Isabell, Jone, Crasy, *with an Urinall.*

Isa. LOok up Mistres.

Jo. Take a good heart, the worst is past, feare not.

Try. Ah, ah, ah.

Isa. Reach the Bottle againe of Doctor *Stephens* water.

Cra. No no, apply more warme cloaths to her stomack, there the matter lyes which sends this distemperature into her braine. Be of good cheer Gentlewoman.

Try. Is Mr. *Wolsie* there?

Isa. Nothing but Mr. *Wolsie* ever in her mouth.

Jo. Pray Sir, how do you like her? I am much affraid of her.

Craſ. Let me ſee, to night it will be full Moon. And ſhe ſcape the turning of the next Tyde, I will give her a gentle Vomit in the morning, that ſhall eaſe her ſtomack of this conflux of venomous humours, and make her able to ſit a hunting Nag within this ſennight.

Jo. A rare man ſure. And, I warrant, well ſeen in a Woman.

Try. Uh, uh, uh, uh. *Cough and ſpit.*

Craſ. Well ſayd, ſpit out gently, ſtraine not yourſelfe too hard.

Try. Agh ——fagh.

Craſ. Tis very well done. La' you. Her colour begins to come. Ile lay all my skill to a meſſe of *Tewksbury* Muſtard, ſhee ſneezes thrice within theſe three houres ——

Enter Linſy-wolſie.

Lin. Good Sir want nothing, that your skill ſhall approve neceſſary in this time of need. Good Wives and kinde Neighbours, I thanke you for your cares.

Try. Is Mr. *Wolſie* there?

Iſa. She does nothing but call for you Sir, pray ſpeak to her.

Try. Where's Mr. *Wolſie.*

Lin. Here Lady. How do you?

Try. Then I am even well me thinks—agh—agh—

Lin. Shee's very farr gone I feare, how do you find her diſeaſe Sir?

Craſ. Dangerous enough Sir. For ſhee is ſicker in minde then in body. For I finde moſt plainely the effects of a deep melancholly, falne through her diſtemperature of paſſion upon her Liver; much diſordering, and withall waſting the vitals, leaving ſcarce matter for Phyſick to worke on. So

that

that her minde receiving the firſt hurt, muſt receive the firſt cure.

Try. Agh agh ah —— pagh fagh —— *Cough up in a Baſon*

Craſ. So ſo: Straine not your ſelfe too hard. No hurt; ſo ſo.

Here's melancholly and choller both in plenty.

Jo. He ſpeaks with great reaſon, me thinks, and to the purpoſe, I would I underſtood him.

Craſ. Do you not know, Sir, any that has offended her by open injury, or unkindneſſe?

Lin. Alas Sir, no ſuch thing could happen ſince her coming hither.

Craſ. Then, on my life, tis Love that afflicts her.

Try. Oh oh uh oh ——

Craſ. I have toucht her to the quick. I have found her diſeaſe, and that you may prove the abler Doctor in this extremity.

Lin. Who I? Alas I beleeve no ſuch matter.

Try. Mr. *Wolſie*, Mr. *Wolſie*.

Craſ. Here he is Lady. Pray ſpeak your minde to him. Muſt I pull you to her? Here he is. What do you ſay to him? Pray ſpeak.

Try. Oh no, no no no ——

Craſ. She hath ſomething troubles her that concernes onely you. Pray take her by the hand, do as I intreat you. Lady we will go, and leave you in private awhile, if you pleaſe.

Try. Pray do. O but do not, pray do not.

Craſ. Do you perceive nothing in this paſſion of hers?

How does ſhe feel your hand?

Lin. O, ſhe does ſo quiddle it, ſhake it, and gripe it!

Craſ. You are then the man Sir, the happy man. Fox ſhe ſhall recover ſuddenly.

Lin. Who I? Alack a day.

Try. What will you have me dye inteſtate. Is not my Will made, as I directed ?

Io. Where are you *Mr. Sarpego*, with the Will.

Enter Sarpego, Ticket, Rufflit, Toby.

Sar. Ad manum. Sweet Buds of Generoſity, forbeare : you may *Admirare*, at the abundance here ſpecified : But not find a Legacie bequeath'd among you. *A Will.*

Tic. We expect nothing.

Ruff. I only wiſh your health, Lady ; and that it may, or might have been my happineſs to ſue to you for Love ; as I do now to the higheſt power for Life.

Tob. Would I were married to her, as ſhee is ; and twere but for an hower, I car'd not. Had my mother been but aquainted with her, before ſhee fell ſick, here had been a match !

Sar. O Dij immortales ! A rich Widdow ſhall have Suiters on her Death-bed.

Try. Good Sir, It is too late to ſpeak *To* of theſe things. I only crave and wish *Ruff.* your prayers in your abſence : This place can yield no pleaſure to you I know. *Mr. Wolſey*, pray your hand againe : I could be even content to live me thinks, if I had but ſuch a man as you to my Huh, uh, uh, uh.—— *Shee Coughes.*

Craſ. By your leave. Pray by your leave. Help Women. Beare up her Body a little. Bow it forwards. So, ſpeak to her, Sir. Good Lady drink of this Cordyal. *She drinckes.*

Lin. How do you now forſooth ?

Craſ. What now shee is drinking ——Now ſpeake Sir, you or no man muſt do her good.

Lin. How do you forſooth ?

Craſ. Well ſaid Sir, ſpeak chearfully to her.

Lin.

Lin. How dee doe? how dee doe, Miſtris *Tryman?* How iſt now, ha?

Tic. Very comfortably ſpoken!

Ruff. I, was it not?

Lin. Alas ſhee cannot ſpeak. I'll call my Neighbour Miſtres *Sneakup.* If any body can make her ſpeak, 'tis ſhee.

Tob. I'll call my Mother for you. Shee will make her ſpeak, if ſhee have but a word left in her belly ——Maſſe here ſhee comes.

Enter Pyannet and Ioſina.

Py. How comes it Mr. *Wolſey*, that you have a Gentlewoman ſick in your houſe, and not ſend for me? Let me feel her hand. Alaſſe ſhe is ſhrewdly diſtemper'd. When had ſhee a ſtoole Sir, Prithee Daughter ſtep home to my Cloſet, and bring the Viall of —— my owne Water, which ſtands next to my blew Velvet Cabinet.

Ioſ. That's my Doctor was with me to day

Exit.

Py. Shee's a young Gentlewoman; may have many Children yet, let me note her eyes: I finde nothing there. When did you ſee her water Mr. Doctor?

Craſ. What Devill ſent this fury among us?

Py. In troth I beſhrew you, Mr. *Wolſey*, you ſent not for me, but I hope I come not too late. Pluck up a Womans heart, you ſhall find a good Neighbour of me.

Try. I will thank you in my Will. I ſhall not live to thank you otherwiſe.

Py. Alas talk not of your will. You ſhall have time enough to think of that many yeares hence.

Craſ. I tell her ſo, Lady, yet ſhee calls for it ſtill.

Try.

Try. Pray let me ſee it, that I may ſigne it. *Uh Uh* ——

Py. Lord how my Daughter ſtayes. Good Sir *Andrew Ticket*! worthy Mr. *Rufflit*! My Sonne *Tobias* is highly honor'd in your noble Acquaintance and Courtly converſation.

Tic. We rather hold our ſelves dignified, in being his indear'd Companions.

Tob. I aſſure you Mother, we are the three of the Court.

Py. I moſt intirely thank you for him. And I do beſeech you make your ſelves no ſtrangers to my poor houſe. Wee are alone; can give but light entertainement, my Daughter and I; ſince my Sonne *Craſies* misfortune drave him from us—

Enter Ioſina with a Viall.

O welcome Daughter——I beſeech you noble Sirs eſtrange not your ſelves to us, your Servants.

Cra. Pox o'your Complement.

Py. Give me the Viall Daughter. Take up the Lady. Taſt of this. It is a Compoſition of mine owne diſtilling. *Try. drinks.*

Try. Uh, uh, uh, umh ——

Py. Well done. Nay it will make you break wind, I tell you.

Ticket and Rufflit Court Ioſina.

Tic. By the ſervice I owe you ſweet Miſtres, tis unfained. My Wife deſires to ſee you.

Ruff. As I can beſt witneſſe; And feares you enjoy not the libertie of a Woman, ſince your Husbands departure. Your Brother having promis'd too to conduct you to Court.

To. It is confeſt, and I will do it.

Tic.

Tic. Where the beſt entertainment a poore Ladyes chamber can afford, ſhall expect you.

Ioſ. I ſhall embrace it.

Craſ. Sfoot, tis time to part you——Miſtres, I beſeech your help, joyn'd with your vertuous Mothers. *He pulls her aſide.*

Ioſ. You forget the young man, that can Dance Write, and keep Counſell.

Craſ. I forget you not Lady. But I wiſh you to beware of theſe Courtiers, till I tell you what they are.

Ruff. I'll be hang'd if this Doctor be not of her ſmock Counſell.

Py. How is it now, good heart?

Try. Much enlightned, I thank Heaven and you. Now, pray, read Sir my *Will.*

Sar. In Dei nomine. Amen.

Tic. O let us heare the Will.

Sar. I *Iane Tryman* of Knockers hole, in the County of *Cornwall,* Widdow, Sick in Body, but whole in Mind, and of perfect memory, do make my laſt Will and Teſtament, in Manner and Forme following.

Craſ. As for the Manner and Forme tis no matter. To the Legacies, briefly.

Sar. Hum hum. *Imprimis,* A Dole of Bread to be given to the Poore of this Parish——five pound.

Try. Stay. This I intreat of you *Mr. Wolſey,* that whether I live or dye, this Dole may be given to morrow. It was the Charge of my Mother to ſee it done; Saying, it was better to take the Prayers of the Poore with me, then leave them to be ſent after.

Lin. It shall be done: and you, I hope, shall ſee it.

Sar. To Mr. *Sarpego,* the Writer hereof, A Mourning

Mourning Gown, and forty pound, to Preach at the Funerall.

Lin. How! forty pound?

Sar. Di boni! No. Tis forty shillings. *Item* to my Nephew, Sir *Marmaduke Trevaughan* of St. *Minever*, one thouſand pound in Gold. *Item* to my Nephew Mr. *Francis Trepton*, one thouſand pound in Gold. *Item* to my Kinſman, Sir *Stephen Leggleden*, I do forgive two thouſand pound, for which his Lands are Mortgaged to me. *Item* to his Daughter, my God-daughter *Iane Leggleden*, five hundred pound in money; my beſt Baſon and Ewer; two ſilver Flaggon Pots, and three ſilver and gilt ſtanding Cups. *Item* to the poore of the Pariſh of *Knockers-hole*, ten pound, and forty pound towards the reparation of their Church. *Item* to Mr. *Linſey wolſey* the Ring, which was my Wedding Ring, and fifty other Rings, with ſeverall ſtones in my Trunck, in his houſe, valued at two hundred and fifty pounds. *Item* to all his ſervants, and to the Women that attended me in my ſickneſſe, five pound a piece.

Jone. Now the Lord receive her to his mercy.

Iſa. My Legacy will ſave her life; for never any body dyed yet, that bequeathed me any thing.

Sar. Item, to my Page *Jeffery Crack* forty pound. And all my other Servants ten pound a peice. *Item* to my Neece *Barbara Tredrite* five hundred pound; my ſecond Baſon and Ewer, a dozen of ſilver Diſhes, and four dozen of ſilver Spoones. Laſtly, all the reſt of my Lands, Jewels, Plate, Money, Debts, Moveables and Unmoveables, to my dear and loving Brother, Sir *Gregory Flamſted*, whom I make my full Executor. *In cujus rei teſtimonium, &c.* This is the briefe of it.

Try. Tis well. Onely add to it—*Uh*--A Gold Chaine alſo in my Trunk to this vertuous Gentlewoman

woman. And another Chaine, that is there of Pearle, to her Daughter. To this learned Doctor twenty pound. And to the Gentlemen which have viſited me, for them and their freinds an hundred pound to be ſpent in a Banckquet.

Sar. Hoc nihil refert. I muſt write all over againe then.

Try. Do ſo then. And make your forty shillings five pound.

Sar. Gratias vel ingentes ago. It shall be done—

Exit.

Try. Now Mr. *Wolſie*, and your vertuous Neighbour here, I intreat, that when I have ſigned this Will, that you keep it til my Brother comes to Town. This Doctor shall direct you in all. And that he may be the better able ſo to do, I deſire you all that I may a while be private with him.

Omnes. With all our hearts. *Exeunt omnes præter Craſy, Tryman.*

Try. Are they all gone? Now Mr. Doctor, what think you of the ſick Widow? Has she done her part hitherto?

Craſ. Beyond my expectation! Better then I for a Doctor.

Try. You are right. And I am even the ſame for a Widow as you for a Doctor. Do not I know you? Yes good Mr. *Craſy.* I dare truſt you, becauſe you muſt truſt me. Therefore know, that I the rich Widow am no better, then a Lady that muſt live by what I beare about me. The vulgar tranſlation you know, but let them ſpeak their pleaſure, I have no Lands, and ſince I am borne, muſt be kept, I may make the beſt of my owne, and if one member maintaine the whole body, what's that to any one?

Craſ. I collected as much by your young Whiskin that brought me hither.

Try.

Try. It was by my direction that he did ſo. And, by my Inſtructions, he has had an Eye upon you in all your diſguiſes ever ſince your pretended Journey out of Towne. Nay ſtartle not, nor muſe at my acquaintance with you. I have had you in my Purlews, before you were a Freeman: And will hereafter give you certaine tokens of it. In the mean time, if you comply with me, you can be no looſer by it. I am grown weary of my old courſe; and would faine, by wiſer, do my ſelfe good, before Age or Diſeaſes make it too late.

Cra. I will work cloſe and friendly with thee. Therefore ſay, this rich Cockſcombe is thine owne. O here comes your Pigg-wiggen.

Try. He is of Counſell, and one of us. He is indeed my Brother, and has been one of the true blew Boyes of the Hoſpitall; one of the ſweet ſingers to the City Funeralls with a two penny loafe under his arme.

Crac. Well: He never ſung to the wheele in Saint *Brides* Nunnery yonder.

Try. Nay *Jeff*, be not angry; thou haſt ſung to the Organs I know, till fearing their downfall, thou betookſt thy ſelfe into my more certaine ſervice. All freinds, good *Jeff.*

Craſ. Yes, yes, we muſt all agree, and be linckt in Covenant together.

Crac. By Indenture Tripartite, and't pleaſe you, like *Subtle*, *Doll*, and *Face.*

Craſ. Witty *Jeff.* I cannot ſee which can be ſpar'd from the reſt, leaſt the whole trade break.

Crack ſings.

Then let us be freinds, and moſt freindly agree.
The Pimp and the Punck and the Doctor are three,
That cannot but thrive, when united they be.
The Pimp brings in cuſtome, the Punck ſhee gets treaſure,

Of

Of which the Phyſitian is ſure of his meaſure,
For work that ſhe makes him in ſale of her pleaſure.
For which, when ſhe failes by diſeaſes or paine,
The Doctor new Vamps and upſets her againe.

Craſ. Thou art a brave Lad, and in the high way of preferment.

Crac. Not the high *Holborne* way I hope Sir.

Craſ. And for you Damſell, as I ſayd before, ſay to your ſelfe, the Match is yours.

Try. I mean to ſay, and know it ſhortly. Some three dayes hence all may be compleated. Now draw the Curtaines; and follow your affaires, while I put on my ſick Face againe. *Uh, uh, uh.*

They put in the Bed, and withdraw all.

Exeunt.

ACT. III. *Scene* II.

Enter Sarpego.

Sar. NOw could I Accoſt that Catlinarian Traytor, that defeated me of my ten pound, I have a precogitated Oration ſhould make him ſuſpend himſelfe. But *Abiit, evaſit, erupit.* Or if the rich Widow would have dyed, there had been a ſupply. But ſhe is nearer a Nuptiall, then a Funerall: And hopeleſſe *Sarpego*, that ſhould wed, has not to furniſh him to his intent, *Væ mihi miſero nec Aurum, nec Argent—tum!* Here comes my Beatitude.

Enter

Enter Bridget.

Bri. O, are you here Sir? I was to ſeek you. My old Miſtreſſe would ſpeak with you inſtantly.

Sar. My Legitimate Spouſe, when is our day of conjunction?

Bri. Our day of conjunction? Mary faugh Goodman Fiſte. Our day of conjunction?

Sar. Did you not once vow you did love me?

Bri. Did not you once ſwear you had money?

Sar. Hic jacet, I am now but a dead man.

Enter Pyannet, Sneakup, Craſie —like a Court-Meſſenger.

Py. O where's Mr. *Sarpego?* Fortunate Mr. *Sarpego?* Venerable Mr. *Sarpego?* O Sir, you are made. Never thinke under right worſhipfull. Imagine nothing beneath Damaſque Gownes, Velvet Jackets, Satten Sleeves, Silk Nightcaps, two Pages and a Footcloth.

Sar. The Son of *Phœbus* rectifie your Brain-pan.

Sne. Indeed, and't ſhall pleaſe your Worſhip, it is ——

Py. It is! What is it? You will be ſpeaking, will you? And your Wife in preſence, will you? you ſhew your bringing up. Maſter *Sarpego*, bleſſe the time that ever you knew the Progeny of the *Sneakups:* my worſhipfull Son and Heire apparent hath preferred you to be the young Prince his Tutor. Here's *Mr. Holywater*, a Gentleman; of place, a Courtier; of Office, is ſent for you.

Craſ. Right fortunately-learned Sir. So paſſionately doth his Grace approve the Language, Literature, and Haviour of your ſometimes Pupill, *Maſter Tobias Sneakup.*

Sar. Umh.

Craſ. That I was, with all expedition, commanded to intreat your inſtant Attendance.

Sar.

Sar. Umh Umh——

Craſ. 'Tis even ſo Sir; You are like to poſſeſs a Princes eare; you may be in place, where you may ſcorn your foes; countenance your friends; cheriſh vertue, controule vice, and deſpiſe fortune: Yes ſure ſhall you Sir. And (which I had almoſt forgot) your old Pupill intreats you to ſend him by me the ten pound he lent you: An od ten pound, that he may be furniſh'd with the more ſeemly Complements to conduct you to his Grace.

Sar. Quid nunc?

Py. Whiſt Mr. *Sarpego.* Let not your poverty be read in your face. Here's ten pieces. Bear it as your own payment: You talk of ten pound for my Son, Sir.

Sar. O, an od driblet. Here, Friend, I uſe not to carry Silver: Convey it in Gold.

Bri. I hope, dear Love, you will not forget your affection to me now.

Sar. Poor Maid, I will prefer thee to ſcratch my head; make my Bed; wash my Shirt, pick my toes, and evacuate my Chamberpot. I will inſtantly procure mee attire, fitting my fortune, and attend the Grace of Court —— *Exit.*

Bri. Now am I but a dead woman.

Craſ. I am much griev'd for't. It was your ſonnes much labouring, that Mr. *Craſie* was ſent for, to ſell his Grace ſome Jewells: But ſince his fortunes are ſo ſunk that he hides his head, I can but lament his loſſe.

Py. Shall I tell you Sir, (pray you husband ſtand aſide;) My Son-in-Law *Craſie* is not now worth—his very wife. We hop'd he would have prov'd a crafty Merchant, and he prov'd an honeſt man, a Begger (if I chance to ſpeak above your capacity, I pray tell me of it) And as I ſaid, when I perceiv'd he began to melt, and that every

ſtranger abuſed him ; I, having ſome wit, fell too, and moſt cozen'd him my ſelf. I look'd for my daughters good : And ſo betwixt us, found the trick to get, or ſteale from him two Jewells of good deep value, being indeed the main of his reſt of Fortune. Now Sir, I come to you.

Craſ. I, now you come to the point.

Py. Right Sir : For there is no woman, though she uſe never ſo many by-words, but yet in the end she will come to the point. Now Sir, I having theſe Jewells, will ſend them by my huſband. A poor eaſie weak man, as you ſee ; but very obedient in truth —

Craſ. By your husband.

Py. Yes, do you mark ? By my husband. But now note my wit : His Grace knows not *Craſie :* My huſband, habited like a Citizen, shall take the name of *Craſie* upon him ; offer his Jewells to the Prince ; you shall preſent them ; praiſe them and raiſe them : His Graces payes ; my husband returns ; and we will share. Do you approve ?

Craſ. Nay admire.

Py. Away then. No Complement among good wits; but away. Come your ways hither, good man ; Put off your hat ; Make a leg ; Look ſimply. Why ſo ! Pish, ne're tell me : He will make a rare Citizen. I have Jewells for you to carry to the Prince. *Exit. Craſ.*

Sneak. Yes forſooth, I'le carry them.

Py. La ! you are ſo quick ! I have charg'd you not to shoot your bolt, before you underſtand your mark. And you shall carry them like a Citizen ; call your ſelf *Craſie* ; ſell them at my price ; and now caſt no further. You ſee the limits of your underſtanding. Now Sir, how will you bear your ſelf to his Grace ? How behave your ſelfe at Court ?

Sneak. I hope I am not too wiſe to learne.

Py.

Py. Why, that was well ſpoken. Modeſt miſtruſt is the firſt ſtep to knowledge. Remember that ſentence. Now mark. I will inſtruct you: When you come at the Court gate, you may neither knocke nor piſſe. Do you mark? You go through the Hall cover'd; through the great Chamber cover'd; through the Preſence bare; through the Lobby cover'd; through the Privy Chamber bare; through the Privy Lobby cover'd; to the Prince bare.

Sneak. I'le doe't I warrant you. Let me ſee. At the Court gate neither knock nor make water. May not a man break wind?

Py. Umh, yes: but (like the Exchequer payment) ſomewhat abated.

Sneak. Through the great Chamber bare.

Py. Cover'd.

Sneak. Coverd? Well: Through the Preſence cover'd.

Py. Bare.

Sneak. Bare? I will put all downe in my Table-book, and con it by the way.

Py. Well thought on. Something he has in him like my husband! But now you come before the brow of Royalty. Now for your carriage there Sir: Suppoſe me the Prince. Come in, and preſent. Here ſits the Prince. There enters the Jeweller. Make your honors. Let me ſee you do it handſomly.

Sneak. Yes, now I come in; make my three legs—And then—

Py. Kneele.

Sneak. Yes; and ſay—

Py. What?

Sneak. Nay, that I know not.

Py. An't pleaſe your Grace, I have certain Jewells to preſent to your liking.

Sneak. An't pleaſe your Grace, I have certain Jewels to preſent to your liking.

Py. Is this *Craſie*, that had wont to ſerve me with Jewells? It is that honeſt man, ſo pleaſe your Highneſſe. That's for M. *Holywater*, the by-flatterer to ſpeak. You are a Cuckoldly Knave, Sirrah, and have often abuſed me with falſe and deceitfull ſtones.

Sneak. My ſtones are right, ſo pleaſe your Excellence.

Py. Why that was well, Very well. I perceive there is a certain infection taken with lying with a woman that hath a good wit. I finde it by my husband. Come, I'le diſguiſe you, and away to Court inſtantly.

Sneak. Truly wife, I fear I ſhall be diſcover'd among the Gallants preſently.

Py. No, no, A fool is never diſcover'd among madmen. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. *Scene* III.

Enter *Tryman, Craſy.*

Craſy in his Court habit.

Craſ. WEll *Dol*, (that thou ſaiſt is thy name) though I had forgotten thee, I proteſt. About *London-wall* was it (ſaiſt thou?) Well, I cannot but highly commend thy wiſdom in this, that ſo well haſt mended thy election; from being a fountain of aches, bald brows, and broad plaſters, thus to remember thy Creation.

Try. I did conſider, and I thinke rightly, what

I was; and that men that lov'd my uſe, lov'd it but to loath me: Therefore I chang'd my ſelf into this ſhape of a demure, innocent Countrey Widdow, that had ſcarce beauty enough to be tempted, but not wit enough to be naught; and quite forſook the path I trod in, and betook me to this private courſe of cozenage.

Craf. But all my wonder is at the means, how thou gott'ſt into this houſe and reputation. And to be held a woman of ſuch an eſtate.

Try. That ſhall bee made plaine to you hereafter.

Enter Crack.

Now Brother *Geffrey*, where left you M. *Wolſie*?

Crack. Among the Mercers, ſo troubled, as if all the Sattin in *Cheapſide* were not enough to make you a wedding Gowne. He is over-joy'd that his happy day is at hand; and I over-heard him invite one ſpeciall friend to his Nuptialls. He cannot contain himſelf. On a ſudden he fell a ſinging, *O ſhee's a dainty Widdow.* O are you come Sir, in your new ſhape? Dos not that beard fit you handſomly? Thank my acquaintance with the Players.

Craf. I thinke thou art acquainted any way, to ſet out knavery.

Crac. If you can perform your part as well, 'tis well. Heark, I hear him coming.

Enter Linſie Woolſie.

Lin. Where are you ſweet Widdow? Look you, Look you: How do you like theſe patterns?

Try. Sir, here's a Gentleman has a Letter to you: He tells me it imports the making, or the undoing of his deareſt friend.

Lin. From whom I pray you? *Lin.*
Cra. Your ſometimes neighbor Sir, M. *Craſy.* *reads.*
Try. It ſhall take effect, doubt not.
Cra. He ſcratches his head, though.
Try. He had as liefe part with his blood as his money.

Lin. M. *Craſy* writes to me for thirty pound; the value of a Ring I had of him. I grant I am to pay threeſcore at my day of Marriage. But we are all mortall. And who knowes whether I ſhall live till to morrow.

Craſ. If not, Sir, your Bond is due to night: For it is equally payable at your hour of death.

Lin. O, but ſuch payments never trouble a man. What the eye ſees not ——

Try. Are you in Bonds, M. *Woolſie*, for your day of Marriage?

Lin. Only for this ſixty pound. 'Tis for that Ring you weare, and I gave you upon our Contract. 'Tis worth thirty pound ready mony.

Try. Then when you are married, you may ſay you paid the reſt for your wife. Pray Sir make even ſuch reckonings before you wed. It will ſhew nobly in you towards your poor Creditor, and be a ſpeciall argument of your love to me, your wife. Pray diſcharge it, I ſhall not think you love me elſe.

Lin. Heark you Sir, if you will take thirty pound in full payment, and give me in my Bond, here is your mony. 'Tis your beſt courſe. Alas, I am an unlikely fellow for wedlock. What woman, thinke you, would beſtow her ſelf upon me, a ſtale Batchellor, unhandſome and poor—not worth above ſix or ſeven thouſand pound? Do; take thirty pound. *aſide.*

Craſ. If you pleaſe to befriend Mr. *Craſy* but with thirty pound, Ile ſet it receiv'd upon the Bond.

Here

Here it is. And he ſhall demand no more till it be due.

Try. Pray Sir pay it all, and take in your Bond. You ſhall be married within theſe two dayes; to morrow, if you pleaſe: What uſe will your money yeeld you for a night? Pray pay it. In truth I'le pay it elſe. 'Tis but threeſcore pound.

Lin. Saiſt thou ſo, Sweetheart. Come Sir. Come in and tell your money —— *Exit.*

Craſ. And thank you too, good M. *Linſie Wolſie*, that knew ſo well, a bargaine was a bargaine, and would not part with your money to be laugh'd at among your neighbours. I would heartily now, if I could intend it. But I muſt purſe your money, and then about my Court affairs. This wench I am infinitely beholden to. She remembers ſome old curteſie that I have forgotten. Perhaps I pidled with her when I was Prentice. *Exit.*

ACT. III. *Scene* IV.

Enter Sarpego, *in gorgeous Apparell.*

Sar. THis is the Preſence. I am much amaz'd, or ſtupified, that Mr. *Tobias Sneakup*, my quondam Pupill, attends not my Conduct! Ha! So inſtant was his Grace, his importunity to enjoy me, that although I purchaſed the loan of Cloaths, yet I had not vacation, nor indeed variety to ſhift my ſhirt. And now I come to Court, I feel certain little Cattell of infamous generation about me, that do moſt inſeparably haunt me. Now if (when the Prince ſurveyes me) any of them being ſtrangers here, ſhould peep to behold ſtrange ſights, and his Grace perceive them, what ſhould I anſwer?——

Craſie at the hangings.

Craſ. O, my glorified *Pedant* in his moſt naturall ſtrut!

Sar. I will ſay it was by influence of the heavens; or, to appear the more perfect Courtier at the firſt daſh, I will ſay, that though my outſide were glorious, yet of purpoſe I left my inſide lowſie.

Enter Sneakup *like a Citizen.*

Sed, O Dii! Quem video? nonne Mr. *Sneakup?*

Cra. See my worſhipfull Father-in-Law! Now the Woodcocks ſhoot into the glade.

Sneak.

Sneak. Pray ye peace, you muſt not know me.

Sar. O monſtrum horrendum! May not you and I know one another?

Sneak. Pray go home, and ask my wife.

Enter Craſy *in haſte.*

Craſ. Mr. *Craſie.* Is not one Mr. *Craſie* here?

Sneak. Yes Sir. Here is Mr. *Craſie* for a need Sir.

Craſ. Well done: Be bold Sir. Let not your diſſimulation be read in your eyes. You know me; give me the Jewells.

Sneak. Yes Sir.

Craſ. Let me alone to preſent them to his Grace, and praiſe them, before you are call'd.

Sneak. Will you do ſo Sir?

Craſ. Yes; For you know I muſt not ſeem to indeare them before your face: For that would ſmell rank of correſpondency.

Sneak. You ſay right Sir.

Craſ. But betwixt us both wee'l make a ſhift to cheat him. Stay you here. I will returne inſtantly. O Mr. *Sarpego*! Your Pupill will come and conduct you preſently.

Thus ſometimes, by deceit, deceit is known.
'Tis honeſt craft, by wit to get ones own.—Exit.

Enter Ticket, Rufflit, Toby.

To. My *Quondam Pedagogue*!

Sar. My *Nuper Alumnus*! Come, preſent me to the Grace of Greatneſs. I am ready; behold I am approach'd according to thy intreats, to approve thy praiſe, and mine own perfection. Set on: His Grace ſhall ſee that we can ſpeake true Latin, and conſtrue *Ludovicus vives*: Go, ſet on.

Tob. I

Tob. I cry you mercy Sir. Upon my troth, I tooke you for Mr. *Sarpego*, my learned Tutor. He is very like him; Is he not Gentlemen? But now I come to my ſelfe againe, I remember this was never his walke, nor theſe his cloaths.

Sar. Sent you not a Nuntius, or a Meſſenger for me, intimating, that it was his Grace his inſtant deſire, to entertain me as his Inſtructor?

Tic. Alas, he has over-ſtudied himſelf! You were beſt let blood in time Sir.

Sar. Sent I not you, by the ſame meſſenger, your ten pound?

Tob. My ten pound? Ha, ha ha: I would laugh ifaith, if you could bob me off with ſuch payment.

Ruff. Sure Sir, you uſe ſome Dormitaries. Beſt ſhave your head, and 'noint it with Oyl of Roſes.

Tob. Father! Father!

Sneak. Pray peace ſon. The plot will be diſcover'd elſe.

Tob. The plot? what plot?

Sneak. The Jewells are ſent in. What, I am Mr. *Craſie* now, you know. I ſhall be ſent for in to his Grace inſtantly.

Tob. Midſummer Moon! Midſummer Moon!

Sneak. In very truth ſon, hit as 'twill, I ſay we are beholding to Mr. *Holywater.*

Tob. Heaven not bleſſe me, if I underſtand not the Baboons mumpings better then your ſpeech. You are more dark then *Delphos.* What *Holywater?*

Sneak. Why the Gentleman, you know, you ſent to bring M. *Craſie* to ſerve his Grace with Jewells.

Tob. Father, Heaven pardon me: For ſure I have a great deſire to call you Cockſcomb. I ſent no man; nor is there any ſo ſtiled as *Holywater* about the Court.

Tic. Do you not want ſleep ſir?

Ruff.

Ruff. Or have you not ſeen a ſpirit ſir?

Tic. Or have you not over-mus'd, or over-thought your ſelfe, as wee doubt Mr. *Sarpego*, here, has done?

Tob. Or has not my mother over-beaten you, father? You may tell me.

Sneak. Son, I am not ſo very a foole, but I perceive I am made a ſtark Aſſe. Oh ſonne, thy father is cozen'd; and thy mother will beat me indeed, unleſſe your charity conceal me in the Court here, till her fury be over.

Ticket. Hee ſhall ſtay at my Wives Chamber.

Rufflit. And there inſtruct us in the paſſages of this cozenage.

Tob. Do not weep father. My Lady *Ticket* will appeaſe all.

Ruff. Adieu Mr. *Sarpego.* Lure your braines backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Sar. Sic tranſit gloria Mundi. The learned is Cony-caught; and the lover of *Helicon* is laugh'd at. The laſt ſix-pence of my fortune is ſpent; and I will go cry in private. *Exit.*

ACT.

ACT. IIII. *Scene* I.

Enter Craſy *like a Dancer.*

Craſ. NOw, whilſt my politike Mother-in-Law is in expectation of her great adventure, and my worſhipfull Father-in-Law ſtinks at Court for feare of her; I in this laſt diſguiſe will purſue my new affairs. Me-thinks theſe Jewells ſmile on me now more chearfully then when they were mine owne before. Firſt to my honeſt Punk.

Crack *meets* Craſie *at the doore.*

Crac. Who would you ſpeak with Sir?

Craſ. With thy ſiſter. Doſt thou not know mee *Jeffrey.* Where is ſhe? Look better on me.

Crac. O, is it you Sir? Hang me if I knew you in this habit; though I was ſet here on purpoſe to watch for you.

Craſ. What's the matter *Jeffrey*?

Crac. Sir ſhe is fallen into a new fit of Melancholy. Some new project ſhe has in her noddle. But ſhe deſires you to worke upon this, [*he gives him a paper.*] I dare not be ſeen to talk with any body. —— *Exit.*

Craſ. What new device is this? [*he reads.*] Since I laſt ſaw you, your Mother-in-Law, Mrs. *Sneakup*, has earneſtly dealt with me to make me a Bride for her ſonne *Tobias*. If there may be any thing wrought out of it to benefit you, I will ſuddenly take occaſion to break with the Foole *Wolſie*; of whom

whom I am heartily weary ; and after, be wholly diſpoſed by you. Sure this wench ſtudies nothing but my profit. Well : I have thought already to make the beſt of her. Now to my new Miſtreſſe. This is the houſe, and here's her maid.

Enter Bridget.

Bri. Would you ſpeak with any here Sir ?
Craſ. With your Miſtreſſe, (I take it) Mriſtreſſe *Craſie.*
Bri. May not I deliver your mind unto her Sir ?
Craſ. My buſineſs is of weight and ſecreſie : yet you may tell her, here is the Gentleman that her Doctor ſent her.
Bri. O ſhe expects him moſt impatiently—Pray enter Sir. She's ready for you, there before you Sir —— *Exit Craſie.*

A buſineſſe of mine owne makes me wait here.
I think I ſaw my learned Love make this way.
But he (alas) though ſmall in fleſhly growth,
By reaſon of his high preferment is
Now growne too great for me.

Enter Sarpego *muſing.*

'Tis hee ; I know his ſtature,
Though not his cloaths, the Enſigns of his greatneſs,
In which how big he ſeems, though but a ſprawler !
So cloaths can make men greater, but not taller.
Hee's deep in ſtudy ; I dare not interrupt him.
Sar. I have adventur'd, though with trembling feet,
Unto this Manſion, to exonerate,
At leaſt extenuate my ſuſpirations

For

For my dear loſs. The Lady of this place,
Who had an equall venture, and hath ſuffer'd
In the ſame Fate with me, may eaſe my ſorrow.
Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris.
I of my wrongs, and ſhe of hers ſhall clamor.
But *ecce noſter ubi eſſet Amor.*

Bri. Moſt worſhipfull Sir, welcome from Court,
If your poor Handmaid may preſume to ſay ſo.

Sar. Where is your Miſtreſſe? I mean your grand Matrona, Mrs. *Sneakup.*

Bri. In the firſt place let me beſeech you Sir,
Vouchſafe your anſwer to a longing Maid,
That can be comforted in nothing more,
Then the good newes of your proſperity;
Of which I hope a part at leaſt to be,
Preferr'd by your late promiſe to your ſervice.

Sar. I will now breath a moſt ſtrong and Poeticall execration
Againſt the Univerſe. [*Bri.*] Sir I beſeech you—

Sar. From henceforth *Erit Fluvius Deucalionis*
The world ſhall flow with dunces; *Regnabitque*, and it ſhall raine
Dogmata Polla Sophon, Dogs and Polecats, and ſo forth.

Bri. His Court advancement makes him mad, I fear.

Sar. From hence let learning be abomination
'Mong the Plebeians, till their ignorance
Shall lead them blinde into the Lake of *Lethe.*

Bri. What pity 'tis that honour and high places
Should make men loſe their wits, ſometimes their heads!

Sar. May Peaſantry and Idiotiſm trample
Upon the heads of Art and Knowledge, till
The world be ſhuffled in th' priſtine *Chaos.*

Bri. Dear Sir, though you are highly dignified,
Forget not the preferment, that you promis'd me,

To

To ſcratch your head; to make your bed; to waſh
Your ſhirt; to pick your toes, and to evacuate
Your Chamberpot.

Sar. Elephantem ex Muſca facit. She takes me for a Mountaine, that am but a Mole-hill.
But when ſhe reads my poverty agen,
And that theſe Garments muſt return to th' Gambrels,
Her ſcorn will be impetuous.

Enter Joſina, Craſie.

Jo. Go finde another room maid for your talk, Mr. *Sarpego*, my mother calls for you.

Sar. Has ſhe receiv'd *Aliquid novi*, newes from Court?

Jo. She has now receiv'd a Letter. Pray be gone, I have more ſerious buſineſs of mine own. *Ex. Sar.* You are the Creature then that my deare *Brid.* Doctor has ſent me, that can dance, read, write, and be ſecret. I ſhall uſe you all in all. And I prithee how fares my Phyſitian?

Cra. I can confirm that he is yours proteſtedly. And to morrow night—

Jo. Peace: Here comes my mother.

Enter Pyannet *reading a Letter.*

I can my Cinquepace friend. But I prithee teach me ſome tricks. Who would care for a female, that moves after the plain pace? No: Give me the woman of tricks. Teach me ſome tricks I prethee.

Cra. Ha! Tricks of twenty: Your traverſes, Slidings, Falling back, Jumps, Cloſings, Openings, Shorts, Turns, Pacings, Gracings—As for—Corantoes, Levoltoes, Jigs, Meaſures, Pavins, Brawls, Galliards, or Canaries. I ſpeak it not ſwellingly, but I ſubſcribe to no man.

Jof. Tis a rare fellow!

Py. Am I then cheated? my wit begins to be out of countenance. O the Plague that hangs over her head that has a foole to her husband, as thou and I have daughter.

Jo. How now ſweet mother? What ill newes changeth your face thus?

Py. O deare daughter, my Lady *Ticket* writes here, that the fool, thy father, is cheated of two rich Jewells, that thou and I ſtole from the Ideot thy husband *Craſie.*

Cra. O that *Craſy* was ever a ſilly fellow.

Py. A very Citizen, a very Citizen. How ſhould I call you Sir?

Jo. One Mr. *Footwell,* Mother; who teacheth Gentlewomen to doe all things Courtly, to dance Courtly, to love their husbands Courtly ——

Cra. Your name is Mrs. *Pyannet,* I take it.

Py. Pyannet Sneakup, Sir.

Cra Your husband is cozen'd at Court, I take it.

Py. So my Lady *Ticket* writes, Sir.

Cra. That Lady *Ticket* is a cunning creature. I have been inward with her; And ſuch are my private Intelligences, that if equall curteſie might recompence, I could unſhale a plot is upon you.

Py. Recompence? Sir command me, command my daughter, my maid, my houſe, onely tell it I beſeech you.

Jo. I pray ſee wherein we may be gratefull. I pray ſpeak.

Cra. So it is, I am a decayed Gentleman, quite out of repaire; fallen for want of means to the uſe of my feet: Nor have I hope to ſee better light, but onely that Love and Fortune have put upon me a right wealthy widdow. She lyes at a near neighbours houſe here; and here I hover about her: but for want of ſome good friends

countenance,

countenance, ſome meanes for cloaths and fit houſing, ſhe holds off from conſummating our Marriage. Now Lady ——

Py. I apprehend you Sir. Bring her to me; lodge her with me; Ile call you Couſen *I.* Is ſhe very rich? At a neer neighbours, ſaid you,—Not ſhe at Mr. *Wolſies*, is it?

Cra. The very ſame.

Py. (By'r Lady a match for my Eſquir'd ſon and heire. Beare a braine dancer, or I may chance to ſhew you a croſſe caper.) Sir, bring your Widdow. Sweare to your ſelfe my houſe is yours. Now the plot, or I burſt.

Cra. Why then will I diſcloſe who cozen'd you; by what meanes you are injur'd, and how you may be reveng'd, onely you ſhal vow to conceale the ſecret-revealer, elſe you loſe the benefit of further Intelligence.

Py. Stand off daughter: I will not truſt mine own fleſh with a ſecret; for in truth I have found it fraile. Now ſpeak, I beſeech you.

Cra. Sure, precious Miſtreſſe, very abſolute creatures have had Cockſcombs to their husbands.

Py. Nay that's indubitable, I know it by my ſelf.

Cra. Marry to bee made Cuckqueane by ſuch a Cockſcombe, to have her Jewells prig'd away, to beſtow on a Court Miſtreſſe; to have a trick put upon her, as you have, 'twould move (I muſt confeſſe) a woman that were not part a Philoſopher, and had a ſtrong wit as you have. Why did you not feele the deceit? your husbands unworthineſſe, having no meanes to enjoy this Court-Lady but by gifts; and having no courſe for gifts, but from you, procures ſome Pander to performe a fain'd meſſage. Your hope of game puts the weighty truſt upon the counterfeit fool your huſband; his ſimplicity ſeems cozen'd, whilſt this Lady excuſes

all, and keeps all: So that your own Jewells purchaſe your owne horns; nay, and you were not withall laught at for your purchaſe, 'twere ſcarce enough to run mad for.

Py. 'Tis moſt plaine: I will have ſuch a revenge, as never woman had.

Enter Ticket.

Tic. Good Mrs. *Pyannet*, bear't as well as you may: Your loſſe is heavy, yet under the ſtrength of your conſtant wiſdome ——Ifaith my wife was ſo carefull leſt you ſhould take too deep ſenſe of it, that ſhe importun'd my own preſence to comfort you: For ſure I know ——

Py. You are a Wittally Cuckold I know. I commend thy wives modeſty yet: She will not doe it afore thy face, but will ſend thee out of an errand yet.

Tic. What mean you? you amaze me.

Py. Nay, I look you ſhould ſeem ignorant: What, to take ſenſe or notice of your horne, as long as it winds you into profit, were moſt uncourtly. Well, you heare not me rage nor rave: marry I will ſlit the Drabs noſe, crop off her eares, ſcratch out her eyes——

Tic. Bleſſe us!

Py. Teare off her haire, plucke out her throat, that's all. Come along Sir.

Io. Now they are gone, I prethee *Exit. Py.* M. *Footwell* ſtay a little, I will fetch *Tic.* thee ſome Letters to read for me, which I have not open'd yet, becauſe I durſt truſt no body.——

Exit.

Craſ. Theſe Letters muſt neceſſarily come from my Brace of Courtiers, Sir *Ticket*, and Monſieur *Rufflit*, which I will read cleane contrary, as if they

ſlighted

ſlighted her, and anſwer them acroſſe from her meaning, as if ſhe ſlighted them: And ſo letting my ſelfe downe into their inwards on both ſides, what they can get, or what my wife has, will I pump into mine owne purſe.

Enter Joſina *with two Letters.*

Jo. Now deare M. *Footwell*, as ever you pitied the caſe of a poor Gentlewoman, that would faine uſe her beauty, whilſt there is ſome pleaſure in it, read and anſwer theſe Letters with commanding eloquence; force them to affect me.

Cra. Ha, ha, ha: Will you not be offended, if I read them truly?

Jo. No: I prethee what is't?

Cra. Stay, it ſeems you have written to them.

Jo. Yes: but I cannot read the anſwer. Prethee what iſt?

Cra. Faith youle be angry.

Jo. Nay, and you love me, what ist?

Cra. Sir *Andrew* here, he ſayes, tis not your broad brim'd hat, your tiffeny dreſſe, Spaniſh ruffe, and ſilver bodkin can make him diſloyall to his wives bed. *Rufflit* here, he writes that you have a groſſe body, a dull eye, a lowe forehead, a black tooth, a fat hand, and a moſt lean purſe. I there's it: And you could but give, and you had but to ſend ——

Jo. A lean purſe!

Cra. I, the lean purſe. There's the Devill: Were you as bald as Time, as ſtiffly wrinkled as frozen plow'd Lands, more dry then a Fever, more leane then death; had you ingroſs'd deformity, yet if you had but to give ——

Jo. Why *Footwell*, though my husband be but a Bankrupt Knave ——

Cra. Nay faith, rather a fool, Miſtreſſe.

Jo. Well, fool let him be then; yet I have a Mother will not ſee me want for neceſſary ends: And I hope I had the wit to cozen my husband of ſomewhat againſt a rainy day. Look you Sir, I kept theſe for a friend in a corner.

Cra. Nay, but I would not wiſh you to ſend them now: What, relieve the baſe wants of prating Skipjacks to pay for your damnation?

Jo. Nay thats ſure, I will not give them.

Cra. And yet, ifaith, what can a Gentlewoman give too much for her pleaſure? Can there be a more heavy diſgrace blowne abroad upon any Lady, then that ſhe has not at the leaſt two ſervants, ſince many Lovers are the onely noble approvement of beauty?

Io. Ile ſend them both, thats ſure.

Cra. But both of them to Mr. *Rufflit*: Oh, hee's an abſolute ſpirit! He has an Engliſh face, a French tongue, a Spaniſh heart, an Iriſh hand, a Welch Leg, a Scotch beard, and a Dutch buttock.

Jo. O I: I am wholly his, I will ſend all to him.

Cra. O but Sir *Andrew*, he is a Courtly Lover: He can kiſſe you courtly, handle you Courtly, lye with you Courtly.

Jo. O yes: he ſhall have one. I prethee praiſe me to them both, and commend to each of them one of theſe Jewells, not that I doe ſo much care for the uſe of them, yet becauſe I would not be wonder'd at like an Owle among my neighbors, for living honeſt in my husbands abſence. I prethee work effectually for mee, ſweet M. *Footwell*. *Exit.*

Enter Rufflit, *ſpying her going out.*

Ruf. Mr. *Craſie*: Hiſt Mrs. *Craſie*.

Cra. Peace Sir, forbeare: As you would hope, doe

doe not purſue a woman when ſhe is out of the humor. O, untimely importunity is moſt diſtaſtfull. There are certain ſeaſons to take the coldeſt Appetite, when ſhe is pinning a Ruffe, playing with a Monkey, hearing a wanton Song, or half drunk.

Ruf. What are you Sir ?

Cra. A private Meſſenger to you Sir, from the Gentlewoman you purſue. This is your hand, is it not ?

Ruf. Yes :

Cra. You may keep your Letter.

Ruf. But what ſayes my utmoſt hope, the end of my ambition ?

Cra. Only that you are poor, a Gallant of a very wanting fortune.

Ruf. The more honor for her to redeem me.

Cra. Alas, I think her means are but weak, her huſbands ſinking hath brought her low.

Ruf. Her husband ! Alas poor fly ; onely made to be ſuck'd and forſaken. His wife has the life-blood of her fortunes in her, and I'le be her cupping-glaſſe.

Cra. I wonder his wife could nouriſh ſo unbelieving a conſcience !

Ruf. Conſcience ! All things rob one another : Churches poule the People, Princes pill the Church ; Minions draw from Princes, Miſtreſſes ſuck Minions, and the Pox undoes Miſtreſſes ; Phyſitians plague their Patients ; Orators their Clients ; Courtiers their Suitors, and the Devill all. The water robs the earth, earth choakes the water : fire burns ayre, ayre ſtill conſumes the fire.

Since Elements themſelves do rob each other,
And *Phœbe* for her light doth rob her Brother,
What iſt in man, one man to rob another ?

Cra. You have ſpoken moſt edifyingly ſir, but

for you, of whom I underſtand *Craſy* merits the beſt Offices; for you to corrupt his Wife, and with a covetous ſinning expect uſe for the loan of your Loines!

Ruff. Death man, they are my Exchecquer, my Rent: Why I have no poſſeſſion but my Eſtate taile. And as for *Craſy*, he has no wit; he was created a foole, to have Knaves work upon him: a fellow made to have ſome pity, and all wrong; he had ever an open Purſe, and now an empty. He made it a common hole, every Gallant had his fingers in it. Every man lov'd his Fortune, ſqueez'd it, and when it was unjuic'd, farewell kind heart. I confeſs I owe him a good turn: Ile pay't his Wife. He kept her alwaies exquiſitely neat; temptingly gallant, and as a proteſted Cuckold ſhould do, about his degree and means ſumptuouſly proud. Her Eye artificially ſpirited, her Cheek ſurphuled, her Teeth blanch'd, her Lip painted, her Neck carkanetted, and her Breſt bar'd almoſt to her Belly. And ſhall a peece, thus put out to ſale, ſtand unattempted, as not worth the purchaſe.

Cra. Yes Sir, if you could compaſſe her; as ſure ſhe may be corrupted: for ſhe is very covetous.

Ruff. If I could but make ſhew of a Gift, or preſent one ——

Cra. Only not to appeare of ſo needy a Fortune —Why if you chance to poſſeſs her.

Ruff. Piſh, tweare all mine again, and all that ſhe had beſides. And troth, I think ſhe is wealthy.

Cra. Wealthy! look you Sir, Here are two of her Jewels, I fetcht from an Ant of hers, where they lay hid from her Husband. Theſe are not worth the purſuit.

Ruff. Nay, tis an eaſie Female: He, that has her, has all. What ſhould I ſend? A Gift would

do

do it. Let me think. Tis but a grofs-bodyed Wench, with a blackifh haire neither.

Cra. Oh the better. Your lean No-bodies with yellow Manes have moft commonly rotten teeth and wicked breaths. No, your full plump Woman is your only Venus.

Ruff. A hundred golden peeces I am intrufted withall by my elder Brother, to purchafe a peece of Injuftice. If I fhould fend them ——

Cra. Oh Sir, thefe both were yours, and they too. She pretends this ftraine, but onely to explore your ftrength of means, and to try how far you dare engage them for her enjoying.

Ruff. I will fend them, win her, ufe her, fuck her Purfe, recover my own, gain hers, and laugh at the poor Cuckhold her Husband. Commend with thefe my lifes blood, and Soules fervice to my Miftris. Farewell.— *Exit.*

Enter Ticket.

Cra. Sir *Andrew Ticket*, I take it.

Tic. The fame, Sir. Is Mrs. *Crafie* within? I cannot keep pace with her Mother. O, when jealoufie is once fet a going, it runs on high fpeed. But let her make haft to arrive at Court, while I land on her Daughter in the City. Is fhe privately idle?

Crafie fpits at Ticket.

What doft thou mean by that?

Cra. My Vow's difcharg'd, and her Revenge is done. I am no Pandar, Sir, and yet I am of Counfell with Smock fecrets, Buttock bufineffe Sir.

Are you fo ftale a Courtier, and know not the neceffity of Gifts?

Tic. Is that the matter I am rejected by her?

Cra. Why? would it not provoke any Woman to be called foole, and foule-face?

Tic. I never call'd her ſo, by the Soule of my Affection, not I.

Cra. No; Do you not intimate ſhe is a foole, when you hope to enjoy her without a Gift? And foule, when your neglect of coſt ſaies ſhe deſerves none.

Tic. 'Fore Heaven I was a ſilly Aſſe, now I think on't, to ſend a Sonnet without ſome rich preſent.

Cra. Why Sir? A man muſt do as he would be done to. Do you, or any man uſe to be made Cuckhold for nothing?

Tic. I ſhould have ſent a Gift. What, if I enjoy her, ſhe may requite it.

Cra. May; Nay can; nay will. Look you Sir, here's Gold. Here are Jewels They are hers; they may be yours. I would not ſeem a Pandar to you though; for you have a Wife Sir.

Tic. Piſh, who cares to drink out of a River? What I can command out of duty hath but a dull reliſh. Had not *Danæ* been kept in her braſs Tower, she had never tempted a Gods piercing. I muſt ſend, though it be but to ſhew the ability of my Fortune, and the deſert of her Beauty.

Cra. And then to ſend but a trifle would diſgrace both.

Tic. Hold, convey this Carckanet unto her; tis of value, and let her read by this, how much I ſeek her.

Cra. And how deare you hold her. Sir, I can ſpeak; but *I* uſe to take nothing for my paines.

Tic. Yes, receive this little—Nay, I prethee.

Cra. Only not to appeare Uncourtly, or uncivill. I proteſt I abhor Pandariſme; only as a ſecond, or ſo. As you have beheld two Horſes knubbing one another;

another; Ka me, Ka thee, an old kind of Court-ſhip.

Tic. I prethee return inſtantly my ſucceſs: You ſhall find me at the Ordinary; come and Dine with me.

Cra. I have procur'd a private Stable for my Horſe: And therefore I my ſelfe would be loth to ſtand at Livery.

Cra. Doſt compare common Stables for Horſes, and publick Ordinaries for Gallants together.

Cra. Troth yes ſir, for as in Stables, here a goodly Gelding of twenty Pounds price, and there a raw-backd Jade of foure Nobles by him. So at Ordinaries, here a worthy Fellow of means and virtue, and there a Cheating Shifter of wants and coſenage. Here a Knight, there a Beggar; Here a Gallant, there a Gull: Here a Courtier, there a Coxcomb; Here a Juſtice of Peace, and there an Eſquire of low Degree. Or, in direct Phraſe, a Pandar.

Tic. Such a one as thou art.

Cra. Umh. Virtue goes often wetſhod, and is forc'd to be cobled up with baſe means, to hold out water and cold neceſſity. You command me no further ſir.

Tic. No honeſt Knave, farewell —— *Exit Craſy.*

Now Mr. *Craſy*, will I button up your Cap with a Court-brooch.

You demand Debts, do you? Ile pay you none. Oh twas a notable dull Flat-Cap. He would invite Courtiers; ſtand bare, ſay grace, make legs, kiſs his hand, ſerve us in perfum'd linnen, and lend us money upon our words, or bare words. Were't not a ſin to let ſuch a foole paſſe unſuckt? No, Fortune dreſt him only for us to feed on, and Ile fall to. *Exit.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. *Scene* II.

La. Ticket. Sneakup. Toby. Page.

La. Tic. BEE comforted Mr. *Sneakup*; Remember you are in my Chamber. Beare the heart of a Husband, who ſcorns to tremble at the face of his Wife? Do not feare ſir.

Tob. Stand firm Father, do not ſinck before the face of a Lady.

La. I have ſent my own Husband to ſatisfie her, and I hope he will do it throughly. Be your ſelfe therefore; all the Pleaſures the Pallace can afford, ſhall ſtrive to mitigate your feares.

Sneak. Have you any Pleaſures in the Court, can make a man forget he has a Wife?

To. Sir we have pleaſures will make a man forget any thing, even himſelfe; therefore neceſſarily his wife, who is but part of himſelfe.

La.T. Boy, ſing your ſong of the Court delights.

They

They ſit: Sneakups *head in the Ladies lap.*

The Page ſings ——

Enter Pyannet *with a Truncheon.* Sarpego.

Py. Are you lull'd in your delights? No pillow for your Goatiſh head, but her Ladyſhips lap?

Sneak. O dear! O wife! I did not know you were ſo nigh truly.

Py. You are ignorant ſtill, I know: But I will make thy bones ſuffer as well as my browes. Thou Cullion, could not thine own Cellar ſerve thee, but thou muſt be ſneaking into Court Butteries?

Sneak. Oh, oh, oh——

Sar. Væ miſero.

To. Hold deare mother.

La.T. Sweet Mrs. *Pyannet* hold.

Py. Art thou there, daughter of an Intelligencer, and ſtrumpet to a Bearward?

La.T. Now Beauty bleſſe me, was not thy mother a notorious Tripe-wife, and thy father a profeſt Harefinder? Gip you Flirt.

Py. How now Madam *Tiffany*! Will none but my Cock ſerve to tread you? Give me my Jewells thou Harlot.

To. Mother—Pray Mother—

Py. Beſtow ſteeping thy skin in perfumes to kill the ſtink of thy paintings, and rotten inwards to catch Cockſcombs.

To. Dear mother.

Py. But thou ſhalt not cozen, and Cucquean me.

To. Sweet mother—

Sar. Lupus in fabula. The Devill's in the womans tongue.

Py. A whip on her; rotten eggs and kennell dirt on her ſilken Whoreſhip.

Sar.

Sar. Nil tam difficile. Nothing can lay her.

La.T. Nay, let the Countrey Gentlewoman bee mad and rave on; ſhe knowes I know my Countrey Gentlewoman had a Baſtard before ſhee was married.

Py. Did um ſo? The Countrey Gentlewoman was more chaſte in a Baſtard, then the Court Madam in her barrenneſſe. You underſtand me; you have no Green-ſickneſſe there, yet (I hope) you have few Chriſt'nings; you have trickes for that, have you?

To. Nay mother——

Py. You have your Kickſhaws, your Players Marchpaines; all ſhew and no meat.

Sar. Nulli penetrabilis Aſtro. Shee'l heare no reaſon.

La.T. Go to; you know how in private you commended your Horſe-keeper to me.

Py. Well: And didſt not thou in as much privacy counſell me to contemn my husband, and uſe an Italian trick that thou wouldſt teach me?

Sar. Quid faciendum? Beſt ſtop their mouths?

La.T. Out you bawble; you trifle; you hurden ſmock'd ſweaty ſluttery, that couldſt love a fellow that wore worſted ſtockins footed, and fed in Cooks ſhops.

Sar. Faculis & Arcu. Thunder and Lightning.

Py. Ods my precious——

Sneak. Nay dear, ſweet wife—

Py. How's this—

To. Honey Mother—

Py. Take this, and take all. Why goody Complexion, thou Rammy Naſtineſſe, thou knoweſt wherefore thy Gentlewoman left thee; did ſhe not ſweare that ſhe——

To. For modeſties ſake—

Py.

Py. Had rather be at the opening of a dead old man, then ſtand dreſſing thy head in a morning. Remember the Page that wore thy picture, and the ſong which thou hadſt in the praiſe of the male Baboon.

Sar. Tacete parvuli: You have ſaid too much.

To. Indeed mother you will be ſorry, when you know how much you miſtake, ſome crafty fellow has put a trick upon you.

Sneak. Me-thinkes ſweet wife you ſhould rather condole our loſſe with me.

Py. Hold you your peace; do not you prate.

Sar. Redde te Harpocratem: The man is wiſe enough.

To. 'Tis true; misfortune hath wrought the Jewells from my father.

Sneak. Inded wife, truly, truly, I am Cony-catch'd——

To. But for my father, or this Ladies wronging you, as I am your ſon, I aſſure you I have been an eye-witneſs of all fair reſpect towards you.

Py. Is it even ſo?

To. Mother, as I reſpect your bleſſing it is perfect truth.

Py. I humbly beſeech you ſweet Madam, that my earneſt and hearty ſorrow may procure remiſſion for my inconſiderate and cauſeleſſe Invectives. Let my confeſſion ſeem ſatisfactory, and my contrition win indulgency to my forgetfull delinquency. I pray you let us kiſſe and be friends.

La.T. Alas ſweet friend, you and I have been inward a great while, and for us to fall out, and bare one anothers ſecrets—

Py. Well, 'twas mine error, not malice; but as for the procurer of it, if I pay not him in his owne Coyne—Mr. *Footwell!* Ile ſhew you a trick of twenty. Come ſon, I have a wife for thee.

To.

To. A Wife! a Wife, Mother! O where is ſhee?

Py. I, my boy, a Wife—

To. O ho.

Py. And ſuch a one as thou ſhalt bleſſe me for procuring. Curteouſly farewell, ſweet Madam: Where's my Fool? Come, leave the Court ſirrah, and man your owne wife into the City——

Exeunt omnes.

ACT. IIII. *Scene* III.

Joſina, Craſy.

Jo. BUt I prethee ſatisfie me: What returne they? Received they my Jewells?

Cra. Yes, they prov'd acceptive.

Jo. And what ſaid they? Can they affect?

Cra. Can they be damned? Before I will undergoe againe ſuch a buſineſs—fore Heaven I do as little differ from a Pander! only I have nothing for my pains, or elſe ——

Jo. Thou ſhalt have. Are thy news happy?

Cra. Are your own wiſhes happy?

Jo. Hold, ſpend this ten pound for me, *Footwel.*

Cra. Will you make me a Bawde. What a Bawde? And yet introth, what would not a man be for your ſake, that have ſuch wit and ſuch bounty!

I cannot refuſe, but ſuffer your Virtue to be exercis'd upon me.

Joſ. Now, prethee ſpeak; what's their anſwer?

Cra. Why, Ile tell you, they are both your own.

Joſ. Both Footwell: I prethee how?

Cra. Why, no more but this; they are both yours; only you know, but one hand in a Glove at once. But I had ſo much to do with one of them; ſuch a coyle to draw him to it——

Joſ. Which, I prethee? Sir *Andrew*?

Craſ. Even he: He ſaies, he underſtands that you affect a Mountebanck. Sure, your Doctor is but ſome baſe bragging Raſcall.

Jo. Do you think ſo?

Craſ. How ſhould Sir *Andrew* know elſe that he is come to embrace you to night?

Jo. Does he know that too?

Cra. Yes marry does he, which the worthy Knight takes ſo contemptuouſly, ſuffering ſo baſe a Rivall, that he vowes, unleſs you beat him, baſtinado him ſoundly when he comes, he will loath you moſt conſtantly.

Jo. Enough, if I do not make him an Example to all the bawdy Quacks in the Kingdome; ſay there is no virtue in Cudgels, and Bedſtaves. Ile charm him for opening any more ſecrets of mine, Ile warrant him. And ſo write to Sir *Andrew*.

Cra. Welſaid Miſtreſs, be reſolute. I mean to help you my ſelfe.

Jo. Ile caſt about for weapons inſtantly.—*Exit.*

Cra. Yes, I will write to Sir *Andrew*, doubtleſs, that, which he ſhall have ſmall cauſe to thank me for. I will write for him to come in the habit of this Doctor.

ACT.

ACT. IV. *Scene* IV.

Linſie Wolſie, Crack with a Lute, &c.

Lin. SHee's gone, ſhee's gone: Was ever man ſo cheated? Threeſcore pound for a Ring; and the Ring gone too, for which I paid it: A moneths dyet and lodging, beſides the charge of Phyſick and attendance. Five pound in dole bread, would have ſerv'd my houſe a twelve moneth. I am undone; broke, Bankrupt: But thou Rogue ſhalt ſmart for all, now I have caught thee.

Crac. Mercy, dear Sir, mercy.

Lin. Were you making up your packe to bee gone too?

Crac. Nothing but my own Sir, my Lute, and a few Muſick-books.

Lin. You and your Miſtreſſe have made ſweet Muſick of me: Therefore ſirrah quickly—Are the Beadles gone for?

Servant within. Yes Sir.

Lin. Therefore quickly, I ſay, as you were an Acter in the Coſenage, bring her to light, or——

Crac. Shee's light enough her ſelf: But a very Innocent I, Sir. She has cozen'd me of halfe a years ſervice, wrought me off o'my leggs, ſtrain'd my backe, crack'd my voyce, done me to my utter undoing; and can you think I knew of her running away?

Lin. I'le make you ſing another ſong ſirrah: Are the Beadles come?

Crac.

Crac. Any ſong Sir, or as many as you pleaſe. *He ſings a ſong.*

Lin. Pretty I confeſſe. But that's not the ſong muſt do it; nor can any ſong pleaſe me at this time. Are the Beadles come?

Serv. within. Yes Sir, they are here.

Crac. Deare Sir, let 'em forbeare a little. And if I cannot pleaſe you with a ſong, commit me to their fury.

Lin. 'Tis but to trifle time: yet ſing before you ſuffer. Worſe then t'other this; you ſhall ſing in another place, to the whip, to the whip, Sir? Bring in the Beadles, and away with him to Bridewell. *He ſings another ſong.*

Crac. Yet once more, good Sir, try me this laſt time, and but promiſe me, if I can ſing a ſong that you ſhall like, to forgive and free me.

Lin. Sing a ſong that I ſhall like, and I will free thee.

Crack ſings againe.

Then ſhall a preſent courſe be found
For M. Wolſies *threeſcore pound*;
And his Ring,
And the thing
That has given him the ſlip——

Lin. I marry, that I like well.

Crac. Then I have 'ſcap'd the whip.

Lin. Think you ſo Sir?

Crac. Yes: For you like the ſong well, you ſay, and I am free; I hope you will make good your noble City word, Sir.

Lin. City words uſe not to paſſe for ſongs Sir: Make you good the words of your ſong, Sir, and I

ſhall make my word good Sir: Come away Beadles.

Crac. O ſtay Sir, I beſeech you, and let your Juſtice fall on the right shoulders. I'le confeſſe all.

Lin. O will you ſo Sir?

Crack. 'Tis moſt true Sir, that the Gentlewoman, whom I call'd Miſtreſs, is a moſt cunning whore, and a notorious cheat.

Lin. Theſe are good words indeed!

Crac. Shee came to your houſe with foure men in Liveries; they were all but hired Pandars.

Lin. Yes, and divers Trunks of ſuppoſed Treaſure, which I finde to bee Baggs of Nailes, and other old Iron, and all the Rings and Stones shee boaſted in her Will are but Curtaine Rings, and Bricke-bats.

Crac. Your owne covetouſneſs cozen'd you Sir: But if I now bring you not where you ſhall ſee how shee is ſince beſtowed, and that you finde not hearty cauſe to rejoyce that you were cozen'd of her, let me be whipp'd to death, Sir.

Lin. Well, come along Sir: But I will have a Guard upon you.

Crac. What Guard you pleaſe Sir, ſo my poore skin may ſcape the Lash-guards.——

Exeunt omnes.

ACT.

ACT. V.

Craſy, Tryman, Pyannet, Toby.

Try. O thou Varlet, thou unconſcionable Unbeliever, ungodly Miſcreant! Haſt thou cozen'd my eaſie Credulity? And wouldſt have undone and married me, like a Cony-catching companion, as thou art? Didſt not thou tell me, thou hadſt moderate means of life, friends of faſhion, and civill reputation? And now this vertuous, religious Gentlewoman tells me, thou art an arrant Skipjack.

Py. Nay, and has not a hole to put thy head in, but upon my curteſie.

Try. But I thank this Matrons worſhip, her pity will not permit my eaſie Nature to ſuffer under thy Coſenage: But beſtowes her generous Son and Heire here upon me.——

Py. A Gentleman of another ſpheare, another ranck then you are Sirrah; that ſhall have three hundred yeare in *Eſſe*, and five in *Poſſe*.

Try. That is acquainted with young Lords; has had the honour to make a Hunting match.

To. I, and a challenge to ride the wilde Gooſe chaſe.

Try. That hath made Ladies Poſies for Cheeſe trenchers.

To. And play'd with Counteſſes at Shuttle-cock.

Try. And to this Elegant Spirit and choice hope am I, and my Fortunes contracted.

Craf. How! contracted.

Try. Yes Sir, contracted. Look you, I dare ſeale it before your face. *Kiſſe.*

Cra. Are you ſo.

To. She is mine ſir, mine ſir. Do you mark, I dare likewiſe ſeale it ſir. *Kiſſe.*

Cra. Is there honeſty in this dealing?

Py. Yes ſir, Is there not profit in this dealing?

Cra. Tis very well. If there be no Law upon words, Oathes, and Pre-contracts, and Witneſs. If a man may ſpend a hundred Angels upon a Widdow; have her affied before Witneſs, and then have his Noſe wip'd of her. Why, Tis very well.

Tryman takes Pyannet and Toby aſide.

Try. Intruth deare heart, and ſweet Mother in expectation, to ſpeak equally, there have ſome words of courſe paſt betwixt us, which may ſeem to impart ſome Ingagement. Surely I have been too liberall of ſome ſpeech of advantage. Truly it would not be amiſs, (conſidering his Expence and Intereſt) to fall to ſome ſlight Compoſition. Some hundred Pounds would make the poor Knave do any thing,

To. Mother, let's be wiſe. Let's be wiſe Mother; fetch a hundred peeces preſently: That even upon his firſt conſent, he may be ſatisfy'd and ſilenc'd.

Try. For if he chance but to be delay'd till he ask Counſell, then——

Py. Mum. A word to the wiſe.—— *Exit.*

Cra. Nay, I hope as long as I am a Subject, I ſhall have Law: I doubt not but I ſhall have Law.

Try.

Try. Come Sir, you ſhall not deſervedly exclaim of my neglecting you.

For our ſometimes Love, I have procured you a hundred Pounds.

Cra. To diſclaim my right in you, Ile take't. Here's my hand, Ile take it.

To. Pox, how my Mother ſtaies.

Cra. Scorn my Poverty! Come, where iſt? Becauſe I have not the Muck of the World. Come, the money.

Enter Pyannet.

Py. Here ſir, upon this conſideration, that you diſclaim and renounce all intereſt ——

Cra. Yes moſt freely.

Py. In this Gentlewoman; and do vow, never to pretend future claim to her.

Cra. I do, marry——

To. Nay, no marries ſir, you have receiv'd the money. You ſhall make no more marries here. Come my betrothed Spouſe, bid a Fice for him, Say black's thine Eye who dares. Mother Ile be married to night, and to bed preſently.

Py. This night, Son; tis very late.

To. never to late to be wife. I hope I am your Son; and muſt beare a Brain.

Py. Indeed, he that deales with Woman, muſt take occaſion by the fore Lock. Away—— *Exit.*

Cra. Why! I am weary of money now: I have gotten more in a weeks Coſenage, then in all my daies of Honeſty. What an eaſie coole thing it is to be a rich Knave! Gramercy *Punck.* A witty Wench is an excellent help at a dead lift. But in deſpite of the Juſtice that provok'd me, my Conſcience a little turns at theſe brain-tricks. But they have all been ungratefull; ungratefull! Tis

a ſin that ſhould have no mercy: tis the Plague-ſpot; who has it ſhould not live.

If holy wiſdome from the thundring Cloud
Had given more Lawes then ten, this had enſu'd:
Avoid, O man, mans Shame, Ingratitude.
For my poor Lot, *I* could have ſweetly ſlept
In quiet want, with reſolute content;
Had not defect of wit, uncurteous ſcorn
Been thruſt upon me. Now they all ſhall feele,
When honeſt men revenge, their whips are ſteele.

My Courtiers are the next that I muſt exerciſe upon. This night my wife expects the embraces of one of them at leaſt, if this haſty Marriage call her not from her Chamber. But ſhe being a right woman may prevent that with a fained ſickneſſe, or ſo. Let me remember, I wrote to *Rufflit* to come like her Doctor Pulſe-feele, to miniſter to her. This will jump right with a counterfeit ſickneſs: It may, perhaps, break a Urinall about his Coxcomb. *Muſick.*

How now! O perceive this great Wedding goes forward.

Muſick. Torches. Sarpego. Toby and Tryman. Sneakup and La. Ticket, Pyannet. Joſina in night attire. *Bridget.* They paſſe as to the Wedding with *Roſemary. Craſy* whiſpers *Joſina.* She takes leave of her Mother, ſeeming to complain of being ſick; and ſo returnes with *Bridget.* Then enter *Rufflit* like a Doctor.

Cra. So, this falls out pat. She is no ſooner gone Sick to her Chamber, but here comes her Phyſitian, to cover and recover her in a trice.

Ruf. Hiſt, Footwell, Footwell.

Cra. Seignor *Rufflit*; I am a foole if I took you not for a Phyſitian.

Ruf. She wrote to me, that I ſhould come in this habit.

Cra.

Cra. Right Sir, to avoid ſuſpect: For which cauſe she has counterfeited herſelfe ſick, and lies longing and languishing till you miniſter to her.

Ruf. And am I come pat? am I come i'the nick?

Cra. Your Fortune ſings in the right Cliff, ſir, a wench as tender as a City Pullet.

Ruf. But not ſo rotten.

Cra. Oh ſir, health it ſelfe; a very Reſtorative. Will you in? The way lies open before you.

Ruf. Hold *Footwell*, tel that till I — *gives him* return from branching the moſt meritted *money*. Cuckold *Craſy*. Poor Snake, that I muſt force thee to caſt thy Skin. And he were not a Citizen I could pity him: He is undone for ever. Methinks I ſee him all ready make earneſt ſuite, to weare a red Cap, and a blew Gown; comely to carry a Staff-torch before my Lord Mayor upon *Alhalloune night*. Watch *Footwell*, I mount.—— *Exit.*

Craſ. But now, if the agitation of my Braines ſhould work through my Browes. If my Wives pitifull hand ſhould fall to compoſition with my Doctors Pate, and my deceit be diſcovered before the Baſtinado had given charge to his Shoulders, were not my Forehead in apparant danger. Tis done in three minutes. Death, my Courtier has a ſanguine Complexion: He is like a Cock ſparrow, Chit, Chit, and away. Heart o' man! And I should be blown up in mine own Mine now! Ha.

Ruf. within. Hold Mrs. *Craſy*. Deare *Bridget*. Help *Footwell*.

Cra. Ho the hubbub's rays'd, and my feare's vanisht.

Enter Joſina, *and* Bridget *beating* Rufflit:
Craſy *takes* Bridgets *Cudgell, and laies on.*

Joſ. Out you Piſpot-caſter.

Bri. You Suppoſitory.

Joſ. You Gliſter-pipe, thinkſt to diſhoneſt me?

Ruf. Hold, deare Lady—I am——

Joſ. A ſtincking ſaucy Raſcall thou art, take this remembrance. *Exit.*

Cra. Hold, ſweet Miſtreſs.

Ruf. Oh I thank you good Mr. *Footwell.*

Cra. Oh, it is not ſo much worth verily.

Ruf. Oh, but tis ſir.

He draws his Sword from under his Gowne. Craſy cloſes with, and diſarmes him.

Rogue. Rogue.

Nay prethee ſweet Raſcall, Pox on you, I did not mean to hurt you, my honeſt Vagabond, tell me, tell me: Come, who was't put this Trick upon me. Thou art a precious Villain: Come, whoſe deviſe was it? Whoſe plot. At whoſe Suit was I Cudgel'd? Who made me feigne my ſelfe a Phyſitian, till I muſt be forc'd to go to the Surgeon? And dare'ſt tell me?

Cra. Nay, then I will tell you. Dare! why twas your Friend and Rivall, Sir *Andrew Ticket.*

Ruff. Ticket.

Cra. Even he ſir. His Gold hir'd me to gull you. And this brain procur'd your beating. Yes faith ſir, Envie, bribes, and wit have wrong upon you.

Ruff. Well, if I revenge not ——

Cra. But how ſir.

Ruff. I, afore Heaven, that's well thought on. Give me but the meanes, and I will not only forgive, but reward thee richly.

Craſ. Come faith, becauſe I would have both your Shoulders, go in one Livery, I muſt diſcloſe. Why ſir, Knavery is reſtorative to me, as Spiders to Monkeys. The poyſon of wit feeds me.

Enter

Enter Ticket.

Boy with a Torch.

Look you ſir, he's come. Stand cloſe, take this Cudgell, graſp it ſtrongly, ſtretch your Sinewes luſtily ; And when you ſee him hang by the middle in a Rope, let your Fiſt fall thick, and your Cudgell nimbly.

Ruf. And ſoundly. My ambitious blowes ſhall ſtrive which ſhall go formoſt.

Craſ. Good ſir.

Ruf. Draw him up but halfe way.

Cra. So ſir, I muſt up to receive.—— *Exit.*

Ruf. Do ſo : I ſhall be ſo reveng'd now ! He had been better ha' been taken in Bed with another mans Wife, then have prevented me thus.

Tic. Vaniſh Sirrah with the Light. This I am ſure is the Window which her Letters call'd me to.

Ruf. I would you would begin once, that I might be at work. I do not love to ſtand idle in the Cold thus.

Tic. Hiſt, *Footwell, Footwell.*

Craſy above : Here ſir, here. O I watcht to do you a good turn. Will you mount ſir ?

Tic. I will mount, remount, and ſurmount. I wonder that there is not a ſolemne Statute made, that no Citizen ſhould marry a handſome Woman ; Or if he did, not to lye with her. For and twere not for Gallants help, they would beget nothing but Fooles. Craſy *lets downe a Rope.*

Cra. Right ſir, right ſir. Take the Rope, and faſten it about your middle ſir.

Tic. Why, that's *Craſy* ; a very Coxcomb.

Cra. An Aſſe, an Aſſe.

Tic.

Tic. A meer Citizen. Were't not a shame his wife should be honeſt? Or is't not pity that my own man should wholly enjoy a rare excellent proper woman, when a whole Corporation ſcarce affords two of them.

Cra. Moſt true ſir. Now mount ſir. I pluck courageouſly. Pray *Hercules* my ſtrength faile me not.

Ruf. Up ſir, up ſir. *Rufflit cudgels him.*

Tic. Pox, and pain! Hold Doctor.

Ruf. Save you ſir.

Tic. I am moſt ſenſible of your Salutation. Pluck *Footwell.*

Cra. Alas the Cord ſticks ſir; Ile call ſome help ſir. Craſy *comes downe.*

Tic. Death and Devils!

Ruf. Fiſts and Cudgels,

Tic. Heart, Lungs, Lights.

Ruf. Armes, Shoulders, Sides.

Tic. Help, help, help.

Enter Craſy.

Cra. Paſſion of Heaven Doctor: Ile Doctor you away. *Exit Rufflit*

Tic. Redeem me deare *Footwell.*

Cra. Yes ſir I come for the ſame purpoſe. Alas ſir, me thinks I even feele your blowes. Are you not ſore ſir?

Tick. Sore? Couldſt thou not pluck?

Cra. Sure I was Planet-ſtruck; the rope ſtuck in a ſlit Sir.

Tic. A Pox o'the ſlit, ſay I.

Cra. Know you this mad Doctor? Or do you owe any Doctor any thing?

Tic. I know him not, nor do I owe any Doctor any thing; I onely owe my Barber-Surgeon for a dyet-drink.

Cra.

Cra. Speedily make up your face Sir, here comes company: M. *Rufflit!*

Ruf. Honeſt *Footwel*! how doſt? Sir *Andrew*! Heartily how is't?——

Tic. As heartily as thou wilt; but not ſo hard I prethee.

Ruf. Why what's the matter?

Tic. I bruiſ'd my ſide e'en now againſt a formes edge.

Ruf. Parmaſity, Sir, is very good, or the freſh skin of a flead Cat.

Tic. Flead Cat?

Ruf. The fly-blowes of a dead dog, made into oyl, and ſpread upon the kell of a meazell hog..

Cra. Hark Gentlemen, the Wedding comes, forget old bruiſes, and put on ſenſe of the lighteſt colour: for this houſe to night vowes to run giddy with mirth and laughter.

Ent. Rufflit in his owne ſhape. He hugs and ſhakes him.

Enter Lights: Sarpego, Toby, Tryman, La. Ticket, Pyannet, Sneakup.

Ruf. Joy, health, love and children to this happy union.

Tic. Unbruiſ'd bones, and ſmooth foreheads to you both.

Py. What ſhall no device, no mirth ſolemnize my ſons match? Go *Sneakup*, call downe our daughter. [*Exit Sneakup.*]
In deſpight of ſickneſſe, mirth and joy ſhall make this night healthfull.

Try. O mother, cold ſobriety and modeſt melancholy becomes the face of the Matron; unedifying gawdes are Prophane vanities. Mirth is the fat of fools, onely vertue is the nouriſhment of purity and unſinning ſincerity.

Py.

Py. By the leave of your wiſdome daughter, wee'l take the wall of your preciſeneſſe: for Mr. *Sarpego* has told me of a learned ſubject for a Ballet, which wee ſhall ſee acted preſently.

Try. What is it, ſome Heatheniſh Play?

Sar. No certes, but a very religious Dialogue, full of nothing, but morall conceits betwixt Lady *Luxury*, a Prodigall and a Fool.

Try. But who ſhould act and perſonate theſe?

Sar. Why in that lies the nobility of the device; it ſhould be done after the faſhion of *Italy* by our ſelves, only the plot premeditated to what our aim muſt tend: Marry the Speeches muſt be extempore. Mrs. Bride would I have to play Dame *Luxury*, and Mr. *Footwell* here the Prodigall.

Py. And my husband the Fool.

Enter Sneakup, Joſina *and* Bridget.

Sneak. I, and't pleaſe you wife.

Sar. Ile play the Inductor, and then we are all fitted.

Try. I pray you what is Lady *Luxury*? A woman regenerative.

Tob. A whore, wife:

Sar. In ſincerity not much better then a Curtezan; a kind of open Creature.

Try. And do you think me fit to repreſent an open Creature? Saving your modeſties, a Whore. Can I play the Strumpet, think yee?

Joſ. Truſt me Siſter, as long as it is done in private, in ones own Houſe, and for ſome few ſelected Gentlemens pleaſure; Me-thinks the part is not altogether the diſpleaſingſt.

Try. Modeſty defend me! you think tis nothing to play the Strumpet.

Sar. Why ſurely religious Lady, it can be no diſgrace

diſgrace to you to figure out the part: For ſhe that cannot play the Strumpet if ſhe would, can claim no great honour to be chaſt.

Bri. How gravely and ſententiouſly he ſpeaks.

Tob. Wife, it ſhall be ſo: It is my firſt Injunction; you ſhall do it, or diſobey me. You muſt play it.

Try. What, the Whore ſir?

Tob. I, in jeſt: What hurt is't? And Mother, you ſhall excuſe my Father for this once: For ſince my wife plaies the Whore, Ile play the Foole my ſelfe. Though, I know, you had rather ſee him do it, you ſhall ſee for a need, I can make ſhift to perform it as well as he; as naturally, and to the Life.

Sar. Exceeding well thought on, I pray you, Lady, approve of it.

Py. Let learning direct, I am not to preſcribe to the Muſes.

To. Come ſweet heart, let's in and tire us, and be ready to enter preſently.

Sar. I fauſto pede ——Ex. Tob. Try.

Now for the Prodigall.

Cra. O doubt not, Mr. *Sarpego*: For know Sir, I am but a poor ſerving creature, that lives upon expectation; Oh Sir my end muſt be husks. Feare not my diſcharge of the Prodigall —— *Exit.*

Sar. Nil niſi Carmina deſunt.

To entertaine ye, while we attire our ſelves.
We want but now ſome Muſick, or a Song,
But thinke you have it. Sit: wee'l not be long.——
Exit.

Py. Seat you Gallants. Sit, ſweet Sir *Andrew*, Madam, and the reſt, and wee'le imagine Muſick, as M. *Sarpego* bids us.

Enter

Enter Linſie Wolſie, *and* Crack *with his Lute.*

How now! By what miſrule comes he to trouble us?

Lin. By your leave, Gallants, I have brought you Muſick.

Py. You Sir, I know your purpoſe, and it is prevented; you come after the Marriage to forbid the banes. Ha ha ha—you are ſhort, M. *Wolſie*, you are ſhort.

Lin. Good Mrs. *Sneakup* you are wide. I come to wiſh joy to the match, and to tell you I rejoyce, that I miſt a Bridegrooms part.

Py. How's that?

Lin. You ſee I wear no Willow, and am merry: All's true you told me, boy?

Crac. Yes by my deteſtation to Bridewell Sir.

Lin. Sing boy that ſong. If I have any griefe, it ſhall be all vented in a Hymeneall Song.

Tic. I have not known him in this humor.

Ruf. Sure 'tis a merry madneſſe for the loſſe of the widdow.

Py. Since you come friendly, you are welcome, M. *Wolſie.* Pray ſit with us, and heare your Hymeneall Song.

Crack ſings.

Jo Hymen, Jo Hymen, Jo Hymen
Was wont to be ſtill the old ſong
At high Nuptiall Feaſts
Where the merry merry gueſts
With joy and good wiſhes did throng:
But to this new Wedding new notes do I bring,
To raile at thee Hymen, while ſadly I ſing.

Py. This begins well.

Fye

Fye ô Hymen, fye ô Hymen, fye ô Hymen,
What hands, and what hearts doſt thou knit?
A Widdow that's prore,
And a very very Whore,
To an Heire that wants nothing but wit.
Yet thus far, O Hymen, thy anſwer is made,
When his means are ſpent, they may live by her trade.

Py. He ſings *Hymen* and *Hymen*; but methinkes the ſong is ſcandalous to the Marriage.

Lin. Excuſe me Lady, though I was cozen'd of the Bride, I have no ſuch malice; 'tis a ſong that the boy could ſing by chance, and made by a couple that were lately married in Crooked-Lane.

Py. O, is it ſo Sir? I knew not what to make of it.

Floriſh. Enter Sarpego, *the Prolocutor.*

Tic. Let us attend I pray; the Prologue enters.

Sar. *Right Country Dame, and Courtly Lady,*
Look for ſenſe as ſmall as may be;
But, if wit deceive your thinkings,
Know our Muſe diſdaines baſe ſhrinkings.
Hold a while your Verdicts bridle,
Judge not yet our Project idle,
Till at length the cloſe may ſhow it,
If we act the part of Poet.

Enter Tryman *and* Toby. *She looſely dreſt like a Curtezan, a bowle of wine in her hand. He in a fools Cap and Coat.*

Speak Lechery and Folly, Luxury I would ſay; I need not prompt them, they know what they ſhould ſay.

Try.

Try. Out you baſe Raſcall, you muddy Slave; thou haſt married me, and I will drink a health to thy Cuckoldmaker.——— *She drinks it off.*

To. Sfoot I am afraid ſhee'l play the whore better then I ſhall act the fool.

Try. Thou under-hearted, dull-blooded Pantaloon; thou whoſe utmoſt honour is to be made ſo good a thing as a Cuckold; thou ſonne of a Copyholder, and the Pudding-pye womans daughter, doſt thou think, dar'ſt thou but imagine, that I ſhall ever vouchſafe to love to doe any thing, but laugh at thee? Hence you Poultroon; thy voyce ſounds not ſo farre as thy breath ſtinks—— *Kicks him.*

To. Nay but, nay but do you heare wife? I do not very well like this; me-thinks you play too much in earneſt.

Try. In earneſt? Why Goodman Fool, you Cockſcomb, you Ninnihammer, you Clotpold Countrey Gentleman, thou dirty greedineſs.——

Py. Why how now daughter? Are you well? Me-thinks you over-do it too much.

Try. Thou dream'ſt my good husband, that thou haſt married the rich widdow, ha ha ha—

Sar. Now enters Prodigality.

Enter Craſy *in his own habit, all hung with Chaines, Jewells, Bags of Money, &c.*

Cra. When the troth is, deare brother, you have married the rank whore. Ha ha ha.

To. Sir!—who, brother *Craſy?*

Jo. Sweet husband!

Py. Dear ſon!

Tic. Ruff. Precious friend!

Lin. Neighbour *Craſie*!

Sar. Dij boni! Domine Craſie!

Cra.

Cra. And how doe you wife? When comes your Doctor *Pulsfeel*? But a kiſſe and ſo forth? And would not one of theſe free Gallants, theſe proper youths have ſerv'd the turne? I pray pardon mine incivility, Mother; I was bold to retaine mine owne Jewells. Ha' you not forgot your ſingles and your doubles, your fallings back, and your turnings up wife?

Jo. Why ifaith, dear heart, doſt thinke me ſo ſimple, that I did not know thee all the while? Alas man, I did but counterfeit, as you did, to maintaine the jeſt; kiſſe me ſweet duck—onely to maintaine the jeſt ifaith.

Cra. Yes, yes, yes, we are Friends. I heartily thank theſe kind Gentlemen for their loves to you, yes faith, heartily: I am better by it five hundred at leaſt. Be not you jealous Madame, they had nothing for it; not a bit by this Light.

Ruff. Death o' my Fortune! that was my Gold.

Tic. Plague of a Villain, that was my Jewell.

Cra. True Gentlemen; and your bounty likewiſe lies in this Bag.

La. T. Sir, we ſent theſe things to your Wife.

Cra. I thank you for it; we have but one Capacity in the Law, you know: What's hers muſt be mine. I know thou wouldſt have it ſo ſweet-heart. I am onely ſorry Gentlemen, that you were ſo well favourdly beaten. That the Foole Citizen, the Aſſe Citizen, the Cuckold Citizen ſhould procure ſuch a ſound ſwadling to your wife, valiant and ſubſtantiall Shoulders. Is't not a ſore matter? But reſt, Salves and warm Oyles may in time recover it.

How do you kind Mother? Gentlemen, if any of you want Money Gentlemen, here ſtands a City-wit that has it. I have it, if you want any; ſpeak, I have it, and will keep it. How does your Coſtard Sir?

Sir? A Pox o'th Slit, Sir. Belov'd of *Phœbus*, Minion of the Muſes; deare water bayly of *Helicon*, be not proud of your Preferment, though you are his Highneſſe tutor. Mother, I take the reſtoring of my rich Jewels very kindly. O my kind Brother, you have got the rich Widdow; and you have borne a brain Mother. Your hundred pound, brother, was moſt thriftily and opportunely beſtow'd. I could ha' procur'd her to you at an eaſier rate, Mother. I am onely ſorry for you Mr. *Wolſy*, that you had her not: Becauſe you very honourably releaſt me of your Bond before it was due; and are in ſhrewd danger to be laught at among your Neighbours.

How does good Mr. *Craſy*, the Princes Jeweller? Mother, did not my Father look too wiſe for a Citizen? How doſt honeſt *Punck*? I am as much beholden to thee, as to the reſt o' them.

Py. My ſonne and my heir is utterly undone.

To. O! I am quite caſt away.

Cra. O no, you ſhall be no loſer by me; you ſhall be a gainer by me Brother: Get wit Brother (marke you) wit. Good faith I pity the poore Citizen, hee has no wit; a handſome young fellow, with a pretty beard, and a proper bodied woman to his wife, and cannot beare a brain!

Try. Why doſt heare, modeſtly mumping Mother-in-Law, with thy French-hood, gold-chain, and flaggon-bracelets, advance thy ſnout. If the foole thy ſon, the Ideot my husband here, have but as much brains as a Battledore, he may make a faire revenue of me: Has he not a place at Court? Can he not lodge me there, and prove weak-ſighted, thick of hearing, ſleepie after dinner, and ſnort when others entertaine and Court me? Can

he

he not ſurvey the hangings, read *Cupids* Conybery, the Park of pleaſure, Chriſtian Love-Letters, or ſome other Pamphlet, or faine ſome errand into the Town, whilſt his browes are turning into gold ?

Py. O impudence beyond woman's apprehenſion! Sonne *Craſie*, we have all wrong'd thee, thou know'ſt it ; thou haſt reveng'd it, we feel it ; only do not undo my heire, ſave him, bring him but off o'this match with any loſs.

Cra. Why Mother, is your ſon grown ſuch a ſawcy Knave, as he thinkes ſcorne to be a Cuckold ? I cannot cleare him ; in truth I cannot : He has paid for her deeply, and 'tis pity they ſhould be parted, yes faith is't.

Py. Woman, we do pray thee, we do beſeech thee, even upon our knees —— have pity on the houſe of the *Sneakups* : quit my *Py. and To. kneel.* ſon, relinquiſh thy right, make fruſtrate this marriage, and look thee, before theſe able witneſſes, we heartily forgive all, and forget : And withall, freely beſtow this chaine upon thee —— [*Pulls off*

Try. I do receive it. *her chain and gives it.*]

To. She does receive it, beare witneſs all, ſhe does receive it.

Try. Marry on this condition——

To. No I'le no more marries nor conditions, you have receiv'd it.

Py. I, you muſt make fruſtrate the Marriage ; for look you, you have receiv'd it.

Try. I will, and freely do ; only the condition I would have made, is this, That if you intend longer to be Maſter of your husband, now that you have ſeen how well it became me, you will henceforward do as I do ——Look you, wear breeches. *Puls the*

Py. O horrible ! *coats up, and ſhews*

To. How! do you wear breeches ? *the breeches.*

Try.

Try. Yes Sir, breeches; and as good lining and ſtuffing in them, I hope, as yours have, though they be of Sattin.

To. I'le feel that: Sfoot mother this is a man. Come and feel elſe.

Try. A young one Sir. [*Puts off his head-dreſs.*] See Maſter your poor ſervant *Jeremy*, if he has perform'd his part, deſires to be admitted into the Livery of wit, and to wear this chaine as his enſigne of Freedome.

Omnes. Jeremy!

To. Jeremy! O *Jeremy*! thou wer't ever too hard for—

Try. Except at ſpoonmeat, Sir.

Jo. Ieremy!

Try. Yes, Miſtreſs: Indeed forſooth.

Cra. Well, give me thy hand: I will love thee as long as there is ſwiftneſſe in meditation, ſmoothneſſe in flattery, or conſtancy in malice.

Py. And for the cure that he has wrought on me,
I will applaud his wit, and bleſſe the light
It gave me to diſcover my foule error:
Which by his demonſtration ſhew'd ſo monſtrous,
That I muſt loath my ſelf, till I bee purg'd.
Sir, by your fair forgiveneſſe, which I kneel for—

Sneak. Heaven make me thankfull: Wife I have no words
To ſhew how I rejoyce: Riſe, let me kiſſe thee—

Sar. Tempora mutantur. The towne's ours again. Only, to fill the Scene with joy, may wee
Conjoyn ſweet maid, in the Cataſtrophe.

Bri. Would you that have taught Greeke, and whip't great boyes, come backe to your Horn-book, and let down your Gaſcoines to me, that would, if I had you, bee more tyrannous then any Pedant that ever reign'd ſince the dayes of *Dionyſius*:

Beſides

Beſides here is my choice, with my Maſter and Miſtreſſes leave, *Jeremie's* brother.

Cra. But is hee ſeriouſly thy brother?

Try. Yes, and no more a Pimp Sir, then I am a Wench.

Cra. Well, Mr. *Sarpego*, I'le help you to a fitter match, and *Crack* I will give thee ſomething with her: Take the ſecurity of my hand.

Crac. I only deſire to be ſecure from this mans fury, and ſo conſequently from Bridewell.

Cra. He ſhall have nothing to ſay to thee.

Lin. I will have nothing to ſay to man, woman, or child, while I live againe.

Sar. Fortuna nihil aufert ſapienti: Fools and Fiddlers are her Favourites.

Cra. Let us make this a merry night.
Think of no loſſes. Sirs, you ſhall have none;
My honeſt care being but to keep mine owne.
What, by my ſlights, I got more then my due,
I timely will reſtore again to you.

Omnes. Thanks kind Mr. *Craſy*, thanks.
Sar. Gratias vel ingentes Domine Craſy.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

NOw let me Scholaſtikewiſe
For us all Epiloguiſe:
If theſe ſlender Scenes of Wit
Are receiv'd, as they were writ,
For your mirth, and no offence;
Let your Grace quit our ſuſpence
With applaus'd Cataſtrophe.
I am ſhort, w'yee (as you ſee)
There a Figure, which pray note yee,
Sic valete valetote.

Gratias Reddo Cuicunque.
Valetote Iterumque.

FINIS.

THE

DAMOISELLE,

OR

THE NEW

ORDINARY.

A *COMEDY.*

LONDON,

Printed by *T. R.* for *Richard Marriot*, and *Thomas Dring*, and are to be fold at their Shops in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1653.

V COMEDIE

ODIGITIKO

THEBAIDE

Prologue.

OUR Playmaker (for yet he won't be calld
Author, or Poet) nor beg to be inſtalld
Sir Lawreat) *has ſent me out t'invite*
Your fancies to a full and cleane delight :
And bids me tell you, That though he be none
Of thoſe, whoſe towring Muſes ſcale the Throne
Of Kings, yet his familiar mirth's as good,
When tis by you approv'd and underſtood,
As if h' had writ ſtrong lines, and had the fate,
Of other Fools for medling with the State.
Readers and Audients make good Playes or Books,
Tis appetite makes Diſhes, tis not Cooks.
But let me tell you, though you have the power,
To kill or ſave ; They 're Tyrants that devoure,
And Princes that preſerve : He does not ayme,
So much at praiſe, as pardon ; nor does claime
Lawrell, but Money ; Bayes will buy no Sack,
And Honour fills no belly, cloaths no back.
And therefore you may ſee his maine intent
Is his owne welfare, and your merriment.
Then often come, 'twill make us and him the wetter,
Wee'l drown the faults of this, in one that's better.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

VErmine, *an old Uſurer.*
Dryground, *an old decayed Knight.*
Sir Amphilus, *a Corniſh Knight.*
Bumpfey, *an old Juſtice.*
Brookeall, *a Gentleman, undone by* Vermine.
Valentine, Drygrounds *Son.*
Wat, Vermins *Son.*
Friendly, *a Templer.*
Oliver, Ambroſe, } *Two Gallants.*
Trebaſco. *Sir* Amphilus *his Footman.*
Attorney.

Mrs. Magdalen, Bumpfeys *Wife.*
Jane, *his Daughter.*
Alice, Vermins *Daughter.*
Frances, *a young Gentlewoman.*
Phillis, *a poore Wench.*
Elianor.

Lawyers.
Serjeants.
Servants.
Rabble.

The Scene LONDON.

THE

THE DAMOISELLE, OR, The New *Ordinary*.

ACT. I. *Scene* I.

Vermine, Dryground.

Ver. YOU have your Money; full a thouſand pound,
Sir *Humfrey Dryground.*

Dry. And you have my Mortgage.

Ver. All well and good; all well and good. But, now,
Sir *Humfrey Dryground*, let me counſell you.
You have already ſpent a faire Eſtate;
A goodly, great eſtate: I do not taunt,
Nor taxe you for't.

Dry. Becauſe its pumpt into
The purſes of ſuch wretches as thy ſelfe.

Ver. But give me leave, now, fairely to admoniſh
You, to a care, how you do part with this.

You ſpirited men call Money Dirt and Mud.
I ſay it is the Eele.
Dry. And you the Mud
That foſter it.
Ver. It is an Eele, I ſay, (glides—
In ſuch ſleek hands, as yours; from whence it
Dry. Into the Mud, oft-times, from whence it came. (Sir,
Ver. I know you doe conceive me. Therefore,
(As I before was ſaying) Hold it faſt
Dry. According to the Ballad. [*He ſings.*]

Youth keep thy Money faſt,
And tye it in thy Purſe:
For that muſt be thine onely Freind,
For better and for worſe.

Ver. So ſo, I ſee it going already.
Dry. I, to thy comfort. This is the Uſurers Scripture;
And all that they pretend Salvation by:
To give good admonition with their Money;
Though, in their hearts they wiſh the quick ſubverſion
Of all they deal with. This is all they plead
Againſt the curſes of oppreſſed ſoules:
Did not I warne you? Did not I ſay, take heed?
And ſo, and ſo forth. I muſt thank you Sir.
Ver. You ſay, youle make a venture of this Money.
Dry. Yes Mr. *Vermine*, in a Project, that—
Ver. Out upon Projects. Fy fy, out out out.
Dry. I'm confident ſhall ſet me out of debt,
With you and all the World; and reap againe,
All, that I formerly have ſowne, with profit.
Ver. Sowne! There's a word! Prodigall waſt is ſowing.
We ſhall call Shipwrack, ſhortly, ſowing too.

Heark

Heark you Sir *Humfrey Dryground*, may not I
Be privy to your Project? Will you tell me,
If I gueſſe on it?
Dry. That I will in ſooth. (Lord
Ver. Is't not to dreine the Goodwins? To be
Of all the Treaſure, buryed in the Sands there?
And have a Million yearely, from the Merchants
To cleer the paſſage.
Dry. You have had your blow.
No Sir, my Project is in the behalfe
Of the poor Gentleman, you overthrew
By the ſtrong hand of Law, Bribes, and oppreſſion;
Brookall: Do you know him Sir? whoſe ſtate you
ſuck'd;
That wrought him to a poverty that cryes
Your ſinfull Covetiſe up to the heighth;
And renders you the Monſter of our time,
For avarice and cruelty.
Ver. No more of that.
Dry. You ſhould do well to add a ſum, like this
To his releiſe: To wave the bitter curſe
That will in time fall on you and your houſe.
Ver. O ho! I now remember, you have reaſon.
That *Brookall* had a Siſter, whom you vitiated
In your wild heat of blood, and then deny'd
Her promis'd Marriage; turnd her off with Childe
A dozen yeares ſince, and ſince that, never heard of.
Ha! Is't not ſo? Pray, did you know her Sir?
Dry. I wiſh I could redeem that ruthfull fault,
By all expiatory meanes: But thy
Inhumane cruelty is inexpiable:
Unleſſe (it comes from Heaven into my heart
To move thee to't) thou tak'ſt a ſpeedy courſe
To give him threefold reſtitution.
Ile put thee in the way. He has a Son,
A hopefull Youth, a Student in the Law,
If his poor Fathers want of means have not

Declined his courſe: Give him thy onely Daughter,
And make his Fathers owne Inheritance
(By thee unrighteouſly uſurpt) her Dowry;
And pray a bleſſing may go with it: And then
Thou mayſt regaine a Chriſtian reputation,
Till age ſhall lead thee to a quiet Grave.
Come, is't a match? Will you beſtow your Daughter
On *Brookalls* Son, and make your way to Heaven by't?

Ver. You have your Money.

Dry. And thou haſt Adders eares
To all ſuch Counſells.

Ver. If you break your day
I ſhall thinke of your counſell.

Dry. Farewell *Vermine.* *Exit.*

Ver. And farewell *Dryground.*
This parcell of thy Land, Ile keep from wetting: *The Mortgage.*
Tis not in thee to turne an Acre of it
Into pure Liquor, for a twelvemoneths day.
And break that day thy payment, and the Sun
Sets not more ſure, then all this Land is mine.
My Daughter! ha! Can't be in thought of man
To dreame of ſuch a Match? A wretch, a Beggar?
Within there! Where's my Girle? What *Ally?*
Ally? *Enter Alice.*

Ali. Here Sir ——

Ver. My bleſſing, and good morne: Now heare me Girle.

Ali. Now for a Speech ——

Ver. The care of Children's ſuch a ſtartle-braine,
That had I more then one, I ſhould run Wild-cat,
(Then one I mean, to care for) that's thy ſelfe,
My ſober diſcreet Daughter. Note my care,
Pil'd up for thee in maſſy ſums of wealth;
Too weighty for thy weak conſideration

To

To gueſſe from whence it came, or how together
So layd in mountainous heaps.
Ali. It is indeed.
As ſtrange to me, as are the ſtony wonders
On *Salsbury* Plaine to others. But my duty
Perſwades me twas your thrift, and that great bleſſing
That gives increaſe to honeſt Induſtry,
Drawne on it by your prayers and upright life,
That wrought theſe heaps together.
Ver. O, *Ally Ally*,
Tis well if thine with all thy Huſwifry
Can keep 'em ſo. I thanke thee for thy judgement
And charitable thoughts. But ——
Ali. You had other wayes. (*Aſide.*)
Ver. I ſay, thou art the onely Childe I care for.
Thy Brother (though I loath to call him ſo)
Is, now, an utter ſtranger to my blood;
Not to be nam'd but with my curſe, a Wolfe
That teares my very bowells out.
Ali. Your Money.
Ver. A riotous Reprobate, that hath coyn'd
His laſt, already, of my meanes and bleſſing.
Ali. But he yet may be turn'd Sir.
Ver. Out oth' Compter!
May he be ſo, doſt think? Could I but dream
His Creditors, that have him faſt, could be
So idly mercifull, or that his youthfull Ghing
Could ſtretch, to get him out, Ile lay, my ſelfe,
An Action on him weightier, then the ſtrength
Of all their poor abilities could lift:
His *Jacks*, his *Toms*, his *Nams*, *Nolls*, *Gills*, and *Nuns*,
The roaring fry of his Blade-brandiſhing mates
Should not releaſe his Carcaſſe: If they did,
I'de force him to a tryall for his life,
For the two hundred Peices that he pilfred.

Out of my Counting-houſe. He ſhall up.
Ali. I will not forfeit my obedience Sir,
To urge againſt your Juſtice, onely I crave
Your leave to grieve, that I have ſuch a Brother.
Ver. Thou ſhalt defie the name of Brother in him,
My onely, onely Childe; and but in one command
Obey me further, all my eſtate is thine,
Tis that I cald thee for.
Ali. I do not crave
More, then your daily bleſſing; but deſire
To know what youle impoſe upon my duty.
Ver. Thou ſhalt, and ſtile thy ſelfe a Lady by't.
Ali. Now Love defend me from the man I feare.
Ver. This day Ile match thee to a matchleſſe Knight. (laſt Term?
Ali. The Weſterne Knight Sir, that was here
Ver. Even he, this day he comes to Towne.
Ali. Would I
Were out on't firſt. A matchleſſe Knight [*Aſide.*]
Indeed, and ſhall be matchleſſe ſtill for me.
Ver. I like thoſe bluſhes well: I read his welcome
Upon her cheeks.
Ali. Sir, I have heard, he has
But little Land.
Ver. But he has Money Girle
Enough to buy the beſt Knights Land, that is
A ſelling Knight, in the Weſt part of *England.*
Ali. He's well in yeares.
Ver. A luſty Batchelor of two and fifty,
With, O, the husbandry thats in him.
Ali. How came he by his Knighthood? Coſt it nothing?
Ver. No: He was one oth' Cobbe-Knights in the throng,
When they were dubd in Cluſters. *Enter Ser-*
Ser. Sir, the Knight, *vant.*

That

That you expect this day, is come to Towne.
His man has brought's Portmantue.
Ver. Fetch the Man.
The welcomſt man alive is come to Towne.
Ally, my Girle, my Daughter, Lady Bride!
What title ſhall I give thee? Now beſtirr you,
I know his thrift, he has rid hard to day
To ſave his Dinner *Enter Wat diſguiſed like*
Welcome honeſt freind. *a Countrey Servingman.*
And how does the right worſhipfull Sir *Amphilus*?
Wat. My Maſter is in health Sir, prayſ'd be Go—
A little weary, or ſo, as I am of my carriage,
Which I muſt not lay down, but in the hands
Of your owne Worſhip.
Ver. Tis of weight and lock'd: I gueſſe the worth;
And warrant him the ſafety under theſe Keyes.
But where's thy Maſter?
Wat. At his Inne in *Holborne*
Telling a little with the Hoſt, till I
Bring word from you.
Ver. No, I will run to him
My ſelfe: you ſhall ſtay here, his Chamber
Fitted againſt he comes, *Ally*, beſtirr you,
And thinke no paines your trouble on this day,
To morrows Sun ſhall light your Wedding way.
Exit.

Ali. Unleſſe ſome unexpected Fate releive me,
I ſhall be hurried to my endleſſe ruine.
Wat. You are ſad, me thinks, young Miſtreſſe,
I can tell you,
My Maſter, when he comes, will make you merry.
Ali. How? As he is a Foole?
Wat. No: But as he has
The ſoule of mirth and Muſick at command;
Money, the all-rejoycing ſpirit; that
Hee'l make you merry with: Nor that alone,

But Dignity, which Women priſe 'above money,
You are a Lady by't: Mark that. And if
He has a weakneſſe, which you reckon folly;
It laies you open way to Soveraignty;
The thing which is of moſt eſteem. You'll be
His Lady *Regent*; rule all his, and him.

Ali. This Fellow talkes not like a Serving-man:
A forty ſhilling wages Creature, but
Some diſguiſ'd ſpokeſ-man. What may be the trick o'nt?

Wat. You cannot, in th' eſtate you are, imagine
What tis to be a Wife to ſuch a man.

Ali. No more then you perceive the paines you looſe
In fooling for him thus. But ſpare your breath,
And take this briefe taſt of his Entertainment.
Firſt know, that I do know the man you ſpeak of,
To be a covetous Miſer; old and fooliſh.
Not worth in my eſtimation the worſt Meale
That ever he himſelfe paid three pence for.

Wat. Who do you mean? Sir *Amphilus* my Knight.

Ali. Yes Squire, I know him and his qualities;
The waies he got his Wealth by, caſuall Matches;
Of forty, fifty, and ſometimes a hundred
For one. When bounteous Fortune (ſeldome failing
Men of his Brain) caſt all into his mouth,
The Gudgeon gap'd for. And how ſlight a thing
It is, for ſuch baſe Worldlings to be rich?
That ſtudy nothing but to ſcrape and ſave.
That have no Faith, but in their ready money,
Nor love to Worldly pleaſures above thoſe
Poor Coblers uſe.

Wit. Cheap Whores, and Duck-hunting:
There's his delight indeed.

Ali. I hate to think of ſuch a Dunghill Scarab.
A water-Dog Knight!

Wat.

Wat. But Wedlock, to his age, will bring him
To choicer pleaſures, and abandon ſuch. (home
Ali. His Age is fit for nothing, but to rock
Anothers Child; and to rejoyce through Spectacles,
At the ſtrong Gueſſe he has, it is his owne.
Wat. You ſlight him ſtrangely yet: but when you ſee
Him, and his weighty reaſons to confute you. ——
Ali. I will nor weigh, nor ſee him, or his reaſons.
And if thou ow'ſt him ſo much Service, tell him;
Go back and tell him ſtrait: ſave him the end
Of his intended Journey. For to come
Hither, will be to drive me hence. And tell
My Father, ere he ſhall enforce me, take him;
Ile flye into the Armes of one he hates.
Wat. Are you in earneſt?
Ali. Yes, by all my hopes. (then.
Wat. Theſe are the armes that muſt receive thee
Nay, be not frighted Siſter; look, tis I. {*Off his*
Ali. Beſhrew me but I am. How got you hither? {*Beard, &c.*
Could not the Compter hold you?
Wat. So it ſeems,
My Virtue was not to be ſo obſcur'd.
Noble *Sir Humphrey Dryground*, Siſter, was
My franck Infranchiſer. O, I have wonders
To tell thee Siſter. Thou muſt go with me.
But firſt, lend me ſome money. Borrow ſome;
(And let it be a good Summe) of my Father,
Now in his abſence. Come, ſupply, ſupply
My Pockets and thine owne. For we muſt hence.
Th'art made for ever, Siſter. Quick, diſpatch.
Ali. What's the meaning of all this?
Wat. Twill be too long to tell it here.
The Raſcall foole, to whom my Father gives thee,
Is come to Towne: And ſhould he now ſurpriſe thee,

Here in my Fathers power, thy ſtrength might
faile thee.
Be therefore at a ſure Guard. O, Sir *Humphrey*,
How are my Sifter and my ſelfe bound to thee,
That plotteſt this eſcape. Diſpatch good *Ally*
And heare the reſt by th' way.
Ali. Why? Wither? What's the matter?
Wat. Say thou will have that Coxcomb, Ile but
kill thee,
And leave the here: And all my care is over.
Ali. Ile ſooner dye then have him.
Wat. Why do you not ſhun him then? O, ſweet
Sir *Humphrey*,
Is thy care ſlighted thus, in my delivery?
In my diſguiſe? In ſending out my Father
On Tom-fooles Errant? While a Coach is ſent
To the back-doore here; All to ſave my Sifter,
My thankleſſe Sifter here, from worſe then Rape.
Ali. Why, whither would you have me?
Wat. But hard-by.
But till the Wilde-fire of my Fathers Paſſion
Shall be run out. Slid, I had eene forgot.
Beare money with us, Sifter; pretty ſtore.
Who knowes occaſions? Let him keep in pawne
My rich Portmantue for't.
Ali. There's ſome good ſtuff in't.
Wat. More then hee'll thank me for. Wee'll talke
i'th' Coach
In, in, and furniſh; and ſo through the Garden,
And, whirre, we are gone. If we ſhould be pre-
vented;
By this good ſteele, if I but heare one knock,
Ile make ſure work o'thee. I can but truſſe for't.
There's a faire end on's both. And what will he
Do with his money then? Look how thou ſtandſt.
If you reſpect your Father, or the Dog-Maſter,
To be your Husband, better then me, then take
You

You your owne courſe: Mine ſhall be known next Seſſions. (Father

Ali. Better then you, don't you reſpect your Better then me?

Wat. No, if I do, let me be hang'd for nothing: And that would anger any man I think.
'Slid, thou and I had one Mother, (which We both take after) ſo had not he and we.
And he takes after no body, that I know.
He loves a ſtranger better then's owne Childe:
And that mans money, better then that man,
The Devill 'bove all I think. Thou doſt not know
What Coales we ſtand on.

Ali. Who ſhall look toth' houſe? (that

Wat. Wilt looſe thy ſelfe with keeping that? Is All now? Away, away.

Ali. Y'are a precious Brother.—— *Exeunt.*

ACT. I. *Scene* II.

Bumpſey, Dryground, Valentine, Magdalen, Jane.

Bum. ALL this needs not Sir *Humphrey.*

Dry. Do but heare patiently, and do your pleaſure.
I go not about to ſtop your courſe, Mr. *Bumpſey.*

Bum. Nor I yours, Sir *Humphrey*; Nor your Sonnes here; Nor his Wifes there: Onely this Gentlewoman, in mine owne right I may be bold withall, while you depart my houſe, if you may be intreated, ſo. Is not this right? Is not this plain?

Mag. Yet heare his Worſhip ſpeak, good *Bump.*

Bum. Good *Whirly*, what can his Worſhip ſpeak? Or your wiſdome twatle for him, in this Cauſe; that I do not underſtand already? Has not his Sonne wedded our Daughter?

How directly, or indirectly, who meddles with his match? Nay more, has he not bedded her? How, directly or indirectly, who meddles with that either? Let him have and hold, poſſeſſe (*Hmh.*) and enjoy; do his worſt, and make his beſt of her, though ſhe be an Heire, I will not ſue him out of her: No, I proteſt; were it *Ante Copulam*, as it is *poſt*, I would not croſſe 'em. Is not this right and plaine enough.

Dry. But good Mr. *Bumpſey*, Brother *Bumpſey*, I would call you——

Bum. Keep your Brothers and your Goods to your ſelfe, Sir, I have no need of 'em.
You are a Knight, and a man of Worſhip—

Val. He will ſpeake all himſelfe.

Bum. I am a plaine Fellow, and out of debt.

Mag. I, let him run on.

Bum. I ſought none of your Allyance, I—

Val. Has he the ſpeed to run beyond himſelfe?

Ja. Yes, and bring himſelfe about, I warrant you.

Bum. Nor to be joyned with houſes of great ſound,
Whoſe noiſe growes from their hollow emptineſſe.
I could have matcht my Daughter here, that was,
But now a Barronetteſſe in Reverſion,
To a ſubſtantiall Heire of two faire Lordſhips.

Dry. Perhaps no Gentleman.

Bum. Yet honourable, Land-Lordſhip's reall honour,
Though in a Tradeſ-man Son: when your faire Titles
Are but the ſhadowes of your Anceſtry;
And you walk in 'em, when your Land is gone:
Like the pale Ghoſts of dead Nobilitie.
Ha! Iſt not ſo? Is not this right and plaine?

Dry.

Dry. Yes like the priviledge you uſe in your owne houſe here.
Bum. Nay I come up to you now *Sir Humfry Dryground*;
Up in a point of Chivalry. You are a Knight,
A Baronet to boot: Your ſon is like
T'inherit that deare paid-for title, but
(Youle give me leave to uſe my plainneſſe)
Dry. Freely. (honour.
Bum. Your ſon (I ſay) is Heire to your bought
Which may hereafter Ladifie my Daughter:
But where's the Land you once were Lord of? Ha!
The goodly Cornfields, Medows, Woods, and Paſtures,
That muſt maintain the Houſe, the Gownes, the Coach, (Hounds.
With all by complements of Horſes, Hawks, and
Val. Now hees in.
Bum. Where be the Parks, the Warrens, Herds, and Flocks? (ponds?
Beſides the Gardens, Orchards, Walks, and Fiſh-
Dry. For that heare me.
Bum. Ods pitty, give me leave,
You, that had all theſe once, in three faire Lordſhips,
To be wrought on, and tonyed out of all,
But a ſmall pittance of *Trois Cents per Annum*,
By Providence intayld upon the Heire,
(Or that had waſted too) which now maintaines you,
In a proportion of Smoak, and Sack,
To waſh your mouth with after, where you live
Confin'd in *Milford* Lane, or *Fullers* Rents,
Or who knows where, it skills not ——
Dry. Muſt I heare this too.
Mag. Now he has almoſt done.
Bum. Can you (I ſay) think your good husbandry

A lawfull Precedent for your Gameſome ſon
To make my Daughter happy in a Marriage,
Though he had twice my Fortunes?

Ja. Now hee's coming:
Beare but with this; and if he offer not
More then you would requeſt, Ile loſe your love.

Bum. But here's the ſubſtance of't, you have my Daughter,
Your Son, ſir, has my Daughter, that muſt have,
And ſhall, my whole Eſtate at my Decease;
(No Law exacts it ſooner) This Eſtate
You ſafely may ſuppoſe ten thouſand pounds,
Which I have got by thrifty Induſtry.
Onely one thouſand, I confeſſe, my Wife
Improv'd my Fortune with, Here's the juſt ſumme.
I give her leave to give it to her Daughter:
She may endow her Husband with it. So,
Is not this plaine? Now note me further, ſir;
What I have left is my owne; and you, ſir, may
Which what is theirs take hence your Son & Daughter,
Till you ſhall heare old *Bumpſey* is deceaſt.
Then let him come, and challenge all—that's left;
Mean time I know my courſe. (how apt

Ja. Now chop in with him, Mother, you know
Hee is to croſſe you in theſe Moods.

Val. Deare, worthy, honourr'd, ſir,

Bum. ſh't, ſh't, ſh't; Woman come you with me.

Mag. I *Bump.* Let us go our way, and let them take theirs agods name.

Val. Pray heare me, ſir.

Mag. At this time, ſir, he ſhall not.

Bum. Shall not! He ſhall ſure: Ods pity! ſhall not: Are you pleas'd to ſpeak, ſir.

Val. Not to offend —

Bum. Not to a Fiddleſtick. Shall not! Can you ſpeak or not?

If

If not, pray yell me ſo.
Val. I married, ſir, your Daughter.
Bum. You may thank her Mother for't, not me.
Well, will you ſpeake?
Val. I married her in a firme hope to winne
Your Love and favour.
Bum. Well.
Val. Which, ſince I have not yet; and time muſt worke it,
I would make this my ſuit.
Bum. Would I could heare it once.
Val. That you would take
With re-acceptance of this thouſand pound
Your Daughter and me into your Family.
Bum. And why the thouſand pound; does't burn your Fingers?
Val. Give us but meat and lodging for't: My Father,
Out of his little left Eſtate will give us
A hundred yearely for other neceſſaries.
Bump. With all my heart.
Val. And as you finde my regular life deſerve
Your future favour, ſo extend your bounty,
When Age ſhall call upon you to diſpoſe
Of all your faire Poſſeſſions.
Bum. Humh! A pretty od ſpeech this! I would I knew
The meaning on't.
Val. I mean, Sir, as I ſpeak; that till you finde
Strong probability in me to manage
A good eſtate, you truſt me not with any.
Bum. Ha! Is it ſo? Then I come to a point with you.
Mag. Marke him now, Sir *Humfrey*.
Bum. You look, Sir, in my Daughters right, to have,
After my death, my whole Eſtate, by ſhewing Me,

Me, in my life time, your good husbandry, by husbanding of nothing:
Y' have tane off halfe my purpoſe; for I meant
To have kept it in my power, whether to leave her
Any, or nothing: And, perhaps (d'yee heare)
By an odd courſe, that I was thinking on
To ha' made all nothing ere I dy'd: But now
Halfe of that power Ile put into your hands,
Ile try what you can do with ſomething.

Mag. Halfe? What meane you halfe?

Bum. Even halfe of all I have.

Mag. I hope you will not deal ſo.

Bum. And as he deals with that, Ile uſe the reſt.

Mag. Pray be adviſ'd.

Bum. Never by you 'gainſt this:
Ile give him inſtantly the free poſſeſſion
Of halfe I have: Now marke; if you increaſe,
Or keep that halfe, then, doubtleſſe, I ſhall do,
As well with tother for you: If you diminiſh
Or waſte it all, ile do the like with my part.

Mag. Husband.

Bum. Ile do't: Together we will live:
And Ile along with you in your owne courſe,
And, as you play your game, you win or loſe all:
Thrive and ile thrive: Spend you, and I will ſpend:
Save, and Ile ſave; ſcatter, and Ile ſcatter.

Mag. You won't be mad.

Bum. Ile do't: Let him throw Money
Into the *Thames*, make Ducks and Drakes with Peices,
Ile do the like: till he has made a match
Or no match of my Daughter: There's the point
And the whole ſubſtance on't.

Dry. Will you do ſo?

Bum. Will I? Tis done. Ile make him a good husband,
Or be no husband for him: And ſo ſee

Whats

Whats mine, out of the danger of his waſte,
And have ſome ſport too for my Money: Ha!
I love to do theſe things.

Mag. Nay, but in one thing, *Bump.* let me adviſe you.

Bump. In nothing 'gainſt this courſe, good whirly: no,
Tis ſo ſet downe. I know I ſhall be counted
An odde old humorous Cockſcombe for't by ſome:
But the truth is, I love to do theſe things:
And ſo God gi' yee joy.

Dry. Ile take my leave Sir.

Bum. Not ſo I hope, Sir *Humfry.*

Dry. I have buſineſſe,
And go well ſatisfied with this agreement:
And, *Val.* take briefly this my Charge: You are now
A Husband, be a good one: Y'have my bleſſing.
But (heark you) do you remember 'gainſt the evening?

Val. All Sir, all: I have ſpread my Nets already.

Dry. Sir, fare you well.

Bum. At your pleaſure Sir.

Dry. Ile ſhortly viſit you.

Bum. At your own good time Sir—*Exit Drygr.*
Theſe ſhall ſtay here, Ile blindfold them with Money,
And by a new way try, if they can grope
The right way into th' World. Come your way.

ACT. II. *Scene* I.

Oliver. Ambroſe.

Ol. AND why this Gullery to me, good *Ambroſe*?

Am. I ſwear I am ſerious, and you may beleeve it.

Ol. What, that there can be in the World an Affe

Wert

(Wert thou a fool to credit it) that would keep
A Houſe, by way of publike Ordinary,
For faſhionable Gueſts, and curious ſtomacks;
The daintieſt Pallats, with rich Wine and Chear;
And all for nothing, but alls paid and welcome?
Am. Vall Dryground told it me, whoſe truth deſerves
So well my credit, that, prove you it falſe,
Ile pay all Ord'naries and Taverne reckonings
You ſhall be at this twel'moneth.
Ol. I have heard
Of all the Mockeries, the Ape, the Ram, the Hornes,
The Goat, and ſuch tame Monſters, whom poor wits
Have ſent wiſe Tradeſmen to, as to a Knight,
A Lord, or forrain Prince; to be his Mercer,
His Taylor, Semſter, Millener, or Barber:
When thoſe, that have been mock'd, ſtill ſent their Neighbours,
Till halfe the City have bee fool-found. Ha!
Iſt not ſome ſuch poor trick?
Am. Here comes my Author. *Enter Valentine.*
Ol. O Mr. Bridegroom, that ſtole the wealthy match! How got you looſe ſo ſoone? I thought you had beene tyed up by the Loines, like a Monkey to the Bed-poſt, for a fortnight at the leaſt. How does old *Bumpſey*, that Freecoſt Drunkard, thy mad Father-in-Law, take thy ſtolne Marriage? I am ſure he knows on't.
Val. He found's abed laſt night i'th' nick, as we ſay.
But we are peec'd this morning.
Am. Then he wrangled it out, of himſelfe. I know his ſingular humour.
Ol. What has he gi'n thee?
Val. Halfe, of all he has.
Am. How?
Val. On this Condition, that, if I fave

That

That halfe untill he dyes, the reſt is mine too.
Ol. What if thou ſpendſt thy halfe?
Val. Heel ſpend the tother; and the ſame way,
hee ſweares.
Ol. Hee'l nere keep Covenant.
Val. Ile tell you how he runs at waſte already,
This morning the French Taylor brought a Gowne
home,
Of the faſhion, for my Wife. He bought one
Streight, ready made, for his old Gentlewoman,
That never wore ſo rich in all her life.
Am. O brave old woman! How will ſhee carry it?
Val. I ſpoke but of a Coach, and he beſpoke one.
Ol. Wonder upon wonder! *Nam* was telling one
Before thou cam'ſt.
Val. What the new Ordnary?
Ol. Doſt know the man that keeps it?
Val. They call him *Osbright.*
A brave old Blade. He was the Preſident
Of the Can-quarrelling Fraternity,
Now calld the Roaring Brotherhood, thirty years
ſince,
But now grown wondrous civill, free, and hoſpitable,
Having had ſomething fallen to him, as it ſeemes.
Ol. That *Osbright* has been dead theſe many
years.
Val. It was given out ſo: But he lived beyond
Sea.
Ol. There's ſome ſtrange plot in't.
Val. O thou pollitick *Noll.*
Ol. Judge thy ſelfe, *Val*, what can the myſtery
be?
He tells me there's no Gaming, ſo no Cheating;
Nor any other by-way of expence,
By Bawdry, or ſo, for privy profit.
Val. Such a ſuſpition were a ſin. But now
I will unfold the Riddle to you. This feaſting

Has

Has been but for three dayes, and for great perſons,
That are invited, and to be prepar'd
To venture for a prize. This very night
There will be ſome great Rifling for ſome Jewell,
Or other rare Commodity they ſay.
I cannot nam't : tis twenty pound a man.
Ol. Is not that gaming prithee ?
Val. That's to come :
But, hitherto, nor Dice, nor Cards, nor Wench,
Is ſeen ith' houſe, but his owne onely Daughter.
Ol. O ! has he Daughter there ? Mark that *Nam.*
No gaming ſayſt thou ? Ods me, and they play not
At the old Game of old there, I dare——
Val. I dare be ſworne thou doſt 'em wrong.
Ol. Shees too ſtale, is ſhee ?
Tis above twenty yeares ſince he went over,
And was reported dead (they ſay) ſoon after,
In *France*, I take it : But, then, it ſeemes, he lived,
And got this Damſell there ? Is ſhe French borne ?
Val. Yes, ſhe was born and bred there : And can ſpeak
Engliſh but brokenly. But, for French behaviour,
Shees a moſt compleat *Damoiſelle*, and able
To give inſtructions to our Courtlieſt Dames.
Ol. Shee muſt be ſeen.
Am. But ſee who here comes firſt.

Enter Vermine. Servant.

Ver. Thou haſt undone me Villaine.
Ser. Out alas !
I was as ignorant of the deceit,
As your owne innocent worſhip ever was
Of cozening any man of Land or Living.
Ver. Was ever man ſo curſed in his Children !
Val. Tis the wretch *Vermine.*
Ol. What makes he here, trow, in the Temple walks ? (his Lechery.
Val. What ſhould he do elſewhere, when Law's

The Devils itch dry up his marrow for't.
He undid a worthy Gentleman I know.
Ol. I, *Brookall*, thruſting him out of his Land.
Am. Hee's fitted with an Heire for't; one that can
Juſtly inherit nothing but the Gallows.
Ol. Wheres *Brookalls* ſon? He had a hopefull one;
And, at ſixteen, a Student here ith' Temple.
Val. Alaſſe his Fathers fall has ruined him.
Meere want of maint'nance forc'd him to ſervice,
In which hee's lately travell'd into France.
Ver. Go backe to the Recorders: Fetch the Warrant,
Ile ſearch the City and the Suburbs for her.

Exit Servant.

Amp. But *Vermine* has a daughter may prove good,
Val. A good one like enough: Ile lay a wager
Hee's poching 'mong the trees here, for a Broker,
To match his daughter to a landed husband.
This is their walk.
Ol. Let's try if we can fit him.
Val. Thou'lt nere indure his breath, it ſtinkes of brimſtone.
Ol. Ile take the wind of him: You are well met, Sir.
They ſay you have a daughter you would match, Sir. (then?
Ver. It may be I have; it may be not; How
What's that to you?
Ol. Pray be not angry Sir.
The worſt of us has land, and may deſerve her.
Ver. Pray let me ask you firſt, if you be not
The knaves confederates that ſtole her from me?
Val. Is ſhe ſtolne from you Sir? In troth I am glad on't.

Amp.

Amp. Tis the firſt newes we heard on't.
Ol. Though I aſſure you
We heard none ill to day: But very good,
As that of the New Ordinary.——
Amp. Then the good ſucceſſe
This Gentleman had lately with a wife—
Val. And laſtly, this you tell us; which, but that
It comes from your own mouth, were e'en too good
For our belief, me-thinks.
Ol. Pray, is it true Sir?
That your daughter's gone, loſt, or ſtolne, as you ſay?
Amp. May we report it after you, good Sir?
Ver. What are you? I would know.
Val. Gentlemen, Sir.
That cannot but rejoyce at your affliction.
And therefore blameleſſe, that deſire to hear it.
Ver. Cannot this place, where Law is chiefly ſtudied,
Relieve me with ſo much, as may revenge
Me on theſe ſcorners? How my Slave ſtayes too!
Yet I may find a time.—

Exit.

All. Ha ha ha.——
Ol. Look, look, what thing is this?——

Enter Amphilus, Trebaſco.

Amb. Trebaſco, Skip-kennel.
Tre. . . . .
Amp. It ſpeaks, me-thinks.
Ol. Yes, and its ſhadow anſwers it in Corniſh.
Val. I know him; tis the wiſe Weſtern Knight, that ſhould
Have married *Vermines* daughter.
Amp. Skipkennell, you ſhall turn Footman, now, *Skipkennell.*
I'le nere keep horſe more ——

Tre.

Tre. You muſt be Footman then your ſelf Sir.
Amp. No nor Mare neither.
Tre. You need not Sir, now you be determined to marry, and live here i'the City altogether. And truly, Sir, ſhe could never ha' dyed better, nor been taken from you (as they ſay) in a better time, ſo neere her journeys end.
Amb. His Mare's dead it ſeems.
Amp. Was it well done of her, dost thinke to die to day upon the way, when ſhe had been i'my purſe to morrow in Smithfield: Poor fool, I think ſhe dyed for grief I would ha' ſold her.
Tre. 'Twas unlucky to refuſe *Reynold Pengutlings* money for her.
Amp. Would I had taken't now: and ſhe had not dyed mine own, 'twould nere have griev'd me.
Tre. Pray bear it Sir, as they ſay—We are all mortall you know, and her time was come, we muſt think.
Amp. And't had not been the firſt loſſe that ere I had in my life, I could ha' born it.
Tre. And grace og (as they ſay) it ſhall not be the laſt.
Amp. I would thou couldſt aſcertain me that; but miſchieſes are taild to one another, and I muſt grieve as well for the what's to come, as the departed.
Ol. We will have a bout with him: Who is departed, Sir?
Amp. My Mare, my Mare Sir: 'Twas the prettieſt Tit—But ſhe is gone ——
Ol. How, is ſhe gone Sir?
Tre. You will not talk to 'em.
Val. How is ſhe gone, I pray Sir?
Tre. Sir, as it were, becauſe ſhe could goe no further.
Val. Good angry man give us leave to talk with thy Maſter.

Ol.

Ol. Good Sir, a little more of your Mare.

Tre. I would you had her all to do you good Sir: ſhe lies but a quarter of a mile beyond Brainford.

Val. Did you leave skin and ſhooes, and all behind Sir?

Tre. Shoes all behind? I thought how wiſe you were: Come away Maſter. No, while ſhe liv'd, ſhe never wore but two behind Sir.

Ol. Gramercy honeſt fellow, thou haſt wit in thy anger. (piſhly.

Amp. Sirrah, anſwer not the Gentleman ſo ſnap-

Tre. How can I chooſe, when they do nothing but make a foole of your Worſhip before your Worſhips face, and your Worſhip perceives it not.

Val. Good Sir, fall from your man to your beaſt againe.

Tre. There againe, another main mock: He would have him fall from a man to a beaſt.

Amp. Give me the ſhoon; let 'em go I ſay, I will have 'em.

Tre. Pray take 'em then, hee'l ne're be wiſer.

Amp. Theſe were her ſhoon Gentlemen, I'le keep 'em for her ſake, that little Tit, my little poor Gonhelly, that would have carried me on this little iron from *Penſans* to *S. Columb* on a day. And that's a way would try a ſtumbler you'l ſay, if you know it.

Val. 'Tis enough, I know you Sir *Amphilus*, and have fool'd enough with you. Adieu; my buſineſſe calls me. Gentlemen, will you meet me to night at the Ordinary.—

Exit.

Ol. Yes, and perhaps, be there before you too. Come *Ambroſe*——

Exeunt.

Amp. Od Gentlemen, me-thinks

Tre.

Tre. Why did you talk with 'em? What had you to make with 'em?

Amp. True, wee have other matters to think on: Your firſt courſe *Trebaſco*, after we come to our lodging, ſhall be to Turnbull-ſtreet, to the Cobler,

Tre. Your Dog-tutor.

Amp. Yes, and ſee how my whelp proves, I put to him laſt Term.

Tre. Yes, Sir.

Amp. And know of him what Gameſters came to the Ponds now adayes, and what good dogs.

Tre. Yes Sir.

Amp. And ask him—Doſt thou heare? If he ha' not done away his own dog yet, *Blackswan* with the white foot? If I can but purchaſe him, and my own whelp prove right, I will be Duke of the Ducking-pond.

Tre. Never miſdoubt, your whelp's right I warrant you; for why, he could lap before he could well go: And at ten weeks old he could piſſe under leg.

Amp. He was a fine forward Puppy, true enough: But and that be a ſigne of ſhort life, and he ſhould peak away after my Mare now—Here, prethee take her ſhoon againe: What ſhould I keep 'em for? They put me too much in mind of mortality, do 'em away, make money of 'em, and Ile convert it into a Dog-Collar ——

Enter Vermine. *Servant.*

Tre. Ile try the Market with 'em.

Ver. the frumping Jacks are gone.——

Amp. See my Aldermanicall Father-in-Law! How d'yee do Sir? I am come. I keep my day you ſee before I am a Cittiner among you. How does my beſt belov'd I pray, your daughter? You do not ſpeak me-thinks.

Ver.

Ver. Ask you for my daughter? Let me aske you firſt what was your plot to put me in this fright, to make me trudge to your Inn, whilſt knave your man here—Is not this he?

Ser. I doubt Sir he was taller.

Ver. Having firſt left a bag of Trumpery with me, ſtones, and old iron, ſteals away the baggage.

Amp. This is abhomination! What Inn? and what old iron? I came at no Inne to day, nor touch old Iron, but that with ſorrow enough, my poore Mares ſhoes, ſhe left me at her ſad deceaſe to Brainford. I had rather ha' loſt the beſt part of five Mark I wuſſe: From whence I came by water, landed here at the Temple, to leave a Letter to a kinſmans chamber, now right as ſure as can be. Say *Trebaſco.*

Tre. He tells you true.

Amp. But is your daughter gone?

Ver. Gone, gone.

Amp. All ill go with her: Did not I ſay I ſhould hear of more miſchief, and that one was ever tail'd to another?

Tre. You ſaid ſo indeed: but if ſhe had been tail'd to your Mare, I ſhould have ſeen her ſure, when I ſtript her.

Ver. This is the day of my affliction,
This day Ile croſſe out of my Almanack
For ever having any thing to do on't. (day?

Amp. Why then, you will not ſeeke her out to
Although me-thinks the day might ſerve as well
To find her, as to loſe her, if luck ſerve. (rant?

Ser. What elſe did you intend Sir by the war-
Beſt loſe no time Sir.
No, no, wee'l go.

Enter Brookeall.

Broo. Firſt take my execration with thee, Monſter.

Ver.

Ver. Hell vomits all her malice this day on me.
Broo. Hell ſends by mee this commendation to
thee,
That thou haſt there a moſt deſerved Poſſeſſion,
That gapes to entertain thee.
Amp. Who's this, a Conjurer that knowes hell
ſo?
Ser. No, but a certain Spirit, that my Maſter
Conjur'd out of his Land.
Amp. If you can conjure,
Here's money to be got Sir, but to tell us
What may be now betid of this mans daughter?
Broo. Himſelf, and his Poſterity muſt all
Sink unavoydably to hell.
Amp. You are moſt deeply read! May not a
Son-in-Law——
Ver. Why talk you to that Rayler?
Amp. Pray Sir, may not
A Son-in-Law eſcape in your opinion?
Broo. No Sir: it was by Law he made the
purchaſe,
And by his Son-in-Law, or out-law'd, down he
muſt:
If he ſet ventrous foot, as his Inheritor,
Upon the mould, was got by his oppreſſion.
Amp. Pretty mad reaſon me-thinks; where's
that Land?
Ver. Sirrah, Ile tame thy tongue.
Broo. No, wretch, thou canſt not,
Nor fly out of the reach of my fell curſes,
That freedome (being all that thou haſt left me)
Thou canſt not rob me of.
Ver. I ſhall find meanes
Then to confine it, and your ſelf in Bedlame.
Broo. Thou canſt not be ſo juſt ſure, to exchange
Thine own inheritance for mine.
Amp. Have you made

A purchaſe there too, Father-i-Law that ſhould be?

Ver. How am I tortur'd! I will fly this place.

Enter Phillis, *a box in her hand.*

Phil. Nay prethee ſtay a little, good old man,
Give ſomething to my box.

Ver. Out on thee Baggage.

Phil. A little ſomething, prethee; but a teſter.

Ver. Out, out.

Phil. Thou look'ſt like a good Penny-father,
A little of thy money would ſo thrive here,
'Twould grow, by that I were ready for a husband,
Up to a pretty portion. Pray thee now—

Ver. What canſt thou be?

Phil. Infooth a Gentlewoman, but a By-blow,
My Father is a Knight, but muſt be nameleſſe.

Ver. Can Knights get Beggars?

Phil. Why not? when ſuch as thou get Knights.
Nay, prethee, prethee now gi' me a teſter.
I ne're ask leſſe: My mother's a poore Gentlewoman,
And has no meanes, but what comes through my fingers.
And this is all my work: Come, wring it out.
Oh how I love a hard-bound Money-maſter,
Whoſe count'nance ſhewes how loath hee is to part with't!
It comes ſo ſweetly from him, when it comes:
Nay, when? I pray thee when? Piſh, make an end.

Amp. It is the prettieſt merry Beggar.

Ver. Huſwife Ile ha' you whipt.

Phil. I, when I beg i' th' ſtreets.
I have allowance here, as well as any
Brokers, Projectors, Common Bail, or Bankrupts,
Pandars, and Cheaters of all ſorts, that mix here
Mongſt

Mongſt men of honor, worſhip, lands and money.
Amp. O rare Beggar-wench! *Lawyers and others*
Phil. I come not hither to in- *paſſe over the Stage*
trap or cozen. *as conferring by*
My work lies plain before me as *two and two.*
my way.
With, *will you give me?* Praythee, hard old man.
Ver. Away, away.
Phil. What though thou com'ſt to deal
For this mans Land, or ſell anothers right,
Or els to match thy daughter, if thou haſt one
To this young Gentleman——Thou wilt give mee
ſomething.
Ver. The Devill haunts me.
Amp. Shee makes a youth of me.
Phil. Yet I prethee make not
Thy money ſuch an Idoll, as to think
Thou ſhalt diſhonor't, or impaire this bargain,
That match, or whatſoever thou haſt in traffick,
By parting with a ſilly ſilver ſixpence.
Shalt not i'fecks la, ſhalt not; Ile ſtrike luck to it,
Thy match ſhall thrive the better. Look, I have got
Here, four and ſixpence, Prethee make it a Crowne,
Twill nere be miſt in thy dear daughters Dowry,
If (as I ſaid) thou haſt one.
Ver. Helliſh baggage!
Phil. Hee'l gi't me by and by. I prethee find
Thy money out the while. Come out with it man.
Ver. Pull her away,
I fly thee, as I would the Devill that ſent thee:
Amp. Yes, let's away, tis time; ſhe begs of mee
now.
Phil. The Devill is not ſurer to o're-take thee.——
Exeunt omnes preter Brookeall.
Broo. Good child I thanke thee: Thou haſt
ſomewhat eas'd
My penſive heart by his vexation:

She ſpake as Divination had inſpir'd her
With knowledge of my wrongs, and his oppreſſion,
To take my part: Take thou a bleſſing for't
Who ere thou art, whilſt I recalculate
The miſeries of a diſtreſſed man,
Caſt out of all. Unhappy chance of Law!
More falſe and mercileſſe then Dice or Strumpets;
That haſt into thy Hydra-throated mawe
Gulp'd up my lives ſupportance; left me nothing;
Not means for one dayes ſuſtenance, for breath
To cry thy cruelty before my death.
That Law, once called ſacred, and ordain'd
For ſafety and reliefe to innocence,
Should live to be accurs'd in her ſucceſſion,
And now be ſtil'd Supportreſſe of oppreſſion;
Ruine of Families, paſt the bloody rage
Of Rape or Murder: All the crying ſins
Negotiating for Hell in her wild practiſe.

Enter Attorney.

At. A man I hope for my purpoſe, and ſave me a going to the Church for one: Will you make an Oath Sir?

Broo. An Oath? for what?

At. For two ſhillings; and it be half a Crowne, my Client ſhall not ſtand w'ye; the Judge is at leiſure, and the other of our Bail is there already. Come, go along. (know me?

Broo. I gueſſe you ſome Attorney: Do you

At. No, nor any man we imploy in theſe caſes.

Broo. He takes me for a common Bail; a Knight o'th Poſt,
Thou art a villaine, and crop-ear'd I doubt not:
What, dar'ſt thou ſay, thou ſeeſt upon me, that—

At. I cry you mercy: I muſt up (I ſee)
To the old Synagogue, there I ſhall be fitted——

Exit. Broo.

Broo. Can I appear ſo wretched? or can grief
So ſoile the face of poverty, which is vertue,
To make it ſeem that Monſter Perjury?
Rather let ſorrow end me all at once,
Then vertue be miſconſtrued in my looks,
Which I will hide from ſuch *He lies on his face.*
interpretation.

Enter Frendly.

Frend. Alas hee's ſore afflicted, and my newes,
I fear, will ſtrike him dead; yet I muſt ſpeak.
Sir, give not miſery that advantage on you,
To make your ſelf the leſſe, by ſhrinking under
The buffetings of fortune.
Broo. I deſir'd you
To ſeek my ſon. Ha' you found him at his Chamber?
Or has not want of fatherly ſupplies
(Which heaven knowes I am robb'd of) thruſt him out
Of Commons, to the Common World for ſuccour?
Where is he, have you found him?
Fren. No, not him.
But I have found what may be comfort to you,
If you receive it like a man of courage.
Broo. Hee's dead then, farewell my tender boy!
Fren. Indeed, Sir, hee's not dead.
Broo. Phew ——
Fren. Pray, ſir, heare me.
Broo. You'll tell me, man nere dies; But changeth Life,
And happily for a better. He is happieſt
That goes the right way ſooneſt: Nature ſent us
All naked hither; and all the Goods we had
We onely took on Credit with the World.
And that the beſt of men are but meer borrowers:
Though ſome take longer day. Sir, I know all

Your

Your Arguments of Conſolation —
Fren. Indeed he is not dead; but lives —
Broo. In Heaven.
I am the furer on't; for that he liv'd
Not to learn Law enough, to — huſh. No more.
Fren. Subſtantially he lives in fleſh, as we do.
Broo. Speak that again.
Fren. A Gentleman of the next Chamber told me ſo.
Onely, ſir, this; if you can brook his abſence
Without feare, or miſtruſt; then he is well.
Broo. How thou playeſt with me!
Fren. He's gone to travell, ſir. Here comes the Gentleman.

Enter Valentine.

Val. I am ſure he does not know me. If he could, I were as ſure this Charity would be rejected.
So much I know his Spirit. Is your name *Brooke-all*, ſir?
Brook. My loſſes, wrongs, and ſorrowes, ſpeak my name.
Val. You had a Son late of this houſe.
Broo. And do not you infer by that he's dead? Good, do not mock me, ſir.
Val. If this be gold,
He lives and ſent it to you; forty peeces?
Broo. Pray, ſir, from whence, or where might he atchieve
So great a Sum? Not in this World, I feare.
A handſome poſſibility he had once,
Could I ha' kept it for him.
Val. He's in a way,
Now to a hopefull fortune. A Noble Gentleman,
Late gone to travell, ta'ne with good affection
Towards your Son, has ta'ne him to his care:
And like a Father, not a Maſter, keeps him.

From

From whoſe free bounty he receiv'd this meanes.
Broo. Do you think the Boy did well to ſend it me then:
When twas intended for his Maſters honour,
To flye in Silks and Feathers? Tis not Servant like
To wave a Maſters meaning ſo.
Val. I had a Letter too;
Though moſt unhappily miſlay'd.
Broo. What from my Boy?
Val. In his own hand.
Broo. Ha!—but miſlay'd, you ſay. Ha, ha, ha,—
What is the Gentleman? Or whither travell'd?
Val. That's all I crave excuſe for.
Broo. Keep your money.
If you can render me my Son, Ile thank you.
Val. You ſpeak not like a Father: wanting meanes
Your ſelfe for his advancement, would you bar him
The bounty of anothers full ability?
Broo. I ſpeak more like a Father, then a Beggar:
Although no Beggar poorer. And I feare,
I am no Father: for I would not give
My Son to gain a Province, nor except
This Coyne to ſave my life: If he be loſt,
Let me look neerer on you, ſir.
Fren. I hope
He will accept the Money. Poverty
Was nere ſo coy elſe.
Broo. I cannot remember.
I ever ſaw this face: But I have ſeen
(Many yeares ſince) one, that it ſo reſembles,
As I could ſpit defiance on't ——
Val. What mean you?
Broo. And charge thee with the Murther of my Son.
Val. Pray, ſir, collect your ſelfe.
Broo. Your name is *Valentine.*

Val.

Val. Right, ſir.
Broo. Sir *Humphrey Drygrounds* Son ;
Val. Moſt true.
Broo. Even ſo thy Father look'd, when, at like years
He was my Rivall : For young man, I tell thee
Thou hadſt a virtuous, well deſerving Mother.
He won her without loſſe of my known Friendſhip :
But, ſince her death, you cannot but have heard,
He baſely wrong'd my Siſter, and, in her,
Mee, and my Family : Whor'd her, and caſt her off,
On the appointed Marriage day.
Val. O, ſir.
Broo. You cannot but have heard on't. Nay, it ſeems,
My Boy has charg'd thee with't, before his yeares
Could warrant his ability in Combate,
And ſo is fallen ; Or thou, not daring ſtand
Tryall in ſuch a cauſe, by treachery
Haſt cut him off ; And com'ſt to make thy peace :
Preſuming on my Poverty, with money.
Worſe then the baſe Attornies Project this !
Val. This is meer madneſſe. In an Act ſo foule,
As your wilde Fancy gathers this to be ;
Who could eſcape the Law ?
Broo. The Law ; ha, ha, ha.
Talk not to me of Law, Law's not my Friend.
Law is a Fatall to me, as your houſe.
I have enough of Law ; pray ſtand you off.
Will you, ſir, furniſh me, but with a Sword ;
And bring me to fit ground to end this difference ?
Will you do ſo, and like a Gentleman ?
Val. What ſhall I do for pity ? ——Now I have it.
Broo. Talk not to me of Law. [*He fenceth.*]

Val.

Val. Pray heare me, ſir.

Broo. Now, ſir, your wil before your end. Be briefe.

Val. You know me for a Gentleman, though an Enemy.
(I muſt ſpeak in his phraſe) and by that honour
A Gentleman ſhould keep ſacred, two houres hence
Ile meet you in this place——

Broo. Pray ſtand you off ——————— to *Friendly.*

Val. From whence wee'll walke——

Broo. Silent, as nothing were—

Val. As nothing were betwixt us—to ſome other
Fit ground, (as you propounded) where wee'll end the difference.

Broo. By the Sword ; no otherwiſe.
No whinnelling ſatisfaction.

Val. You ſhall ſee, ſir.

Broo. Go ſet thy houſe in order. Here Ile meet thee. *Exit.*

ACT.

ACT. III. *Scene* I.

Francis —— Wat.

Fra. I Shall repent me, ſir, that ere I yeilded,
In that faire Noble way, if you expreſſe
Your ſelfe in this regardleſſe of my honour.
Wat. I like a Whore, withall my heart, that talkes
So like an honeſt woman.
Fra. Can you expect
A Chaſt and conſtant Wife of her, Whom you
Have wrought to Lewdneſſe before Marriage?
Or may I not as well deſerve as well in bringing
A Maidenhead into your Marriage-bed,
As a polluted Body?
Wat. Here's a coyle,
For a poore bit afore-hand! Is it ſo?
'Heart, if a man beſpeak a Tavern Feaſt
For next day Dinner; and give earneſt for't
To half the value, (as my Faith and Troth
I think, is ſomewhat towards your Marriage payment
To be to-morrow) Will not the Hoſteſſe give him
A Modicum o're night to ſtay his ſtomack?
Your Father comes: Ile whiſper yet more reaſon.

Enter Dryground *diſguis'd.* Alice.

Dry. Now pretty Mrs. *Alice*, you ſee the end
I had upon you: All the ſcope thereof
Tending to your contentment. Are you pleas'd?
Ali. So well, that could I but ſhake off the feare
(Which

(Which is moſt dangerous) of a Fathers curſe,
I durſt pronounce; nay, boaſt my happineſſe,
To be above my Virgin hopes, or wiſhes.

Dry. Let your feare vaniſh then: And, if this night,
The happineſs you are ambitious of,
Together with your Fathers leave and bleſſing
Crown not your Bed, let all the Infamy
Due to all perjur'd Wretches, that have wrong'd
Beauty and Chaſtity be branded here.

Ali. The ſaire reſpect I have, ſir, to your Nobleſſe;
For what you have already ſhown me, bars
Mine eares 'gainſt proteſtation. I dare truſt you.

Dry. As I have truſted you with my whole project,
My diſcreet *Alice*, further than I dare truſt
My inſtrument your Brother; though he thinks
He underſtands it all. Yonder he is,
Profoundly Love-ſtruck too, I make no doubt.

Fry. Fye! Can you be ſo lew'd? Is that your reaſon?

Wat. Yes; can the Pariſh Parſon give you better?

Fra. His Pariſh Bull's as civill.

Wat. Well no more.
Ile talke with your Father about it.

Fra. I with your Siſter, and to better purpoſe.

Dry. Now *Wat*, what think you of my courſe, and habit?

Wat. As I love miſchiefe, and deſire to live by't;
It is the daintieſt courſe.——O, brave ſir *Humphrey*,
How I am taken with your Shape! Old *Osbright*,
The Father of the Swindgers; ſo much talk'd on
Could nere ha' borne it up ſo. Nor his Daughter,
That was French born indeed, could ere have clipp'd,

And Frenchified our Engliſh better, then
She counterfeits to Coxcombes that do Court her :
With her fine Fee-fees, and her Laiſſe-moys ;
Her Prea-awayes ; Intrat a you mak a me bluſha.
O, I am tickled with it.

Dry. A, ha, my Lad.

Wat. 'ſlid I could dote upon you. Had I been
Your Son now, how I could have honour'd you !
Though I had kept a precept by't, I care not.

Dry. Notable Reprobate.

Wat. The Devill ſure
Ought me a miſchiefe, when he enabled that
Old Wretch, my Father to beget me. Oh,
Tis in my bones ; I feele it in my Youth :
I know from whence the Pocks is now deſcended.
The Gout begets it. There's no Uſurers Son,
But's born with an hereditary ſpice on't.

Dry. Had I rak'd *Limbo*, as I did the *Compter*,
I were not better fitted with a Copeſmate.

Wat. 'ſlight, I could ask you bleſſing.

Dry. And I think,
That curteſie you have ſeldome done your Father.

Wat. Nere ſince I grew to any underſtanding :
Nor (as I know) before, but whipt and held to't.

Dry. Well *Wat.* You ſee how far I have truſted you,
To have the ſecond hand in our great work ;
Our Project here. Though you muſt ſeem my Servant,
You are like to have the better ſhare, if you agree
Upon the Match, and make your ſelfe my Son.
How like you your new Miſtreſſe, ſir, my Daughter ;
The Maidenhead here, the new Ordinary--
The *Damoyſelle*, or what you pleaſe to call her ?
What iſt a Match *Wat* ? Condeſcendeth ſhe ?

Wat. No man ſhall be her Huſband, but my ſelfe ;

Who

Who ere ſhe lies withall, before or after.
That ſhe has roundly promis'd. But ſhe balkes,
And Boggles with me in a leſſe requeſt.
Dry. She ſhall deny thee nothing, What iſt *Wat*?
Wat. You may command her duty, if you pleaſe.
Dry. What is it man?
Wat. 'Troth, ſir, but one nights knowledge
Of her aforehand. One word of your mouth,
I know would do it, ſir.
Dry. O Deviliſh Raſcall,
That can imagine this a Fathers Office!
Patience good *Wat.*
Wat. But that I am afeard
My Father would be pleas'd with't, Il'd take home
My Siſter elſe, and preſently.
Dry. In Maides about your work. And heare you
Franck
Diſcharge the Butchers, and the Chandlers Bills.
They wait below. The Baker and the Brewer,
I have made even with.
Fra. And the Vintner too.
Dry. The Bottle-man too, and Tobacco Merchant.
Do as I bid you, go. Now *Wat* Obſerve me:
As an ingenious Critick would obſerve
The firſt Scene of a Comedy, for feare
He loſe the Plot.
Wat. I do obſerve you, ſir.
Dry. I have, you know, releas'd you from your thralldome.
Upon condition you ſhould ſteale your Siſter,
To be at my diſpoſe. You have perform'd it:
Wat. Honeſtly, ſir.
Dry. Yes, honeſtly, as you ſay.
And though it be for her own abſolute good;
Yet was your Act ſo gratefull to me, that

I promis'd you my Daughter.
Wat. Right ſir, on.
Dry. I ſhall be briefe; you know my Fortunes,
Wat,
Are ſunk, and you have heard, I make no doubt,
'Mongſt other of my follies, of a Child
I got on *Brookealls* ſiſter, on the by, *Wat.*
Wat. And this is ſhe, I love a baſtard naturally,
Ah they are bouncing ſpirits: Now I love her
More then I did Sir.
Dry. You come fairely on.
But now, my poverty affords no portion.
Now, *Wat,* to raiſe a portion!
Wat. I, now, now.
Dry. Now I come to it, *Wat*: I tooke this houſe,
And in this habit here, turn'd pimping Hoſt,
To make the moſt of her, and find a Husband
To take her with all faults.
Wat. That's I, that's I Sir: this has muſick in't.
Dry. You will be ſecret *Wat.*
Wat. No dumbe Bawde like me.
Dry. Nay in a plot of villany I dare truſt thee.
Wat. In troth you cannot thinke how much I
love it;
How I am tickled with it! Good Sir, on.
Dry. This I have deſign'd to put her off
(I mean her Maiden-head) at ſuch a rate
Shall purchaſe Land.
Wat. How, good Sir *Humphrey,* how?
Dry. She ſhall be rifled for.
Wat. How! Rifled Sir?
Dry. Yes, rifled *Wat*; the moſt at three fair
throws,
With three fair Dice, muſt win and wear her, *Wat.*
Youle take her with all faults?
Wat. Can you ſuſpect me?
It is the rareſt invention, if the Gameſters

Be ſtiffe and ſtrait, that ever was projected!
What is't a man?
Dry. But twenty Pieces, boy.
Wat. I vow too little, leſſe their number help us,
How many Gamſters have you?
Dry. A full hundred.
Wat. Two thouſand pound! A merry portion,
And worth as many Maiden-heads in the ſport
A man ſhall finde in ſpending it! Me-thinks
I feele my ſelf even flying with't already.
Dry. What art thou thinking, *Wat*?
Wat. That here may grow
A danger Sir, the Gameſters being ſo many.
Dry. Why, there's but one muſt uſe her.
Wat. Phew, for that
I were indifferent, if 'twere all or more
(As it is poſſible a wench might bear it)
If they come ſingle, and in civill ſort,
Allow her breathing-whiles——
Dry. Here's a ripe Raſcall!
Wat. But my doubt is, that ſuch a multitude
May fly into combuſtion, blow up all
The buſineſſe and our hopes.
Dry. Now your doubt
Reflects upon my Judgement: didſt thou note
How quietly thoſe Gallants here to-day
Parted with their gold?
Wat. Yes, very gallantly.
Dry. They ſhall agree as well for the Commodity,
As I have caſt it, *Watt*; ſo well my boy,
That no diſtaſte ſhall be or ta'ne, or given,
Anon youle ſee.
Wat. She knows not on't you ſay,
Dry. Nor ſhall ſhe *Wat*, till at the puſh I charge her
To be obedient in the undertaking.

Wat. And that's a fweet obedience: I could kneel
Before my wretched Sire in ſuch commands.

Enter Francis.

Dry. Anon Ile make't all plain to you. How now *Frank*?
Fran. There are two Gentlemen in the next room,
That by all meanes would ſpeake with you: I have had
The fouleſt coyle with one of 'em, that perſwades
Himſelfe you keep a Bawdy-houſe, by ſomewhat
He gather'd Eveſdropping, by your diſcourſe here,
While t'other held me talking; who is civill,
And loves me with a modeſt fair affection.
Dry. Where is his ſiſter, *Alice*?
Fran. Unſeen, I warrant you.
Dry. Then let them enter, Whip into your diſguiſe *Wat*—— *Exit Fran.*
And be at call.
Wat. Presto, Anon, anon Sir. *Ex. Wat.*
Dry. Did they Eaveſdrop me? I will Eaveſdrop too—— *Stands aſide.*

Enter Oliver, Ambroſe.

Ol. Did not I tell thee't was a Bawdy-house?
Am. I cannot think ſo yet: there is ſome other Trick in it; the Maid you ſee is very modeſt.
Ol. That is the trick on it man, ſhe muſt ſeem ſo. Her Father deals for her.
Am. Fye! Can there be ſuch Fathers?
Ol. Yes, and ſuch Mothers too: The Towne's too full of 'em.
Come, ſhee's a Jugling whore I warrant thee,
For all her Fee-fees, and her Laiſſe-moys.

Pox

Pox of her counterfeit Gibbriſh Ile make her ſpeak
In plainer Engliſh, ere I ha' done with her.

Dry. I have enough. You are welcome Gentlemen.

Ol. He looks like ſuch a Blade. Are you the Maſter here Sir?

Dry. I am the man that's much rejoyc'd to ſee
Such ſparkling Spirits underneath this Roofe,
Where all you finde is yours. Sirrah Varlet.

Ol. Each ſyllable he ſpeaks bewrays him.

Dry. Varlet I ſay.

Wat. Here Sir.

Enter Wat with Wine.

Dry. Give me the Complement. Gallants,
Wilt pleaſe you taſte your welcome in a Cup,
The ſpirit of whoſe never dying Liquor,
Speaks ore the brim in this high Language to you.
Full ſix and thirty times hath *Luna* wan'd
The ſtrength ſhe got in ſix and thirty growths
From *Phœbus* vertuous beames, into this Juyce,
To make it Nectar for *Phœbean* wits.
Tis this inſpires their braines with fire Divine,
By which to write high ſtraines; and herein lurks,
The gift, One has to bounce up his own works.

Ol. Your meaning is good Sack, and three years old.

To put you by your Beverage and your Bombaſt,
I will nor drinke, nor talke of other thing,
But the choice thing of things, your Daughter Sir.

Dry. Thou ſhalt not wooe my Daughter, nor ne man for thy ſake, *Sing.*
Unlaſſe thou come untill her by her Daddy nak'd.
Her Mammy's gone to Heaven Sir. And I pray,
Let Fathers poor breed Daughters as they may.

Ol. Your care, no doubt, is great what will it hold?
The Rifling Sir, I meane. Is your number full?

May not a man put in Sir for a chance?
Dry. What do you mean Sir?
Ol. May not we
Come in adventurers? Here are twenty peeces.
Dry. I finde you have overheard me. Call my
Daughter. *Exit Wat.*
Now Ile diſcloſe a ſecret to you. But Gentlemen,
As you love wit and mirth, cenſure me mildly.
I am a Gentleman decayd in Fortune.
Ol. And canſt thou be ſo baſe to ſell thy Childe
To Luſt and Impudenee?
Dry. Be not too raſh.
My Child's as deare in my reſpect as you
Were ever to your Father.
Am. Devill thou lyeſt ——— *Draw.*
Ol. Nay, hold, good *Ambroſe*; you een now
were angry
With me, that did oppoſe your faire Conſtruction
Of this good Gentleman and his vertuous Daughter.
Am. My ignorance wrong'd us both.
Ol. Good modeſt *Ambroſe*,
What do you thinke of this diſcovery?
Dry. You had diſcover'd more, if his impatience
Had not prevented me: But now I am dumb to you
In all, but this. If youle be pleas'd to ſup here,
I ſhall afford you welcome. I have buſineſſe. *Exit.*
Ol. What can we make of this?
Am. I know what to do.
If City Juſtice, grave Authority
Protect it not, Ile ſurely ſpoyle the ſport.
Ol. Canſt thou be ſo malicious, that, but now
Didſt love this Wench ſo dearly, as to run her
Into the hazard of Correcttion? (her.
Stay: Here ſhe comes, and the Pimp whiskin with
Enter Wat. Fran.
Do thou take him in hand, Ile handle her.
Now Madam, twenty pound a man! Nay do not
Coy

Coy it too much? Your provident Father left us,
To make our ſelves more known to you; as your price
Is known to us already: Look upon us.
Fra. Pre ye Sir, have you been ever in *France*?
Ol. In *France*? No ſurely, nor in Doctors hands
Since I was Placket high. Why ask you Lady?
Fra. For, if you could ſpeak Franſh, I could the better
Find what you ſay. I can no underſtand
What tis you mean by price. What is that *Price*,
If it be no Welch Gentleman?
Ol. I meane
The price of three throws for your Maydenhead,
Tis twenty peeces. If I win it (Hearke you)
What will you give me out of your groſſe ſum
To take it neatly off; and like an Operator
Put you to no paine?
Fra. Parle Francoy Monſieur, Je vou prie.
Ol. Thou art a handſome Hyppocrite: And this
Cunning becomes thee well. Ile kiſſe thee for't.
Fra. Fee fee Monſieur. O fee! tis no good faſhion
For the young Man and Mayd to no ting but kiſſe!
Ol. Tis not ſo good indeed; nothing but kiſſe.
A little of tone with tother will doe well.
Fra. Fee fee, you no underſtand. That Gentleman, speaks he no Fransh?
Ol. Yes yes. He ſpeaks no French,
Fra. He Monſieur vou mocque de Moy.
Ol. Owie par ma foy.
Fra. Ha Monſieur vou parle francoy. Je ſui bien aiſie.
Ol. Eaſie! Yes yes, I thinke you would [be eaſie
To one that knew but how to manage you,
For all the boaſt of your Virginity.

Fra. Excuſe me Sir, I can no underſtand.
Ol. Me thinks you ſhould. Come prithee leave this fooling,
I know you can good Engliſh, if you liſt.
Fra. Indeed I can. But, in my beſt, and all
I cannot underſtand you Sir, nor frame
An anſwer to your rudeneſſe. When you know me
Better, youle ſpeak in better phraſe, and then
Tis like you may finde better language from me:
Till when, pray give me leave to leave you Sir.
Ol. Nay heark you Lady, heark you (ſtill more myſticall!)
Nay ſince you can ſpeak Engliſh, I muſt talke w'ye.
Fra. So youle be civill.
Ol. Civill I ſwear, and private. *They go aſide.*
Am. Does ſhee not know on't, ſayſt thou?
Wat. No Sir, no:
Not the leaſt inckling of it; The old man
Carryes it ſo diſcreetly.
Am. Bleſſe me Heaven?
Diſcreetly ſayſt thou. To betray his Childe,
To ſale of her Virginity.
Wat. Yes, diſcreetly.
She dreames of no ſuch buſineſſe; ſuch intent:
No more then the Cud-chewing Heifer knowes
The Butcher, that muſt knock her down iſaith.
O, twill be bravely carried! I my ſelfe
Knew nothing till this houre: though I ſaw
Money put in his hand by divers Gallants:
Men of great place and worſhip; which I gather
Are to be of the Riflers.
Amb. Prithee who?
Wat. All muſt be nameleſſe. There are Lords among 'em.
And ſome of civill Coat, that love to draw
New ſtakes at the old Game, as well as they;
Truckle-breech'd Juſtices, and buſtling Lawyers,

That

That thruſt in with their Motions; Muffled Citizens;
Old Money-Maſters ſome, that ſeek the Purchace;
And Merchant Venturers that bid for the
Forreine Commodity, as faire, as any.

Amb. Was ever ſuch an outrage! Heark thee fellow— *They aſide.*

Fra. Sir, I have heard you with that patience
(And with no better) as the troubled Pilot
Endures a Tempeſt, or contrary winds;
Who, finding neretheleſſe his Tackling ſure,
His Veſſell tight, and Sea-room round about him,
Playes with the waves, and vies his confidence
Above the blaſts of Fortune, till he winns
His way, through all her threatenings, to his Port.
You may apply this.

Ol. And you may be plainer.
Is there not ſuch a project for your Maydenhead?

Fra. It deſerves no anſwer.
But to be rid of you, together with
The Devill, that inflam'd you to that queſtion;
Know, that knew I of ſuch a plot or project;
Or, that I had a Father (as injurioufly.
You have ſuggeſted) could be ſo inhumane,
To proſtitute my ſpotleſſe Vergine honour
To Luſt for Salary, I would as ſure prevent it,
As there is force in poyſon, Cord, or Steel,
At price of both our lives. Sir, I have sayd— *Exit.*

Ol. This Wench amazes me. Could I beleeve now
There could be truth in Woman, I could love her.

Amb. Well, Ile make one; Meet me here two houres hence,
And fetch my twenty Peices.

Wat. I will not faile you. In the Temple Walkes—— *Exit.*

Amb. Where, if I fit you not——

Ol.

Ol. Nam! What diſcovery ?
Amb. A villany enough to blow the houſe up.
Ol. And I have found (I thinke) a vertue, that
Might ſave a City : But let's hence. We may
Conferr our notes together by the way. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. *Scene* II.

Bumpſey, Magdalen, Jane, all in brave Cloaths.

Bum. NAY, nay, I know he is flown out, and I
Am prettily provided for like flight ;
And if I do not pitch as high, and fouſe
As deep, as he, while there is Game to fly at——
Five hundred Peices he took out you ſay ?
Ja. And ſayd he would venter't at the Ordinary.
Bum. Thats hee, thats he! Why this is excellent.
Mag. This was your folly *Bump.* He was content
To have walk'd moneyleſſe you ſaw, but you
Would force him. At a word you did la' *Bump.*
Bum. I force him, ha ?
Mag. I, at a word, you put it in his head,
And put the Sword into the Madmans hand,
As one would ſay.
Bum. Good Mrs. *At-a-word.*
Let not your fine French Frippery, which I bought,
Turn'd oth' Taylors hands (as one would ſay)
Huffle you up to Soveraignty : Nor your Coach,
Whi:h I have but beſpoak, whirle you away,
Before tis finiſh'd) from obedience.
Mag. Good lack fine Gentleman, that weares
the Purchaſe

Of

Of a Pawn'd forfeiture. Muſt I not ſpeak trow?
Bum. Excellent *Magdalen*!
Mag. Sir, I will ſpeak; and be allow'd to ſpeak.
Bum. And ſpeak allow'd too; will you *Magdalen*?
Mag. I, at a word; Since you have put me to't,
I will uphold the Fashion; Learn, and practiſe
Behaviour and carriage above my 'parrell.
I at a word, I will la, that I will.
Bum. This is moſt excellent! My old Beaſt is
Infected with the Faſhions; Faſhion-ſick!
Pray Ma-dame take your courſe, uphold your
Faſhion;
And learn and practiſe Carriage to your Cloaths:
I will maintain my humour, though all ſplit by't.—

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. *Vermine* deſires to ſpeak with you.
Bum. Ifaith I will Ma-dame. — [*Exit with*
Ja. My Husband, Mother, *Servant.*]
Reports of a rare Creature come to Towne,
Of a French breed; a *Damoyſell*, that profeſſeth
The teaching of Court-carriage and behaviour:
The rar'ſt he ſaies——
Mag. Can ſhe teach the elder ſort?
Ja. All ages from ſix yeares to ſixty ſix,
Unleſſe they be indocible he ſaies.
Mag. Indocible! What's that?
Ja. Stiff i'the hammes, I think.
Mag. Nay, then wee'll to her.
I can yet bowe my Haunches; come and go
With them, as nimbly as the barren Doe.
My Gimboles don't complain for want of Oyle yet.
Wee'll have this Madame; and we will be Madames
Ourſelves, or it ſhall coſt us each a Crown
A month the teaching. In a Month we may,
Practiſing but one houre in a day,

Be

Be Madames, may we not ?
Ja. Yes, if we give our minds to't; and but ſteale
Fit times to practiſe.
Mag. Wee'll find Lecture times :
Or baulk St. *Antlins* for't the while. But mum.

Enter Bumpſey, Vermine.

Bum. Do you wonder at my bravery ? Look you here :
This is my Wife ; and this my Daughter, ſir.
You have loſt yours, you ſay : Perhaps for want
Of Hufty-tuſties, and of Gorgets gay.
Ha ! iſt not ſo ?
Ver. The World's turn'd Prodigall.
You do not well to mock me, when I come
For comfort and adviſe.
Bum. Shall I be plain w'ye ;
My beſt adviſe is, ſince your Daughters gone,
To turn your Son after her. He lies not in
For much above a hundred pound. Pay it,
And let him take his courſe : If he be not
Got looſe already. Then (obſerve my Counſell)
Spend you the reſt of your Eſtate your ſelfe ;
And ſave your Heires the ſin. It is the courſe
I have in hand, and mean to follow it.
You like it not (it ſeems) but thus it is,
When men adviſe for nothing. Had your Lawyer
Now for his fee, given Counſell, might have damn'd you :
You would have thought it worth your Gold, and follow'd it.
Will you go with me to an Ordinary ?
Venter five hundred or a thouſand Peeces,
To begin a new World with.
Ver. Mrs. Bumpsey, I take it you are she.

Mag.

Mag. An old Ape has an old eye.
He knowes me through all my cuts and flashes.
Ver. How long I pray, has my good friend your Husband
Been thus diſtracted?
Mag. But when I am perfect
In the quaint Courtly carriages, that belong
Unto this habit; in which, I confeſſe,
I am yet but raw; how will you know me then?
Ver. She is as mad as he.
Bum. How Lady-like she talkes!
Mag. Or, now my black Bag's on, I hold a penny
You do not know me. Bogh-who am I now?
Ver. Moſt unrecoverably mad! young Gentlewoman:
Nay, I intreat your favour for an anſwer?
As you can pity a wrong'd mans diſtreſſe.
Give me what light you can of my loſt Daughter.
You have been inward alwaies, and partook
The neareſt of her Counſels. Tell me fairely
I do beseech you in this gentle way.
Though I profeſſe I have a ſtrong preſumption
Againſt your Huſband, and his young Aſſociates
I met to-day; and bore their mocks and taunts:
On which I have good ground for a strickt courſe
To force 'em to examination.
Yet I entreat you ſee.
Ja. The World is turn'd
Quite upſide downe: Elſe I should wonder
How you could make requeſts, that have got all
You have (too much) by Rapine and Oppreſſion.
Ver. Do you upbraid me?
Bum. What's the matter Jane?
Ja. The Fox here learns to ſing.
Mag. Ile fox him out oth' hole if he ſing here.

Will

Will no Prey ſerve you but new married wives,
Fox?

Ver. Why do you abuſe me thus?

Ja. I heard you, ſir, with too much patience,
Abuſe my Husband with your foule Suſpition.
Who is as cleer, I know, from wronging you,
As your own Son.

Ver. Your mocks are monſtrous.
Were not he faſt enough, I would reſolve
No other friend had robb'd me.

Mag. Is your ſon a friend? At a word, hee's like you.

Enter Sir Amphilus, *Servant.*

Amp. I pray, if my man aske for mee, ſend him to me, by your Maſters leave. By your leave Sir, I made bold to follow a Father-in-Law of mine that ſhould have been, into your houſe here, with much ado to find it. Any good newes Sir yet? Ha' you heard of her? I cry theſe Ladies mercy; though you may take me for a Clowne, I muſt not forget I am a Knight, and give you the curteſie of my lips ——

Bum. In the name of Peaſantry, what Knight art thou,
If not the Knight of the Plough-ſhare?

Mag. A fine ſpoken, and a well-bred man, at a word: He call'd us Ladies. To ſee what Apparell can do! How long might I have trudg'd about in my old coats before I had been a Lady? And then hee would do us the curteſie to kiſſe us: Sure, ſure, as curteſie makes a Knight, ſo cloaths makes a Lady.

Amp. It ſeems ſhe's loſt then. All ill go with her.

Bum. What old youth can this be?

Amp

Amp. Your warrant, perhaps, may find her though. And I tell you what.
I ha' ſent my man to lay the Ducking Ponds for her.

Bum. Do you think ſhe would drown her ſelfe?

Amp. Who knowes what toy might take her? Is ſhe not a woman, as other fleſh and blood is? I had another occaſion to one that belongs to the Ponds. I tell you as a Friend, I had not ſent els: Come Father-in-Law that ſhould have been; hang ſorrow. You have had but one Loſſe to-day. I have had two. Ile gi't you in Rhime.

My Mare and my Miſtreſſe I loſt on a day,
T'one of 'em dyed, and t'other ran away.

Ja. You are acquainted among the Poets it ſeems, ſir?

Amp. Truly but one that's a Gamſter amongſt us at the ducking Pond; a Cobler, but the neateſt Fellow at Poetry, that ever was handicrafts-man; & no Scholler, to enable him by learning, to borrow of the Ancients: Yet he is a Trans-lator too. And he makes the ſweeteſt Poſies for Privie-houſes.

Ja. Ha, ha ha.

Bum. What a youth's this for a Knight!

Enter Trebaſco.

Amp. Ile tell yee Ladies —— O *Trebasco.* Good newes at laſt I hope.

Tre. I can never finde you any where, but jeer'd and laugh'd at, and are fool'd, (as I I have often told you) to your Worſhips face, and your Worſhip perceives it not.

Amp. To the point, man, How does my Whelp? He is grown a tall Dog by this I hope; reſolve me quickly.

Tre. Why, to put you out of your pain; your Whelp's grown a tall Dog.

Amp. Good.

Ja. You ſaid you would tell us, ſir: What will you tell us?

Tre. And a handſome Dog.

Amp. Good again.

Ja. What a Dog-trick's is this?

Tre. And h'as learnt, beſides the main Game, all the rare tricks and qualities his Tutor could teach.

Amp. Excellent.

Ja. Will you not tell us, ſir, about your Poet?

Amp. Hang him, my Dogs worth 'em all, in ready money.

Mag. I pray, ſir.

Amp. I will not give his eares for the ſwolnſt headfull of wit among 'em.
Are not his Eares finely curl'd *Trebaſco*? Like his Dam *Flapſes*.

Tres. Yes, and his Coat all over, ſir, they told me.

Amp. Told thee! Didſt thou not ſee him?
My heart miſgives me.

Tre. See him? No indeed, ſir; but I pray beare it as well as you may:
And ſet not your heart too much upon tranſportable things.

Amp. Ha!

Tre. The Dog is gone, ſir.

Amp. How!

Tre. Stolne from Schoole, ſir; and ſold to a great Monſieur,
And Shipt away foure daies ago.

Amp. O my heart will break.

Ja. Do not faint Knight; Cheare up your heart with your Muſe.

Amp. My veine is yet too dul; But I will offer at it.

Three Loſſes I have had; gone, paſt all help
My Mare, my Miſtreſſe, And (which grieves me moſt of all) my whelp.

Ja. That line is long enough to reach him.

Amp. I would it were elſe. ——— o ———

Bum. Od's pity. Look you, ſir, your Son-in-Law, that ſhould ha' been, is in much paſſion too. But you'll be rul'd by me, you ſay. And if I lead you not to comfort, never truſt Neighbours counſell while you live. Is not this plain enough? My own caſe at this time is as dangerous as yours.

Ver. That's all that comforts me.

Bum. Neighbourly ſaid. I thank you. Come, Sir, will you joyn with your Father-in-Law that ſhould ha' been, and me in a Cup of Wine to order a deſigne.

Tre. There's a reckoning towards.

Bum. It ſhall coſt you nothing.

Am. To the next Tavern then. Ladies adieu.
To part with ſuch as you to ſome are croſſes.
Yet Ile not put you down among my Loſſes.

Exeunt.

Mag. Daughter while they are gone, let us fall on our project.

Ja. For Courtly carriage and behaviour.

Mag. I long to ſee this French young ſchool-miſtreſs.
The *Damaſin* do you call her?

Ja. The *Damoiſelle*, Ile wait on you.—— *Exit.*

ACT. IIII. *Scene* I.

A Rabble of rude Fellowes pulling in Wat *after them*, Valentine, Oliver, Ambroſe, Phillis.

Wat. YOU Rogues, Slaves, Villaines, will you murther me?

Rab. To the Pump with him: To the Pump, to the Pump.

Val. Prithee beat off the Curs.

Rab. No, to the Thames, the Thames.

Phil. Why do you uſe the man ſo? Is he not a Christian?
Or is he not Chriſten'd enough think you, that you would dip him?

Ol. Pray Gentlemen forbeare: It is thought fit,
Upon requeſt made by a Noble Friend,
Favouring his Perſon, not his quality;
That for this time the Pandar be diſmis'd.
So all depart in peace.

Enter Rabble.

Rab. Away, away, lets go then.

1. A Noble Friend! Pox of his Noble Friendſhip.
He has ſpoyl'd our ſport. O! how we would a ſous'd him?

Ol. Now, Mr. *Hackney-man*, if you have ſo much grace,
Render due thanks.

Wat. I thank you Gentlemen.

Phil. I thank you for him too.

Ol. On both your Knees; unleſs you hold it better
To kneele yet to the Pump: which you had done,
My moſt officious Pimp, had not his pity
Prevayl'd againſt our Juſtice.

Val. So, ariſe; enough, enough.

Amb. Troth tis a ſhame he ſhould get off ſo eaſily;
Let him be yet but duck'd, or ſhew'd the way
Over the Garden Wall into the Thames.

Val. Good *Ambroſe*, be not ſo ſevere; who knowes
What need we may of him? We are all
Fleſh and blood *Ambroſe*.

Phil. Thou art a Wag I warrant thee.

Amb. Are not you married?

Val. Maſs, twas ſo late, I had almoſt forgotten it.

Amb. No, tis ſo late you ha' not yet forgot
Some Office he has done you in his way.

Ol. Didſt ever pimp for him? Proteſt by what thou fear'ſt moſt.

Wat. No, as I hope to eſcape this Gentlemans ſury.

Amb. Go, get the hence, inſufferable Villaine.
I could een kick thee into twenty peeces, [*He kicks*
And ſend thee to thy Maſter, for my ſtake Wat.]
Soon, at his Riſling.
Think whilſt thou liv'ſt what tis to be a Pandar,—
A Pandar,—Pandar—there's for your remembrance.
[*He kicks him.*]

Val. Enough. *Amb.* This touch, & I have done——

Val. Away

Phil. Pray let him go, Ile ſchoole him [*Exeunt*
for it. Wat Phillis]

Val. This may work good upon, the Raſcall, if he

Have but humanity, although no grace.
Ol. We have diſcovered the great Rifling *Val.*
We know the Jewell now; the rich Comodity.
Val. And think you have done wondrous wifely;
do you not?
To ſneak before me thither. I know all
You have diſcover'd; and how far you are
Miſtaken in the old man and his Daughter.
All shall be plaine to you ſoon. Walke off alittle.
Ol. We'll leave you till anon we meet at the
Ordinary. [*Exit.* Ol. Amb.]
Enter Vermine.——Amphilus Bumpſey.
Amp. I proteſt, Gentlemen, I have not drown'd
ſorrow
With ſo much merry-go-down, theſe three halfe
years.
Bump. As with your part of three halfe pintes
of Sack.
We had no more amongſt us.
Amp. How much was that a peece think you?
Ver. It was enough to ſhew his Prodigality.
In over-waſtfull Coſt. You were not wont
To be a Boordſend-King; a pay-all in a Tavern.
Bum. But now I love to do theſe things.
Amp. Now if you could be drawn to the ducking-
Pond,
To joyn your Groat ſometimes with me; or two-
pence,
There were a Recreation indeed;
That Peerleſſe Princely ſport, that undoes no man:
Though cheating there; and rooking be as free
As there is ſquare play at the Ordinaries.
Bum. Well the point is: My ſwaggering Son-
in-law,
Appointed to be here among the Trees.
My Daughter told me ſo. Walk here about.
If he can give light of your light, hee'd chide.

Well

Well try what may be done. Ile but ſtep up
Into *Ram-Alley-Sanctuary*, to *Debtor*,
That praies and watches there for a Protection;
And preſently return to you. —— *Exit.*
Amp. Let it be ſo; 'ſlid the old angry man!

Enter Brookall.

He'll croſs us if he ſee us walke this way. [*Exit* Amp. Vermine.]
Broo. Theſe walks afford to miſerable man,
Undone by Suits, leave, yet, to ſit, or go,
Though in a ragged one; and look upon
The Giants, that over-threw him: Though they ſtrut [*Lawyers and others paſs over the Stage.*]
And are ſwolne bigger by his emptineſs.
Twas here, that we appointed, further meeting.
The two houres reſpited are almoſt run:
And he engag'd his honour in ſuch tearmes,
As I preſume he'll come. Honour! From whence
Can he derive that Princely attribute,
Whoſe Father has deſcended to a Villany?
His houſe was Noble though: and this young man
Had a right virtuous Mother, whom I lov'd.
Intirely lov'd: and was in Competition
For marriage with her; when high Providence
Allotted her to him; who ſince her Death,
Defam'd my Siſter, and diſgrac'd our houſe.
My quarrell is not good againſt his Son
For that: But for my Boy! His doubtfull talk
Of him diſtracts me.

Enter Vermine, *and* Amphilus.

See the *Vermine*,
That hath devoured me living, His Aſpect

Addes to my Paſſion ſuch a bitterneſs,
That turnes me all to gall. I muſt avoid him. (*Exit.*)
Amb. Introth Father-in-Law that ſhould ha' been, or that
May be yet (come, who knowes what luck we may have,
Though the dancing Planets have cut croſs Capers over
Our heads.) I like this old fellows humour of chearing up
The heart well! And would I were loſt too, after my Mare,
My Dog and your Daughter: If this warm Sack has not
Kindled a deſire in me to play the good fellow, ſo it might
Be of free coſt, to drown theſe dry remembrances.

Enter Valentine.

See, one of the jeerers. Is this he, that ſtole the marriage?
Ver. Yes, and perhaps my Daughter too. His Father's gone
Now, and I know not how to queſtion him.
Amp. Let me alone to queſtion him. Did you see this Gentleman's
Daughter, ſir, my Wife, that ſhould have been?
Val. Since when, ſir.
Amp. Since ſhe was ſtolne away, ſir. It were good
You would let us have her again; and quickly too,
Ere ſhe be worſe for wearing, as we ſay.
Val. Old *Brookall* is not come yet.
Amp. Will you answer me?
Val. You are a buſy foole.
Amp. I am ſatisfied. He knowes nothing.

Val.

Val. You lye, Sir.
Amp. I think I do. You know nothing of her
I mean, Sir.
Val. You lye again, Sir.
Amp. I think I do again, Sir. Pray be not ſo
terrible; Examine him your ſelfe, if it pleaſe
you.

Enter Brookall.

Broo. Were his eyes Baſiliskes; or did he beare
Upon his helliſh Countenance the faces
Of all the Furies (that no doubt attend him)
Ile ſhun no place for him. Are they acquainted?
O moſt prodigious!
Ver. What do you know, Sir, of my Daughter,
I beſeech you?
Val. That ſhe has a wretch, a miſerable Caitiff
Unto her Father.
Broo. How is that? —— [*aſide.*]
Val. A villain that has ſcrap'd up by oppreſſion
Law-ſtrife and Perjury, a Dowry for her,
So mixt with curſes, that it would conſume
An Earles Eſtate to match with it and her.
And leave him curs'd in his Poſterity.
Amp. How bleſt was I to miſs her!
Broo. Can he ſpeak thus to him? [*aſide.*]
Ver. Dar'ſt thou confront me thus?
Val. Dar'ſt thou yet keep a Groat of thine
extorted Wealth,
And ſeeſt what Judgments fall one thee already?
Can all thy Gold redeem thy good opinion,
To thine owne Son? And though thou wouldſt
no give
(In caſe he wanted it) to ſave his life,
A Hangmans Fee, much leſſe a Judges thanks,
Or price of a Lords Letter to reprieve him;

Yet may this Son ſurvive thee ; and hourely he
Unto thy laſt houre, thine Affliction be.
Amp. O happy condition of a Batchelor !
Broo. I like this well in the young man.—[*aſide.*]
Ver. How can you ſay you know this ?
Val. Prethee how can't be otherwiſe ?
Hadſt thou a vertuous Childe (as here and there,
Some Mothers win a ſoule) it would be taken
Dead or alive from thee, unto thy greife too,
To ſcape the curſe might come with a Childs part
Of thine ill-got eſtate ; that's thy Daughters caſe.
Ver. Oh——
Broo. Brave young fellow ! (not
Val. But ſhew me where an evill Off-ſpring has
Surviv'd to ſpurn the duſt of ſuch a Father ;
And lewdly waſt in one or two deſcents
(Unto their own deſtruction) what was purchaſed
At price of ſoules departed ?
Ver. Will you vouchſafe to leave me ?
Amp. Pretty odd Doctrine, this !
Val. I have not done w'yee yet.
What corrupt Lawyer, or uſurious Citizen,
Oppreſſing Landlord, or unrighteous Judge,
But leaves the World with horror ? and their wealth,
(By rapine forc'd from the oppreſſed Poor)
To Heires, that (having turn'd their Sires to th' Devil)
Turne Idiots, Lunaticks, Prodigals, or Strumpets ?
All wanting either wit, or will, to ſave
Their fatall Portions from the Gulfe of Law,
Pride, Ryot, Surfets, Dice, and Luxury,
Till Beggary, or diſeaſes turnes them after ?
Ver. Ha' you done yet ?
Val. A word or two for uſe ; and ſo an end.
Broo. Not ſo: It muſt be amplified a little further.

Ver.

Ver. Torment and death! Is he come? Let me go;

Amp. Nay pray Sir heare them; though you profit not;
I may perhaps. Methinks it edifies.

Broo. You ſay'd, and you ſay'd well; His tainted wealth,
Got by corruption, kept by niggardiſe,
Muſt flye as ill, through Luxury and Riot:
I add, that they who get it ſo, ſhall leave it,
To run at the like waſte, through their ſucceſſion
Even to the Worlds end: tis not one age,
Though ſpent in prayers, can expiate the wrong
Such an eſtate was gotten by, though the eſtate
Be, to a doyt, ſpent with it: But it ſhall
Fly like a fatall ſcourge, through hand to hand;
Through Age to Age, frighted by Orphans crys,
And Widows tears, the groanes and Lamentations,
Of oppreſſed Priſoners, mingled with the curſes
Of hunger-bitten Labourers, whoſe very ſweat
Thou robſt them of: this charming noiſe is up
Of many ſad, ſome mad afflicted wretches,
Whoſe marrow thou haſt ſuck'd; and from whoſe bowels,
The nouriſhment was cruſh'd that fed thee, and
That ravenous Wolfe, thy conſcience.

Ver. I ſhall trounce you.

Enter Bumpſey.

Bum. What's here? Worrying of *Vermine?*

Broo. This noyſe, I ſay, of hideous cryes and curſes,
That follows thine eſtate, will not be layd
In thy deare life time; nor in theirs, the ſtrangers,
That muſt be curs'd with the diviſion
Of it, when thou art gone: But, ſtill, it ſhall

Purſue

Purſue, to all ſucceeding times, all thoſe,
That entertaine leaſt parcels of thy money,
When they shall finde at beſt, it can but buy
Diſgrace, diſeaſes, overthrows at Law,
And ſuch deare puniſhments ; until, at laſt,
All hands, affrighted with the touch of it,
Shall let it fall to earth ; where it ſhall ſinke
And run into a veyne of Ore, ſhall reach——
To Hell. And they, that ſhall, hereafter, dig it,
Hundreds of Ages hence, muſt all compound
With the grand Lord o'th Soyle, the Devill, for't.

Amp. So they make hot Purchaſes !

Broo. Now Sir, you may inſtructt the Uſurer, to make uſe,
Of all he has heard, while I avoyd his ſight ;
Heaven knows I am ſick on't : you forget me Sir.

Val. Feare not : I will not fayle you.

Bum. No : Ile deliver him the uſe of all.

Ver. Oh the variety of my vexation——

Bum. And all is this (as I advis'd before.)
Spend all your ſelfe, and ſave your Heires the ſin ;
The ſhame, the ſorrows, and the punishments,
That are joynt-heritable with your wealth ;
As very learnedly hath been related.
And there's the point, and the whole ſubſtance on't.

Ver. Beſtow your Subſtance ſo Sir, if you like it.

Bump. Sir, my condition runs another way.
To the ſame end perhaps ; following my Leader, here.

Amp. Your Son in Law ? Truſt me, a moſt fine man :
And, if his life be anſwerable to his Doctrine,
Tis like heele lead you to a faire end of all.
Doubtleſſe he is a fine young Man indeed.
A proper teacher and an edifying.

Bump.

Bump. Come Sir, lead on, I heare you are provided
Five hundred thick for this free nights adventure.
Val. I am Sir, here it is.
Bump. I am ſo too Sir.
And here it is : And here it is, and here and there, and here it is.
Amp. O brave old man.
Bump. Ile make one w'ye at your new Ordinary,
They ſay tis excellent.
Val. For rarity and plenty,
There's no ſuch Penſion in all this City.
Amp. And all for nothing ?
Val. For leſſe then kiſſe your Hoſteſſe.
Amp. And is there delicate Wine too ? I muſt thither.
Val. The flowre of *France*, and quinteſſence of *Spaine*
Flow like a Spring-tyde through the Houſe.
Amp. O rare !
And all for nothing ?
Bump. Hang nothing. Be it as twill,
I am for any thing ; and as well provided,
As you, or any the beſt Gameſter there.
Ver. Sir.
Bum. I love to do theſe things. But firſt, pray tel me
Can you tell tale or tydings of his Daughter here ?
Val. Not of his Daughter : But I heard his Son
Was freed, this, day, from Priſon.
Ver. How, how, how.

Enter Brookall, Phillis.

Broo. Yonder he is, ſtill, buſie.
Phil. Ile among 'em. Walke you back a little,
And, get I any money, Ile lend thee ſome.

(*Val.*

Val. Ile tell you how. Some friend has paid his debt;
The Action is diſcharged; and he's releas'd.
Ver. You practiſe my abuſe. Tis not in man,
To do me ſuch a miſchiefe.
Amp. Away Girle.
Phil. Thou art as hard, as this dry cruſt, here, was.
But he is better minded now, I hope:
Now, old man I am ſure thou art for me,
Thou curſedſt me before, but now thou wilt
Bleſſe me, I hope, and not without a Croſſe.
Of a faire Silver Sixpence.
Ver. Hence you Harlot.
Phil. Nay look you, if I could afford it, thinke you
I'de make two words w'ye: this but a ſixpenny matter
Between us; why will you be ſo hard: tis but
So little leſſe left among all thy Children;
And Ile bate it them in their prayers for thee,
Though I bee at the trouble, my ſelfe, to do it.
Val. Troth, ſhe begs prettily, I muſt give her ſomething.
Here Wench.
Bum. What is it, I will ſee it.
Phil. Tis a good Shilling, and a vie; will you ſee't Sir?
Bum. Look you, tis cover'd.
Phil. Gentlemen, will you come in? will you vie it?
Amp. No we deny it.
Phil. You may revye it then, if you pleaſe. They come not in to binde it.
Val. Will you come in againe Sir?
Bum. Sir, after you, and't be to my laſt ſixpence.
I will keep Covenant w'ye,

Val.

Val. A ſhilling more on that.
Bum. Done Sir : there tis.
Phil. Why, theſe are Lads of bounty! Have you any minde yet Gentlemen ?
Ver. What, to be Bankrupts ?
Phil. Troth, thou wouldſt feare as much, ſhouldſt thou but break
Thy Porredge Pipkin.
Val. Prithee what's thy name ?
Phil. Nell, my Mother calls me. I nere knew Sire, nor Godſire.
Val. Nell ?
Phil. Yes : And tis as bonny a Beggars name, as ever came from beyond *Trent.*
Val. This Girle, methinks, howere neceſſitated
Into this courſe, declares ſhe has a ſpirit
Of no groſſe ayre : And I dare think her Blood,
Although, perhaps, of ſome unlawfull mixture,
Deriv'd from Noble veines. One may perceive
Much in her Language, in her Looks, and Geſture,
That pleads, methinks, a duty above pitty,
To take her from this way, wherein ſhe wanders
So farr from the intent of her Creation.
Bump. Your meaning is, you would buy her out of her Calling.
Is it not ſo ?
Val. Ten Peices I would give
Towards a new one for her.
Bump. Here's ten more
To bind you quite from begging. Can you afford it ?
If yes, accept it. And let's ſee your back.
Phil. I make no Curtſies, nor ſend thanks that way.
No, Ile be forwards in them. May my thanks and prayers
Multiply years and bleſſings on your heads.

And

And when I beg againe, may Beadles take
Advantage on my back, and laſh the skin off,
So Heaven be ever with you ——

Val. Stay. Who would not have given this Money? Gentlemen,
Doſt not move you to give a packing penny?

Phil. Nor move you them for me. I ſhould, now, feare
One of their ill-got pence, here mingled, would
Corrupt and overthrow my righteous Fortune.

Exit Phil.

Amp. O villanous Vixen.

Ver. Each minute of this day augments my torments,
Yet I have coold it with ſome patience;
Attending Sir your anſwer.

Val. For your ſon.

Ver. I have no Son. I aske you for my Daughter.

Val. Be this your pennance for your misbeleife,
Hye you to the Compter: if you finde not there
Your ſon; meet me an hour hence at my Fathers.
Ile tell you news of him; and he perhaps
May tell you of his Siſter. This deſerves
A fee. Your abſence pays it me. Go quickly,
We have ſome buſineſſe: And your ſtay will but
Make the Scene tedious.

Ver. Weel go. Wil't pleaſe you?

Amp. Yes; we will off in Rhime. There is no doubt,
If *Wat* be not i'th Compter, he is out.

Exit Ver. Amp.

Bump. Now, what's the next vagary?

Val. Onely this Sir,
You have playd at ſmall Game with me. Now there is
A greater tryall of my Love and Bounty,

Inſtantly

Inſtantly to be made. A Gentleman,
(I ſtay too long) an intimate Freind's arreſted,
But for two hundred pound on execution :
Will you joyne Charity to fetch him off ?

Bump. I would 't had been thine owne caſe two dayes ſince.

One of your fine Companions, ſome poor Shark ?
Ha, iſt not ſo ?

Val. Will you be pleasd to ſee him ?

Bump. I am halfe ſick of this Condition.
I do begin, not altogether, now,
To love theſe things ſo well methinks. Humh ha !

Val. Nay, if you go not chearfully ——

Bump. Yes : I go. *Exeunt ambo.*

ACT. IV. *Scene* II.

Brookall, Phillis.

Broo. GOod Childe, thy tale is pittifull ; yet it forts
So with the fell condition of my Fortune,
That I crave more of it.

Phil. I came not to
Diſcourſe of ſorrow, but to bring you comfort :
Will you yet have a Crowne ?

Broo. I prithee keep
Thy Money Child ; and forwards with thy ſtory.
Thou ſaydſt thy Mother was a Gentlewoman.

Phil. Ile give you reaſon. Since I can remember,
Shee never did a wrong, though ſuffered much ;
Nor the leaſt unjuſt thing. No, though her poverty
And care of me have pinch'd her very bowels,
Shee knew not how to ſeek anothers good,
So much as by requeſt. Shee never durſt borrow,

For ſeare to come ſo neer the danger of
A promiſe-breach : And, for baſe ends, to lye
Shee holds it ſacriledge. Ifaith ſhe jerk'd
That humour out of me ; for I was given
(I tell you as a Friend) a little to't.
It came ſure by the Father. God forgive him.
Broo. Thou ſaydſt, thou thoughtſt, thy Father was a Knight.
How thinkſt thou he could lye then, to abuſe
A Virgine of that goodneſſe, as it ſeemes
Shee, that by him became thy Mother, was.
Phil. The Devill, ſure, was powerfull with him, then.
Nor do you hear me ſay, all Gentlefolkes
Are of one minde. Alaſſe they could not live
One by another then.
Broo. Peace, ſtay a little :
How came thy Mother to decline her ſpirit
So low, as thus to ſuffer thee to beg ?
Phil. Vertue goes often wet-ſhod, and is faine
To coble it ſelfe up to hold out water
And cold neceſſity : But ſure, the quality
Came to me by the Fathers ſide too : For
Tis a more commendable, and Courtly practiſe
To beg, than ſteale. He was perhaps, a Courtier.
I rather would be rob'd of all I have,
Than ſteale one farthing.
Broo. Thou ſay'ſt thy Mother never would reveale
To thee, or any one, her Birth, or Fortune.
Anſwer me, prethee, how doſt thou collect
Th' hadſt such a Father ? Or that he has thus
Wrong'd thy poore Mother, by not marrying her ?
Phil. Now you come to me indeed old man :
How now,
What do you weep ?
Broo. The ſharpneſs of the Aire

Strikes

Strikes on mine eyes a little. Prethee ſay.
Phil. I firſt, as fain would know the hidden cauſe
That works this aptneſs in me, to diſcover
My Mother and my ſelfe to you. I know not
How to look off o'you. Ifaith you weep.
I have heard ſome talk of naturall inſtinct,
But know not what it is. Pray can you tell me?
Or any like reaſon, why I ſhould
Thus doat, and hang about you? Or tell me this,
Have you not been of better Fortune? Are not you
Some decayed Knight? Be not aſham'd, but tell me.
They cannot all be rich, there are ſo many.
Broo. Oh my heart!
Phil. Yea, are your Conſcience-ſtruck?
Have at you for a father then: And yet
Me-thinks you are more old in goodneſs, then
To be, ſo late, ſo wicked, as to wrong
A woman of her ſweetneſs. Yet Ile try you.
Here is a long-kept Paper. This is all
That ere I gathered of my Mothers wrong,
And of my Fathers cruelty, and condition.
It ſeemes this was his hand, and ruthfull farewell,
He turn'd her off withall. See, if you know it.
More then a thouſand times I have obſerv'd her
Weep o're that Paper; ever careſull, though,
Her teares might not deface it. If by chance,
As when thoſe teares prevented had her ſight,
Some ſoft ones did on that hard Sentence light,
Her Lips took off the Treſpaſs of her Eye;
And her hot Sighes reſtor'd the Paper dry.
Broo. This comes ſo neer a Miracle; that my faith
I feare is ſtaggering. How got'ſt, thou this paper?
Phil. I ſtole it from my Mother, (and in Troth

Tis all that ere I ſtole) becauſe ſhe ſhould not
Weep out her eyes upon't. I do not love,
Although I am a beggar, to lead blind folks.
Do you not find there, that he is a Knight,
Though he ſubſcribes no name? He tells her there,
And tauntingly, he knowess ſhe is more ſorry
For the loſt Ladyſhip he promis'd her,
Then for her Maiden-head. Let me heare you read it.

Broo. Mine eyes, are now, too full indeed; I cannot.

Phil. Are you the man then, whom I muſt ask bleſſing?
If you bee, ſpeak. Ile have you to my Mother,
Though, I dare ſweare, ſhe had rather dye, then you,
Or any of your Race, or hers, ſhould ſee her,
Whilſt ſhe has breath. Yei I will undertake
To prattle you both good friends.
And you ſhall have my *Mammy*,
And ſhe ſhall have her *Nell* (that's I.)
The man ſhall have his Mare againe,
And all ſhall be well. How do you?

Broo. Prethee forbeare me good wench but a little.

Enter Valentine.

Val. I have kept my time you ſee; and ſhall not faile
In any Circumſtance. Here are two Swords,
Pray take your choice. I have beſpoke a Boat
Shall land us o're the water, where you pleaſe;
Though, I Proteſt, I yet would beg your Love,
Next to my Naturall Fathers.

Broo. This I fear'd.
And charg'd the plain way. But't ſhall not ſerve.

Val.

Val. You took my part of late, againſt old *Vermin*.

Broo. Prethee who would not? This is another caſe.

Val. Why, if there be no remedy, pray accept
Your forty pounds. The money, Sir, may ſtead you
For your eſcape, when you have ta'ne my Life.

Broo. Your money 'would hang me, Sir. Your lifes not worth it. (Son.

Val. Tis your own money; ſent you by your

Broo. How know I that? Or that I have a Son
By thee unmurther'd.

Val. I told you of a Letter I had miſlaid:
Look you. Do you know his hand?

Broo. If it be not,
Much chang'd, and lately, here is that wil match.

Val. Was ever given Gold ſo weigh'd, and try'd?
What Lawyer, Nay, what Judge would be ſo ſcrupulous?
No want corrupts good Conſcience: Nor exceſs
Allaies in bad, the thirſt of Cov'touſneſs.

Phil. What do you think, Sir?

Val. I think you beg again, and would be whipt.

Phil. I fecks, I do not beg; but came to offer
This griev'd old man ſome of my infinite fortune
Found in your lucky money: Lucky indeed;
For I have found a Father by't. I vow
I think my Father. I'ſt not a fine old man?
I ſhall know more anon.

Val. Her money, ſure.
Has made her Mad: How do you finde it, Sir?

Broo. My wonder now, is, how thou canſt be Son
Of ſuch a Father! Thou art honeſt ſure.
Here is your Sword, I will accept the money.

Val. Then I ſhall live, and ſo may want the money.

Will you forbeare it for a day or two?

Broo. Your Sword again.

Now, I profeſs to you, I have preſent need on't,
And am as ſtrict, Sir, for my right, as I
Before was to decline it.

Val. Pray, Sir, take it;
And give me leave to beg your charitable
Conſtruction of my Father.

Broo. How is that?

Val. Did you but know the care, the coſt, and travell
He has been at a thouſand waies, to finde
Your injur'd Siſter, to make good his fault,
If poſſibly he might——

Broo. O fie, O fie!

Val. Till all Opinion gave her dead; and then
The meanes he has ſought to do you Offices
Againſt your knowledge. For he knew your Spirit
Would not except of his benevolence.——

Broo. Read that, and gueſſe whoſe deed 'tis. Stand off Girle.

Phil. Yes forſooth Father, I ſhall learn in time,
Ile call him Father till he findes me another.
I know he could not ſhed thoſe teares for nothing.

Val. But does ſhe live, to whom this was directed?

Broo. Speak low: is that your Fathers hand?

Val. It is.

Broo. Along with me then. Girle, lead you the way.

Phil. Anan forſooth Father.

Broo. Shew us to your Mother.

Phil. Shall he go too? What will the Neighbours think?
There's none but Beggars all about us. Ods ſo,
There'll be a ſhow indeed.

Val. No matter. Will you go?

Phil. Sir, they will hale you to peeces.
Val. Will you deny me?
Phil. How ſhall I anſwer't to my Mother? She Never ſaw man, nor has been ſeen by man, That I know, in my life.
Val. No matter: Will you on?
Broo. Ile ſave thee blameleſſe.
Phil. Troth Ile venter.—— *Exeunt Oes.*

ACT. V. *Scene* I.

Frances, Magdalen, Jane, Alice.

Wine on a Table.

Fra. *TRes bien venue Madames.*
You are very welcome.
Mag. Good lack! And is it you, Mrs. *Alice*? I'ſt poſſible? Are you come to learn Carriage too? I will make bold with tother Glaſſe of Wine. At a word, I like your French Carriage the better, that it allowes elder Women to drink Wine.
Ali. They have no other drink, except water. And Maids are allowed but that.
Ja. And young wives (they ſay) wine with their water.
Mag. Mingle your Glaſſe, then, Daughter. This for me. Your father has ſo ſought you Mrs. *Alice.*
Ja. My Father has miſt us too, by this time.
Mag. But neither of 'em can dream French enough, to direct 'em hither, I warrant you. And does ſhe learn the Carriages very well, *Madamſilly?*
Fra. *Madamoyſelle ſi vous plaiſt.*

Mag. What do yee cal't ? I ſhall never hit it. How do you finde your Schollar ?

Fra. O, ſhe is very good. She learn very well.

Mag. But how much carriage hath ſhe learnt ? Heark you Mrs. *Alice*. Have you not learnt to carry a man ? Has not a good Husband ſtolne you hither ?

I can think waggishly I tell you : And an old Ape has an old eye. Go to.

Ali. No ſuch matter, Mrs. *Bumpſey*.

Fra. What is that you ſay ?

Mag. I ask you how much carriage she has learnt ?

Fra. She come but dis day ; And she carry both the hands already.

Mag. How ſay by that. I'ſt poſſible ? Can she carry both her hands in one day ?

Fra. Yes, and before to-morrow, she ſhall carry the foot as well.

Mag. It ſeems, then, you teach handling before footing in your French way.

Fra. You may learn dat of de leetle Shild. De leetle Shild you ſee will handle de ting, before it can ſet one foot to de ground. Come, let me ſee you make a Reverance.

Mag. Reverance ! What's that ?

Fra. Tis dat you call a Curtſie. Let me ſee you make Curtſie.

Mag. Look you heare then.

Fra. O fee, fee—dat is de groſs english Douck, for de ſwagbuttock'd-wife of de Peſant.

Mag. How like you this then ? There's a Reverence I warrant you.

Fra. Fee, dat is worſe. See how you carry de hands like de *Comedien* dat act de shangling.

Mag. Shall I ever hit on't troe ? I muſt take tother Glaſs.

Ali. Take heed she does not take too much.
Ja. I hope she will not. But there's no croſſing her.
Fra. Let me ſee your hands.
Mag. There they bee. They have been a little too familiar with Sea-coale fires, and much other courſe houſwifry, which I ſhall utterly abhor, and waſh off, when I have learnt to carry them Courtly.
But ſhall I ever do it, think you ?
Fra. Yes, yes, and all your other parts and members.
Mag. I may winne my Husband to love mee Courtly then.
Fra. To love, and lye with you Courtly.
Mag. That's but ſeldome, I doubt.
Fra. You shall know all de waies to winne his Love,
Or any mans, to multiply your honour. ——
Mag. I will ſo multiply then.
Fra. Not onely in your looks, your ſmiles and ſweet Careſſes.
(Beſides the help of Painting) that adorn
The face: But with the motion of each Lineament,
Of the whole frame of your wel order'd body.
An Eye, a Lip, a finger ſhall not move ;
A Toe trip unregarded. But your Geat
And your whole gracefull Preſence shall attract,
(Beyond affection) admiration :
As Ile artifice you.
Mag. Ile be a Nimph. *Diana* and her Dearlings, deare, deare, deare, &c, [*ſing.*]
But may I paint, ſay you ?
Fra. O moſt allowably ; nay, commendably.
Mag. Tother Glaſs for that.
Fra. Then for the Art of dreſſing, ſetting forth

Head, Face, Neck, Breaſt; with which I will inſpire
you.
To cover, or diſcover any part—
Unto de beſt advantage.
Mag. That is to ſay,
To hide ſhame, or ſhew all: that's her meaning.
Fra. You ſhall have no defect perceiv'd, no
grace conceal'd.
Mag. I am for the naked Neck and Shoulders,
then.
For (I tell you Miſtreſs) I have a white Skin,
And a round ſtreight Neck; ſmooth and plump
Shoulders,
Free from French Flea-bits, and never a wrinckle
Neare'em, though I ſay't.
Fra. 'Thas been ſuggeſted by invective men,
Women, to juſtifie themſelves that way,
Began that Fashion. As one tother ſide,
The fashion of mens Brow-locks was perhaps
Devis'd out of neceſſity, to hide
All il-grac'd forehead; Or beſprinckled with
The outward Symptomes of ſome inward griefe.
As, formerly the Saffron-ſteeped Linnen,
By ſome great man found uſefull againſt Vermine,
Was ta'ne up for a fashionable wearing.
Some Lord that was no Niggard of his Beauty,
Might bring up narrow brims to publish it.
Another, to obſcure his, or perhaps
To hide defects thereof, might bring up broad
ones.
As queſtionleſs, the ſtreight, neat timber'd Leg,
Firſt wore the Troncks, and long Silk-hoſe: As
likely
The Baker-knees, or ſome ſtrange shamble shanks,
Begat the Ancle-breeches.
Mag. Sure the men
Took that conceit from us. What woman shewes

A Leg, that's not a good one ?—— [*She ſhewes a ſwadled leg.*]
Fra. Theſe among men, are followed for the fashions,
That were invented for the better grace.
(As our Attires) to ſet off Limb, or face.
Mag. Good lack! What knowledge comes from forraigne parts ?

Enter Dryground, Wa t.

Dry. I prethee *Wat*, have patience for an houre.
Wat. Not for a minute, Sir, Ile not be kick'd,
And call'd baſe Pandar for your baſeneſs.
Dry. Nay, look you *Wat.*
Wat. And had almoſt been pump'd,
And made a ſport for Water-men i'th' Thames.
Dry. But Heare me, *Wat.*
Wat. Ile heare my Father ſooner. (Give me hence
My Siſter) were he a ravenous Beaſt, a Wolfe,
I would obey him rather then trudge a foot
Further in your baſe way. Heart I am hip-ſhot.
Dry. Now, would his Bodies paines convert his Soule,
Twere a good work.
Wat. I am in deſperate feare
O'th' Mourning of the Chine too with the kicks,
And hunches they o're laid me with. O baſe!
Without reſiſtance. Give me hence my Siſter.
Dry. But how was it my fault ?
Wat. Was't not your project ?
Ja. What may this mean ?
Ali. No harm I warrant you.
Wat. Nay, it ſhall out. Your baſe inhumane Project,
To ſell your Daughters Maiden-head. (I care not
Who heares me, I.) And cunningly to make me

Your

Your Hackney-jade to fetch your Chapmen in.
Mag. Where are we now?
Ja. What did my Husband mean to wiſh us hither?
Wat. Baſeneſs! I cannot call it bad enough.
Dry. You were as forward in it as my ſelfe,
And wooed me you might have her without all faults.
Wat. Mine eyes are opened now.
Dry. But I believe,
They were almoſt beaten out firſt.
Wat. And I vow
Ere I will marry ſo, Ile take a Beggar,
And joyn in trade with her, though I get nothing
But—My name is *Vermine* already, I
Thank a good Father for't.
Dry. A Beggar-Wenches breed would propagate
Your name moſt numerouſly.
Wat. Much better then your Sale-ware, and more laſting.
I think I ſaw her to-day muſt be the woman,
Good Madame Polcat, the trim Schoole-miſtriſs.
Ile make bold with your Schollar. What! you have more.
Ile carry her and her Virginity
Unto ſome fitter place of Execution.
Ali. You brought me hither, Sir, and here Ile ſtay.
Wat. What! in a Bawdy-houſe?
Mag. O deare! and is it ſo? What are we then? Is this your boun faſhion? Is this the carriage of the Body, that you would teach us? What, to bee Whores? We could learn that at home, and there were need, without your teaching,
Ja. Mother; what do you mean?
Ali. Mrs. *Bumpſey*; pray feare no harm.

Mag.

Mag. O good lack! what will become of us? Where are we now, *Jane*?
Betray'd! betray'd! Our honours are betray'd. O my poor *Bump*. how will thou take this at my hands, though I carry them never ſo Courtly?

Dry. 'Sfoot, ſhe's in her Mawdlin fit: All her wine ſhowres out in teares.

Mag. Oh, oh, oh, —— [*She falls*]

Dry. Pray have her in. Look carefully to her,

Mag. Oh, oh, oh, ——

Dry. Take the Bottle with yee.

Mag. I, I, I.

Dry. In all to the next Room.—— *Exeunt Fra.*

Wat. Sir, ſhe ſhall with me. Ile leave her where I found her. *Jane leading out Magdalen.*

Dry. Sir, no ſuch matter.

Wat. 'Sfoot, Gentlewoman, muſt I kick you out o' doores?

Dry. No, nor depart your ſelfe, but by Authority. I am provided for you. Friends come in.

Enter two Sergeants.

And do your Office.

Ser. We arreſt you, Sir; Nay, we ſhall rule you.

Wat. Ha, ha, ha. Why, this is well, and very hoſpitably done.
Would any man but an old Bawde ha' done this?

Dry. Sir, I miſtruſted your Apoſtacy.
Since you revolt, I muſt recall my money;
Or lay you where I found you, as you threatened your Siſter here.

Wat. Baſer, and baſer ſtill. Are you a Knight? A Knight, a Poſt-Knight. A Poſtillion,
That rides a fore-horſe, o're the Eares in durt,
Three fingers thick, is not ſo baſe. You Varlets,

Do

Do you arreſt folkes in a bawdy-houſe?

Ser. We do not finde it ſo; Or, if it be,
The place may be as honeſt as our Office.
Will you walk, Sir?

Wat. Stay; Let me conſider,
If now my Father (as ſome in like caſes
Have done) would take a fine ſubmission.
I could affoard to kneele and whine, me-thinks,
Rather then back to my old Ward again.
Twill nere be handſome though.

Enter Valentine.

Val. The buſineſs Gentlemen,

Wat. My lucky friend.
Sir, you reliev'd me lately. Could you now
But add another Favour, it might teach
One, that nere learnt to pray, to pray for you.
Do you not know me, Sir? 'Twas I you ſav'd
Out of the Temple Sudds.

Val. Haſt thou been ſhav'd ſince?

Wat. No, Sir, I was diſguis'd.

Val. Diſguis'd!

Wat. Diſguis'd in villany, which I recant.

Val. Who knowes but he may prove an honeſt man?
Pray, Sir, a word.

Ser. We do not uſe to wait dry-fiſted; nor dry-throated.

Wat. I would you were as wet all over, as I was like to have been: Or, as you are Catchpoles, I would you had been but in thoſe hands I eſcap'd from.

Dry. You have prevail'd, Sir.

Val. Sergeants you ſhall not out of the House. Here's for halfe an houres attendance. Go into that Room with your Prisoner. You ſhall have Wine, and Smoak too.

Be

Be of good cheere friend ; if thou canſt be honeſt,
I can relieve thee ; feare not.

Wat. Sir, get my Father but to ſay as much,
And you ſhall be Co-heire with me. I vow you
ſhall have halfe. [*Exeunt* Wat, Sergeants]

Val. Wee'll talk anon. The Youth appeares converted.

Dry. There was no other meanes to work it by,
But that I us'd ; to urg'd him paſt his Nature.
He was ſo free in's Villany, that I
Giving the Spurs, ran him beyond his ſpeed ;
Quite off his Legs, and glad to be led home.

Val. His Father comes on fairely : I have followʼd
All your Inſtructions concerning him,
And my fantaſtick Father-'Law. Both whom
Are hard at hand, with the wife weſtern Knight.
He too's content to go to the beſt Ordinary,
While tis beſt cheap he ſaies. Where are the women ?

Dry. Your Mother-'Law, after ſhe had got
As much French Carriage, as might ſerve to furniſh
A petty Court ; is fallen into a fit,
To over-throw it all againe.

Val. The better.
But is the houſe cleare, Sir, of all your Riflers ?

Dry. As I could wish ; And well ſatisfied.
For, when they underſtood the honeſt end,
My Project aim'd at ; which, by an Oration
Well charg'd with virtuous Sentences, I forc'd
Into the nobler Breaſts : they all recanted
The barbarous purpoſe ; and as freely left
Their money for that Charitable uſe,
To which I pre-intended it. The reſt
Purs'd theirs again. But yet I have collected
In this odd uncouth way, five hundred Pounds,
That was laid down at ſtake for a Virginity,

To

To make an honeſt ſtock for *Franck.*
Val. 'Tis good,
I may fetch in my Gueſts In the meantime
You may be pleas'd, Sir, to peruſe this Baper.—
Exit.

Dry. How now! what's here? How might he come by this?
It is the ſcorn I ſent my injur'd Love;
My abus'd Elynor: The hand, that threw
Her from me. O, that at the price of it
I could receive her.

Enter Oliver. Ambroſe.

Ol. Sir, by your leave,
We come to ſup w'yee. Does your Rifling hold?
Amb. What, you are off o'the hooks, me-thinks.
Ol. If there be no ſuch thing, tell us the Riddle?
Dry. You ſhall know all, and briefely. *Franck*, come in.

Enter Franck.

Now Gentlemen——
Ol. Let us ſalute her firſt.—*Salute, then whiſper.*
Dry. She does not taſt of ſin. Faire Chaſtity
Sits crown'd upon her Brow, with an aſpect,
May beat down Luſt to Hell, from whence it roſe.
Fra. You profeſſe Nobly, ſir.
Ol. I vow, and do not lye to you: If I finde
Your Father ſo inhumane, you againſt it:
Wee'll be your Reſcue, if forty able ſword-men
Which we have, at the ſignall of a finger,
Planted in readineſs, can fetch you off:
Do you approve?
Fran. Yes, and admire your goodneſs.
Ol. Now we are for you, ſir:
Dry. Then heare the ſtory; which your late Impatience would not permit.

Amb.

Amb. You ſpeak not now
In that high Phraſe, or tone, as you did then. *Val.* Stand here, unſeene; and heare attentively.
Dry. I am a Gentleman, that by foule miſdeed
(Heaven, Heaven I aske thee pardon) once did wrong
To an unfortunate Family, by rejecting,
After affiance, and her love abuſ'd,
A Gentlewoman ——
Ol. You got with child, and then deny'd her Marriage.
Dry. Twas ſo.
Ely. Ay me!
Val. No paſſion, gentle Soule.
Phil. If this ſhould prove my Father now!—
Ol. Well Sir, your Gentlewoman!
Dry. Shee, on the diſcontent, (poore hapleſſe Soule)
Now fourteen Winters ſince though ſadly burden'd,
Fled, and no more is heard of: at the firſt
My wildneſſe took no ſenſe of this deare Loſſe;
But drew me through the wayes of careleſſe pleaſure,
By riotous expence, that mine eſtate
And Credit ran at waſte, and was nigh ſpent,
Untill my treſpaſſe cry'd againſt my Conſcience
To render ſatisfaction: but in vaine
We offer to the dead. My Genius therefore
Prompts me to gratefull deeds unto her Blood.
Amb. What can this come to?
Dry. Shee had a Brother, that loſt his eſtate
By Law—
Br. Means he not mee?
Dry. To a Corrupt Oppreſſor ——
Ver. Ha! How's that?

Enter Valentine, Bumpſey, Vermine, Amphilus, Brookall, Elynor, Phillis.

Dry. Was ſtript out of the very Coat he wore,
Had nothing left him, but a Sonne——
Ol. What's all this to your Daughter?
Dry. Even all that may be; (ſee) His Sonne's
my Daughter. *Diſcover Franc.*
Now do you find my project Gentlemen?
It has at Charge of three dayes Houſe-keeping
Put halfe a thouſand pounds in's purſe; Beſides
A faire pull for his Fathers Land againe:
For he has, by a lawfull Church-man, married
The Daughter of his Fathers Adverſary.
Ol. Why, here are wonders!
Amb. Bravely, nobly done
Dry. Come Mrs. *Alice*; and juſtifie your Act.
Enter Alice
Ver. My Daughter, ha!
Amp. My ſweetheart, hoe!
Fra. Your haes and hoes can not draw her from
me, ſhee is my Wife.
Ver. By what witch-craft?
Dry. By ſtronger Charmes, then your Art can
diſſolve. You know me now, Sir—and my
Project, do you not? *Diſcovers himſelfe.*
Ol. Amb. Sir *Humfrey Dryground.*
Ver. I am ſtruck dum with wonder.
Elin. O tis he, tis hee. (Lady,
Val. Alaſſe ſhe ſwounes, Sir cheare you up this
While I appeaſe the reſt. A word with you Sir.
Amp. I will not be appeaſ'd.
Dry. My love! my *Elynor*!
Bump. So, cheare her up Sir *Humfry.* To her
againe Sir *Humfry*; your Sonne and mine in Law
has told me all your ſtory, and reconcil'd your
Brother *Brookall* to you before your interview. I
know all, the full point, and the whole ſubſtance;
the flat and plaine of the buſineſſe; and now I
love theſe things againe. How now, Sir *Amphilus*?
Drown'd in Melancholly? *Amp.*

Amp. No: But and I were at the Ducking pond, I know what I know. But when I drown my ſelfe, I'll give you leave to hang me.

Ali. Your pardon, and your bleſſing, I beſeech you.

Ver. Hence. *Exit Valentine.*

Broo. Was this thy Journey into *France* my Boy? High Providence hath made it good. But tell mee, Was Love your chiefe Inſtructor to this Marriage?

Fran. Indeed it was equall in her and mee.

Ali. Pray Sir your bleſſing.

Ver. Away.

Broo. Turne this way for a bleſſing then my Daughter,

Bump. Shall I tell you Neighbour? Law has no reliefe for you; And Conſcience and you have a longe time been ſtrangers. Could you be friends and embrace Conſcience now, all would be well. And there's the ſubſtance. Is it plaine?

Ver. Conſcience! do you know where ſhe is?

Enter Val. Wat. Magdalen, Jane.

Val. Heeres one has brought her in his true Converſion.

Wat. Sir, if you can forgive, and can obey you— I now can better kneele, then ſpeak *He weeps*

Val. Do you note thoſe teares, Sir? Had you loſt your Daughter,
My Father had in this made you amends.
In finding you a Son. His Art converted him.

Ver. Sure, all's but Apparition, or a dream.

Bump. Ha! Think you ſo? Tis your own fleſh and blood: And by your leave and liking, may prove as honeſt a Man, as his Father. Is not this plaine now? Forgive and bleſſe e'm all over, and ſo Kiſſe 'em too. They are your Children.

Mag. O my deare *Bump*! Art thou there? Thou mayſt kiſſe, and forgive me all over too, for any harm, or diſhoneſty; though the place be as they ſay-at a word, *Bump*. Thou mayſt believe me, I came but to learn Carriage of the Body, nor to carry no bodies body, but my owne body, *Bump*. No truely, truely *Bump*. o——o——that ever I did that.

Bump. Peace, peace. All's well. At leaſt I know your Diſeaſe.

Mag. Think me not drunk, good *Bump*, a little faſhion-ſick, or ſo.

Amp. Faſhion-ſick! a fine civill word. To be drunk, is faſhion-ſick.

Ver. I am awak'd out of the Lethargy
Of Avarice: Bleſt may our Friendſhip be.

Dry. I will not ſleep, before the holy Prieſt
Has done the Office. Bleſſing on my Girle.

Val, Thou haſt made me young againe: the beſt
Occurrents in this Project have been thine.
Thy Accidents exceeded my deſigne.

Val. They do not yet ceaſe here: For ſee, the ſtrife
Betwixt theſe long continued Adverſaries
Perfectly reconcil'd; and both have given
The young and hopefull married paire their Bleſſings.

Amp. To which I have given my conſent moſt freely.
For it was *Nolens volens* as they ſay.

Val. They are beholden to you. Mr. *Vermine*
Reſtores unto the Son the Fathers Land,
For Dowry with his Daughter: And is taken
So with the good you wrought upon his Son,
The Convertite here; that if he ſtand firme
Till the determination of your Mortgage,
Hee'l cancell it, and ſend it *Gratis* to you.

Wat. That's ſure enough. But Sir, the other
buſineſſe
Dry. What's that?
Val. The moſt to be admir'd of all;
He loves my Sifter here; and has done long:
But, now, that he perceaves her worth (being yours)
And, ſince you promiſ'd him your Daughter too,
He makes it his faire ſuit.
Dry. I'll talk with his Father.
And *Wat* ſtand you but firme, and live reform'd,
Winning my Daughters love, you ſhall have mine.
Phil. That Fortune is not blinde, that ſhew'd
me way
To Father, Friends, and Husband in one day.
Dry. This binds us all into a Brother-hood.
Bro. And with a Brothers Love I now ſalute
you.
Dry. So may we with a generall embrace,
Create the Heart of Friendſhip, not the Face.
Come Gentlemen, your Ordinary ſtayes,
Twill prove good fare (I hope) though no rich
Feaſt;
And acceptable to each welcome Gueſt.

FINIS.

Epilogue

Epilogue.

NO way ambitious yet of vulgar praiſe,
The writer of these Scenes deſires to know,
By your faire leave, though he aſſume no Bayes,
Whether he pull'd faire for a leafe or no.
If yes, then let your hands aſſiſtant be,
T'incourage him to climb Apollo's *tree.*

FINIS.

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